JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 39

2000 AD PROGS **1388 - 1407**
JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE **214 - 223**
YEARS: 2125 - **2126**

Written by
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Alan Grant
Pat Mills

Art by
Cam Kennedy
Ian Gibson
John McCrea
Colin MacNeil
David Roach
Henry Flint
John Ridgway
Chris Weston

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 39

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Colours: Dylan Teague **Letters:** Tom Frame
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Colours: Gary Caldwell **Letters:** Tom Frame
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Colours: Len O'Grady **Letters:** Tom Frame
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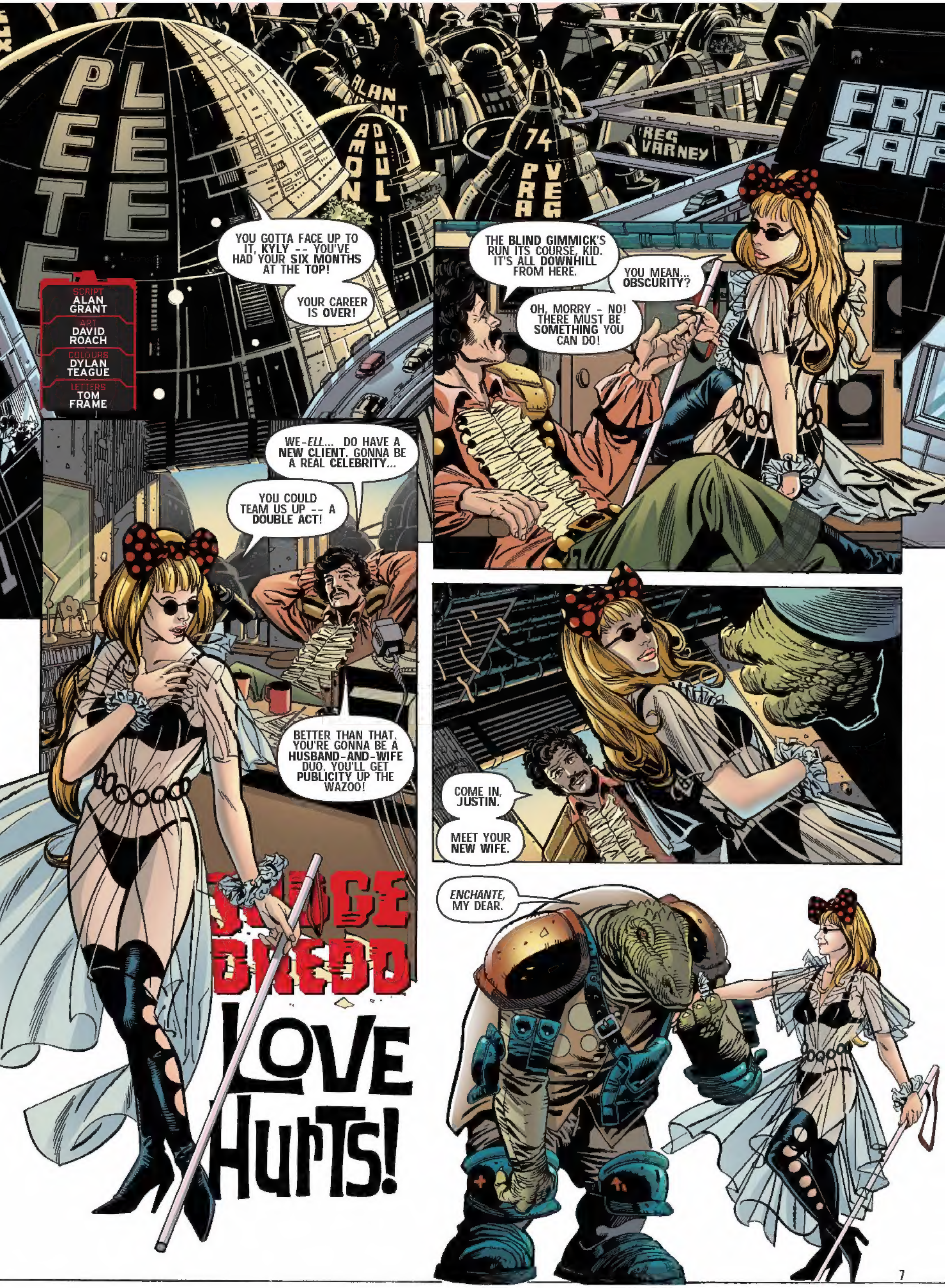
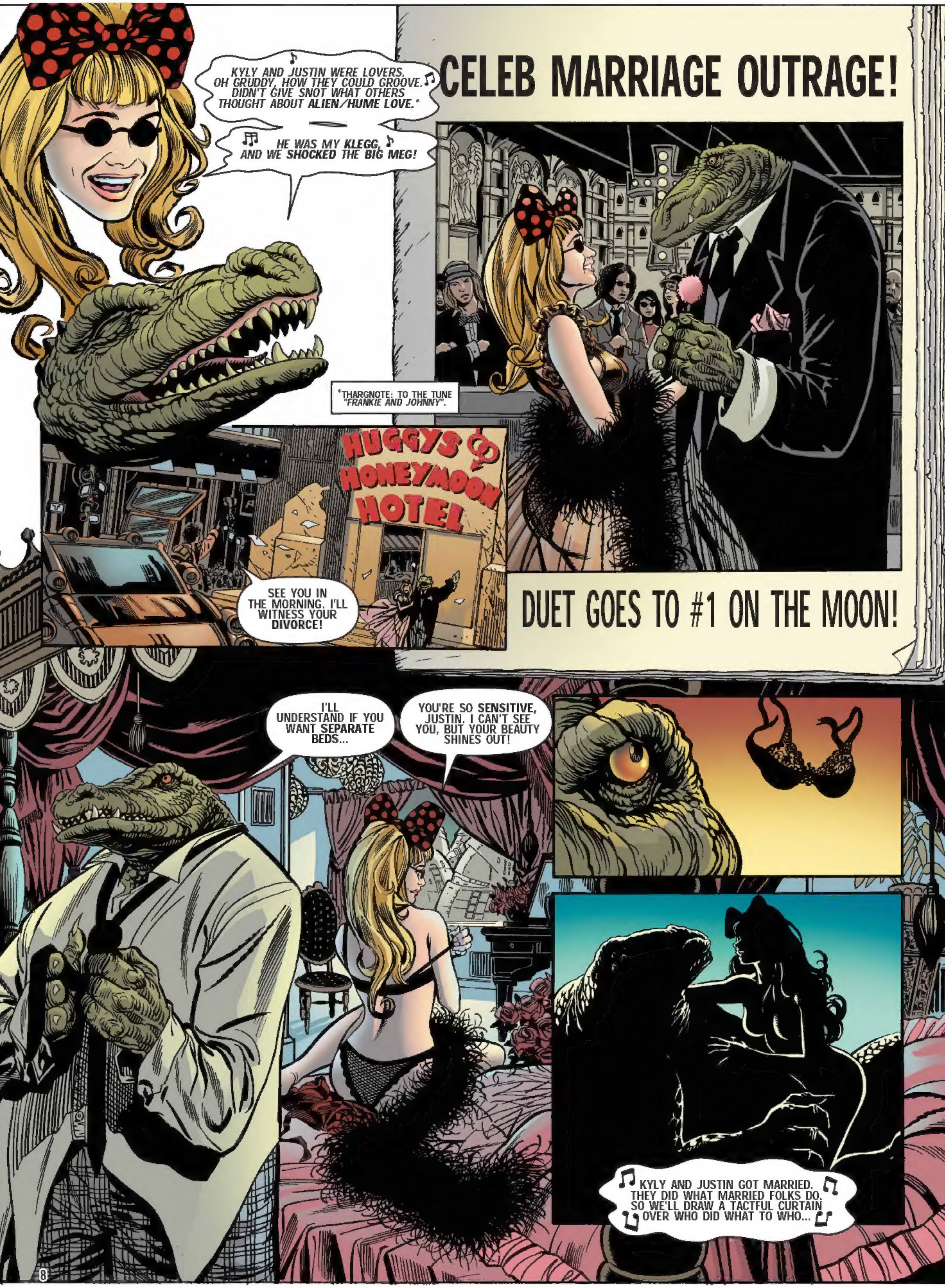
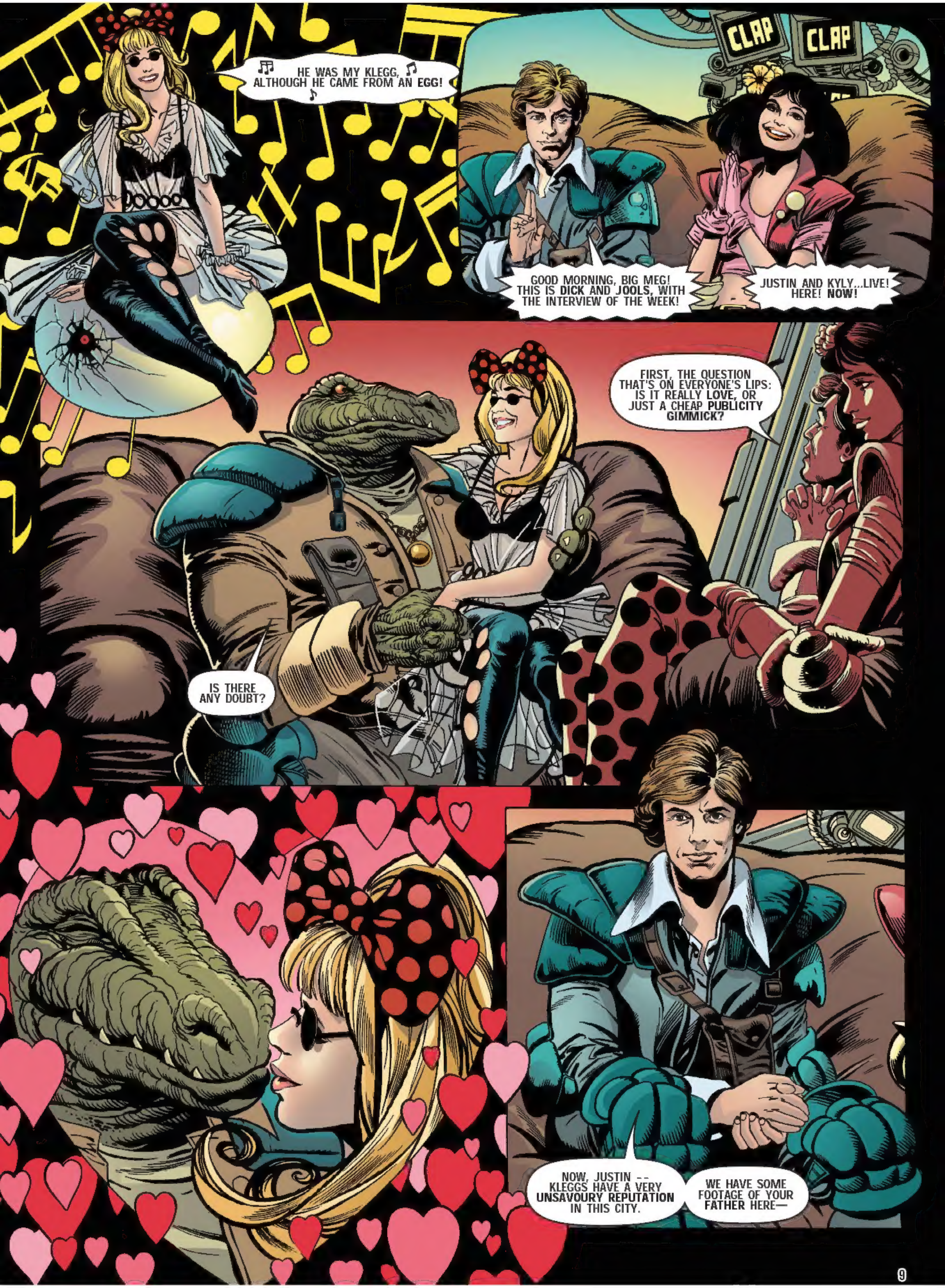


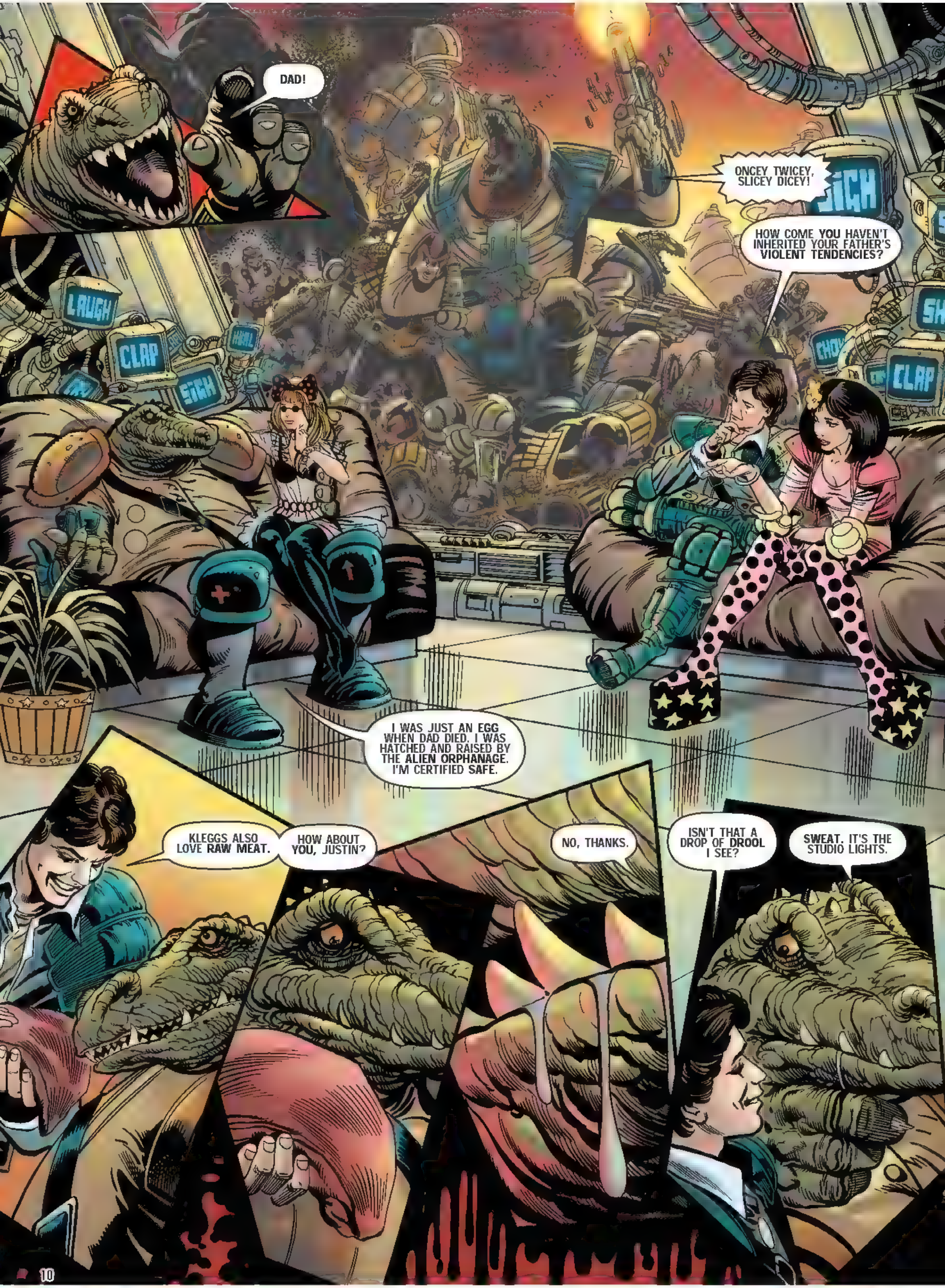
JUDGE DREDD
LOVE HURTS!

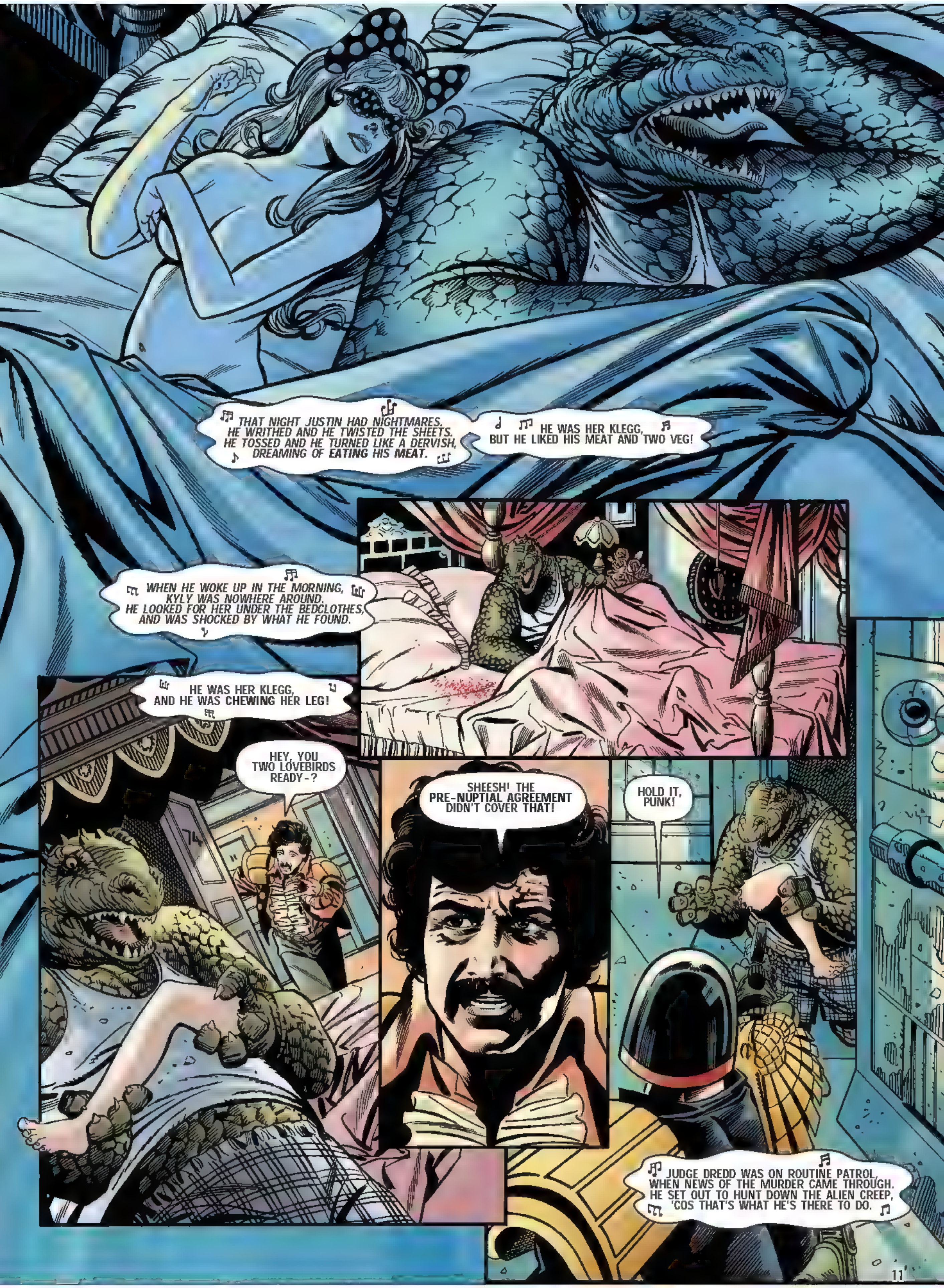
SCRIPT
ALAN GRANT
ART
DAVID ROACH
COLOURS
DYLAN TEAGUE
LETTERS
TOM FRAME

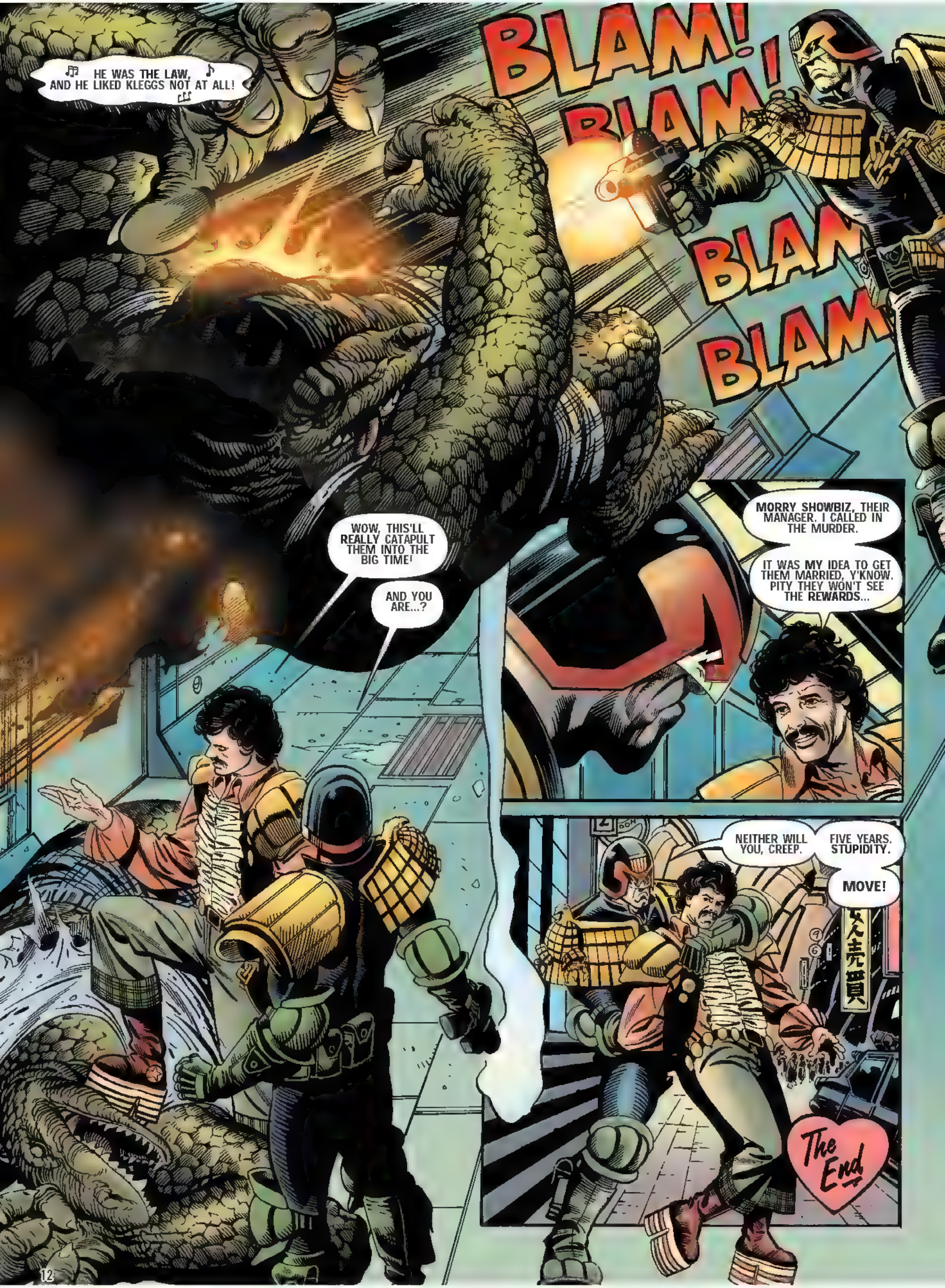
ALAN GRANT
74
REG VARNEY
YOU GOTTA FACE UP TO IT, KYLY -- YOU'VE HAD YOUR SIX MONTHS AT THE TOP!
YOUR CAREER IS OVER!
THE BLIND GIMMICK'S RUN ITS COURSE, KID. IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE.
YOU MEAN... OBSCURITY?
OH, MORRY - NO! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO!
WE-*ELL*... DO HAVE A NEW CLIENT. GONNA BE A REAL CELEBRITY...
YOU COULD TEAM US UP -- A DOUBLE ACT!
BETTER THAN THAT. YOU'RE GONNA BE A HUSBAND-AND-WIFE DUO. YOU'LL GET PUBLICITY UP THE WAZOO!
COME IN, JUSTIN.
MEET YOUR NEW WIFE.
ENCHANTE, MY DEAR.

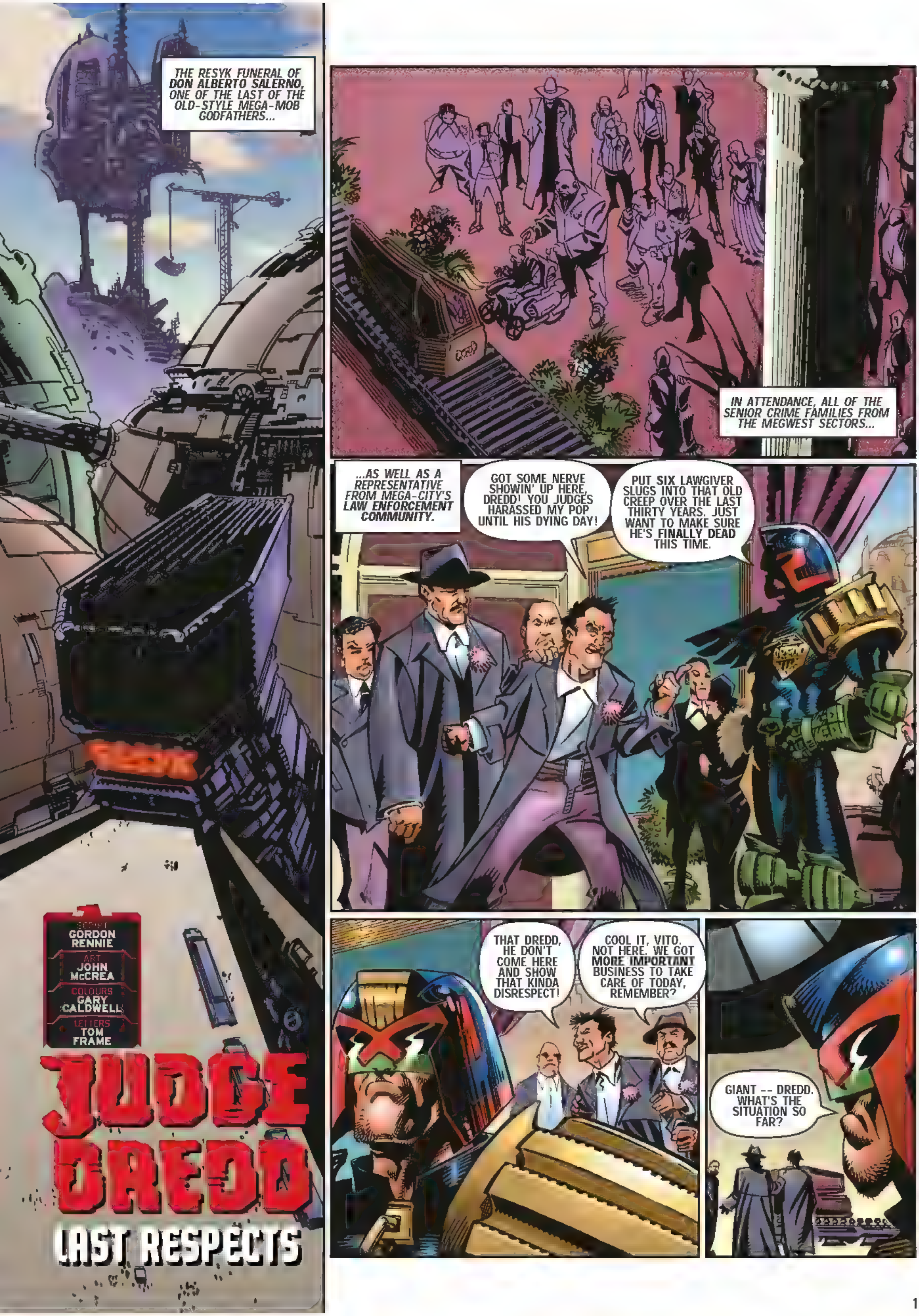

♪ KYLY AND JUSTIN WERE LOVERS. OH GRUDDY, HOW THEY COULD GROOVE. ♪ DIDN'T GIVE SNOT WHAT OTHERS THOUGHT ABOUT ALIEN/HUME LOVE.*
♫ HE WAS MY KLEGG, ♪ AND WE SHOCKED THE BIG MEG!
CELEB MARRIAGE OUTRAGE!
*THARGNOTE: TO THE TUNE "FRANKIE AND JOHNNY".
HUGGYS HONEYMOON HOTEL
SEE YOU IN THE MORNING. I'LL WITNESS YOUR DIVORCE!
DUET GOES TO #1 ON THE MOON!
I'LL UNDERSTAND IF YOU WANT SEPARATE BEDS...
YOU'RE SO SENSITIVE, JUSTIN. I CAN'T SEE YOU, BUT YOUR BEAUTY SHINES OUT!
♫ KYLY AND JUSTIN GOT MARRIED. ♫ THEY DID WHAT MARRIED FOLKS DO. SO WE'LL DRAW A TACTFUL CURTAIN ♫ OVER WHO DID WHAT TO WHO... ♫

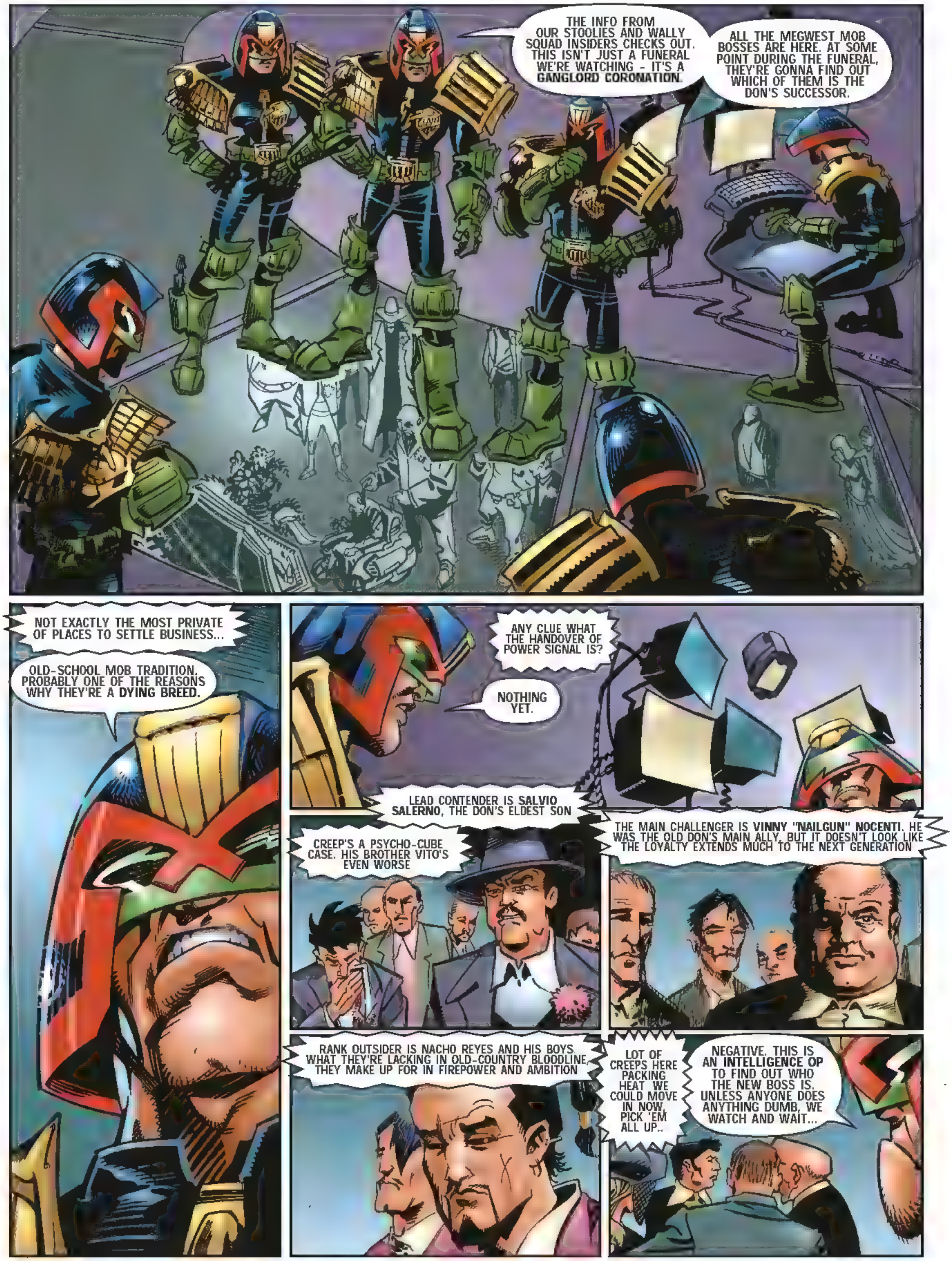

♫ HE WAS MY KLEGG, ♫ ALTHOUGH HE CAME FROM AN EGG! ♪
CLAP
CLAP
GOOD MORNING, BIG MEG! THIS IS **DICK** AND **JOOLS**, WITH THE INTERVIEW OF THE WEEK!
JUSTIN AND KYLY...LIVE! HERE! **NOW!**
FIRST, THE QUESTION THAT'S ON EVERYONE'S LIPS: IS IT REALLY **LOVE**, OR JUST A CHEAP **PUBLICITY GIMMICK?**
IS THERE ANY DOUBT?
NOW, JUSTIN -- KLEGGS HAVE A VERY **UNSAVOURY REPUTATION** IN THIS CITY.
WE HAVE SOME FOOTAGE OF YOUR **FATHER** HERE—

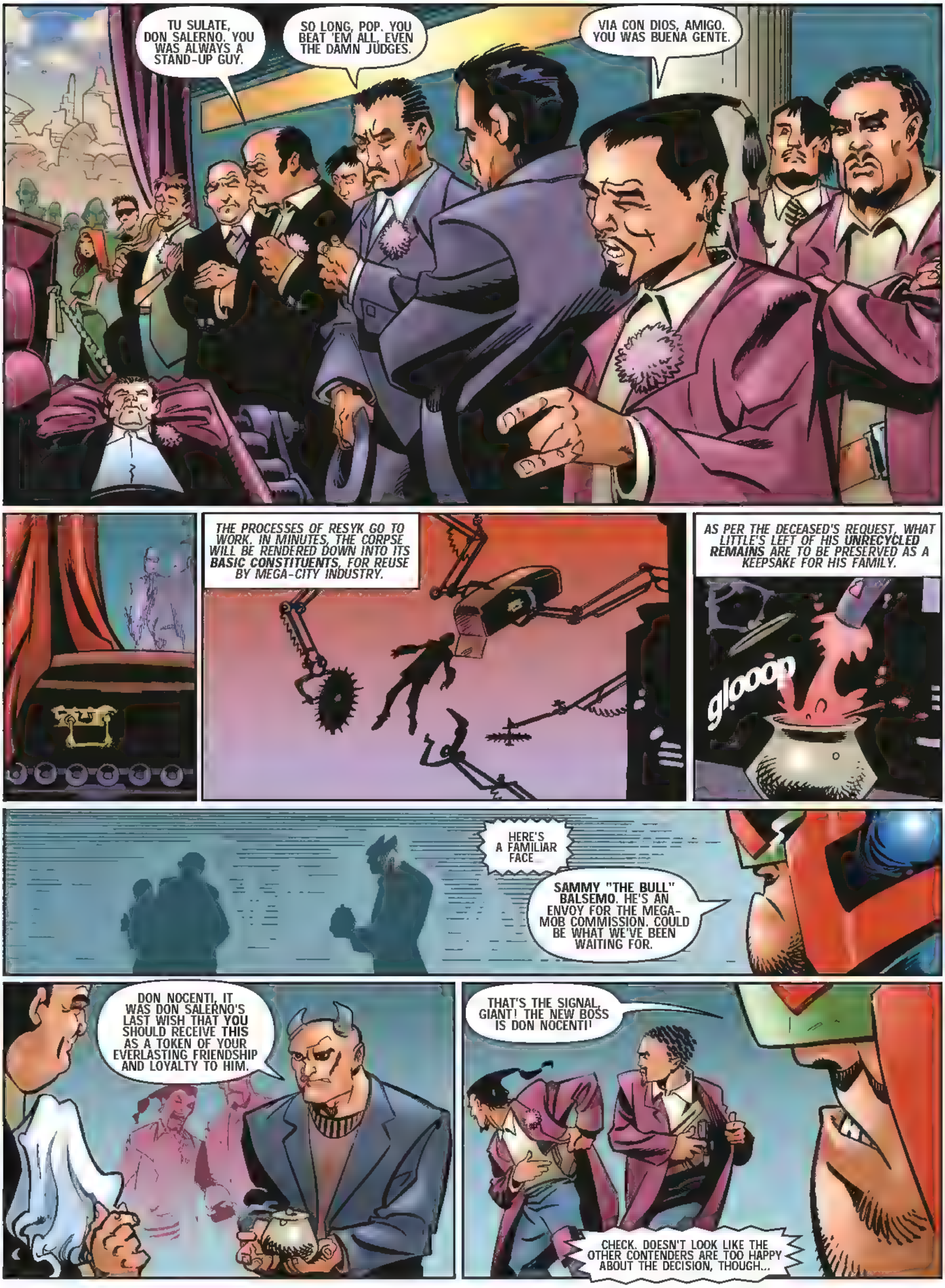

DAD!
ONCEY TWICEY, SLICEY DICEY!
SIGH
HOW COME YOU HAVEN'T INHERITED YOUR FATHER'S VIOLENT TENDENCIES?
LAUGH
CLAP
HAH
SIGH
CLAP
I WAS JUST AN EGG WHEN DAD DIED. I WAS HATCHED AND RAISED BY THE **ALIEN ORPHANAGE**. I'M CERTIFIED **SAFE**.
KLEGGS ALSO LOVE **RAW MEAT**.
HOW ABOUT YOU, JUSTIN?
NO, THANKS.
ISN'T THAT A DROP OF **DROOL** I SEE?
SWEAT. IT'S THE STUDIO LIGHTS.

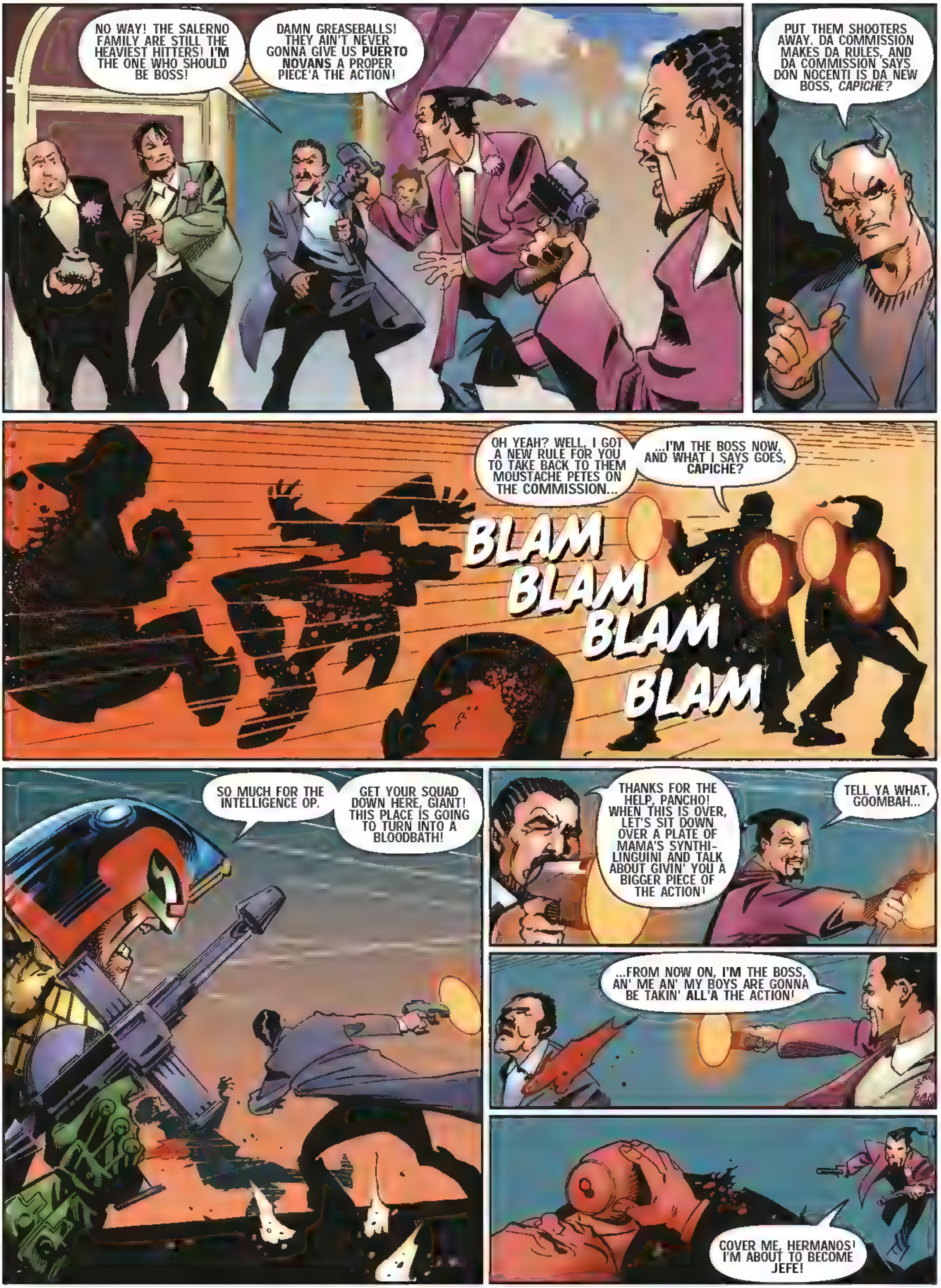

THAT NIGHT JUSTIN HAD NIGHTMARES.
HE WRITHED AND HE TWISTED THE SHEETS.
HE TOSSED AND HE TURNED LIKE A DERVISH,
DREAMING OF **EATING HIS MEAT.**
HE WAS HER KLEGG,
BUT HE LIKED HIS MEAT AND TWO VEG!
WHEN HE WOKE UP IN THE MORNING,
KYLY WAS NOWHERE AROUND.
HE LOOKED FOR HER UNDER THE BEDCLOTHES,
AND WAS SHOCKED BY WHAT HE FOUND.
HE WAS HER KLEGG,
AND HE WAS **CHEWING** HER **LEG!**
HEY, YOU TWO LOVEBIRDS READY-?
SHEESH! THE **PRE-NUPTIAL AGREEMENT** DIDN'T COVER THAT!
HOLD IT, PUNK!
JUDGE DREDD WAS ON ROUTINE PATROL,
WHEN NEWS OF THE MURDER CAME THROUGH.
HE SET OUT TO HUNT DOWN THE ALIEN CREEP,
'COS THAT'S WHAT HE'S THERE TO DO.

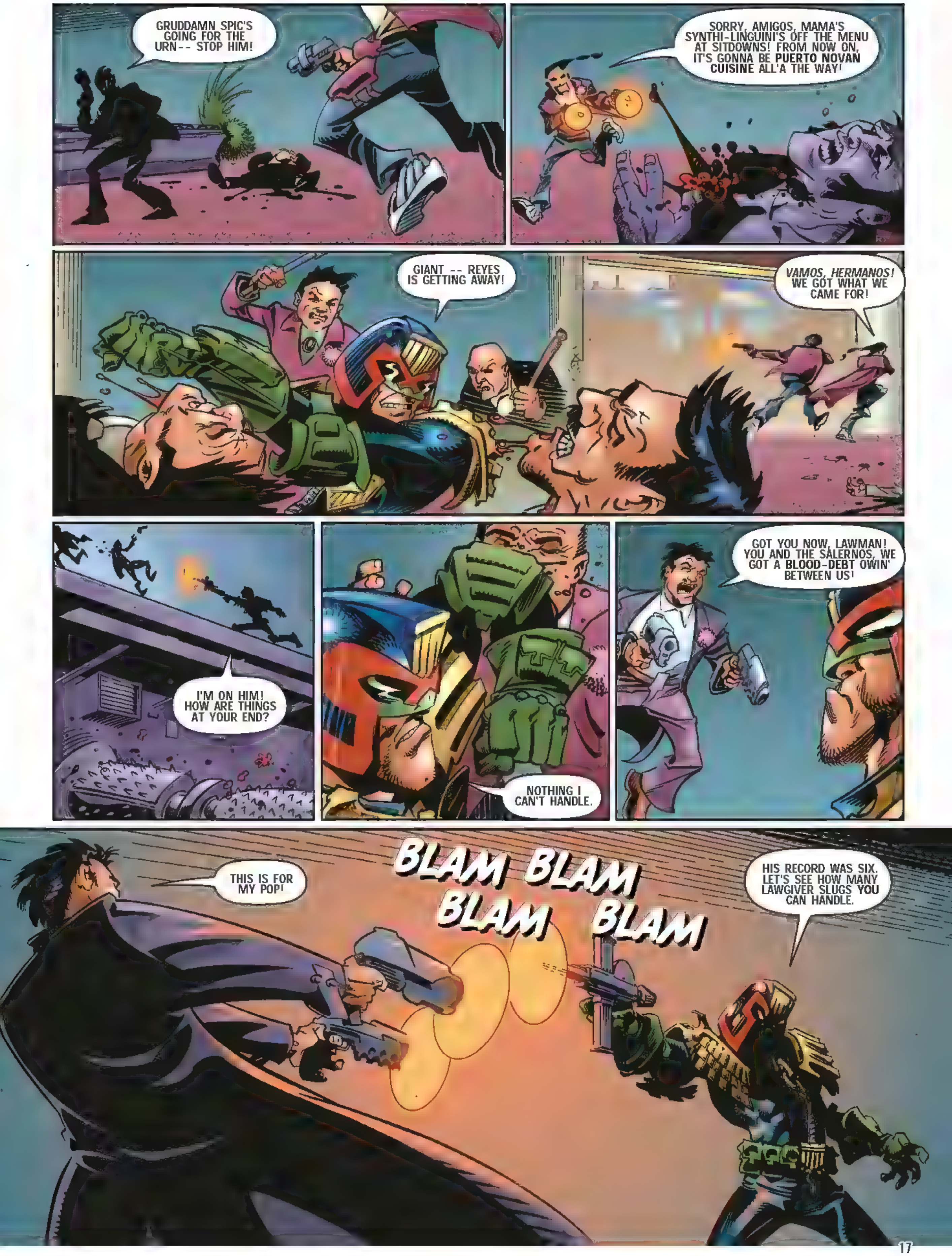

♫ HE WAS THE LAW, ♪ AND HE LIKED KLEGGS NOT AT ALL! ♫
BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM BLAM
WOW, THIS'LL REALLY CATAPULT THEM INTO THE BIG TIME!
AND YOU ARE...?
MORRY SHOWBIZ, THEIR MANAGER. I CALLED IN THE MURDER.
IT WAS MY IDEA TO GET THEM MARRIED, Y'KNOW. PITY THEY WON'T SEE THE REWARDS...
NEITHER WILL YOU, CREEP.
FIVE YEARS. STUPIDITY.
MOVE!
The End

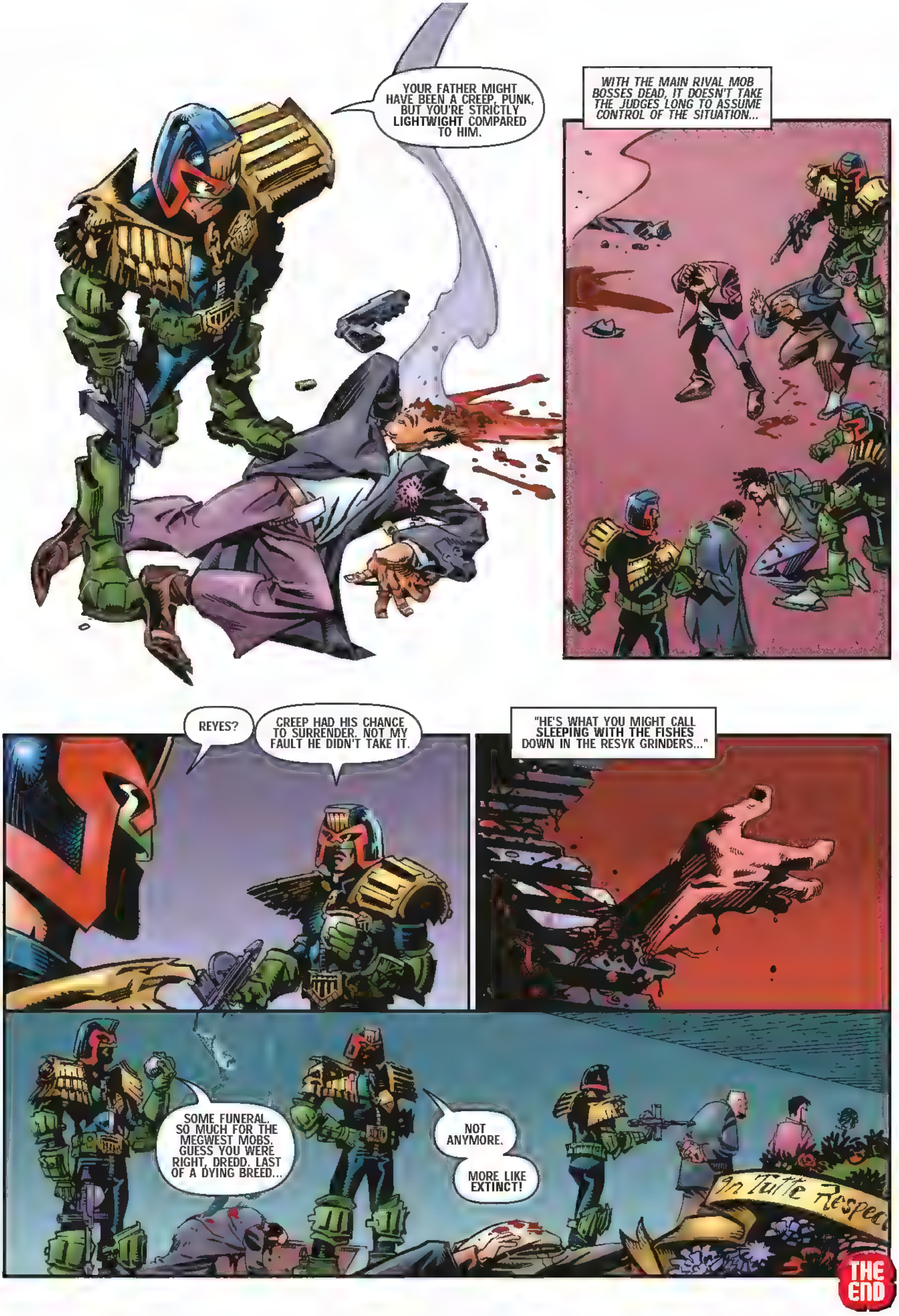

THE RESYK FUNERAL OF DON ALBERTO SALERNO, ONE OF THE LAST OF THE OLD-STYLE MEGA-MOB GODFATHERS...
RESYK
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE
ART JOHN McCREA
COLOURS GARY CALDWELL
LETTERS TOM FRAME
JUDGE DREDD
LAST RESPECTS
IN ATTENDANCE, ALL OF THE SENIOR CRIME FAMILIES FROM THE MEGWEST SECTORS...
...AS WELL AS A REPRESENTATIVE FROM MEGA-CITY'S LAW ENFORCEMENT COMMUNITY.
GOT SOME NERVE SHOWIN' UP HERE, DREDD! YOU JUDGES HARASSED MY POP UNTIL HIS DYING DAY!
PUT SIX LAWGIVER SLUGS INTO THAT OLD CREEP OVER THE LAST THIRTY YEARS. JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE HE'S FINALLY DEAD THIS TIME.
DREDD
THAT DREDD, HE DON'T COME HERE AND SHOW THAT KINDA DISRESPECT!
COOL IT, VITO. NOT HERE. WE GOT MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF TODAY, REMEMBER?
GIANT -- DREDD. WHAT'S THE SITUATION SO FAR?


THE INFO FROM OUR STOOLIES AND WALLY SQUAD INSIDERS CHECKS OUT. THIS ISN'T JUST A FUNERAL WE'RE WATCHING – IT'S A **GANGLORD CORONATION**.
ALL THE MEGWEST MOB BOSSES ARE HERE. AT SOME POINT DURING THE FUNERAL, THEY'RE GONNA FIND OUT WHICH OF THEM IS THE DON'S SUCCESSOR.
NOT EXACTLY THE MOST PRIVATE OF PLACES TO SETTLE BUSINESS...
OLD-SCHOOL MOB TRADITION. PROBABLY ONE OF THE REASONS WHY THEY'RE A **DYING BREED**.
ANY CLUE WHAT THE HANDOVER OF POWER SIGNAL IS?
NOTHING YET.
LEAD CONTENDER IS **SALVIO SALERNO**, THE DON'S ELDEST SON
CREEP'S A PSYCHO-CUBE CASE. HIS BROTHER VITO'S EVEN WORSE
THE MAIN CHALLENGER IS **VINNY "NAILGUN" NOCENTI**. HE WAS THE OLD DON'S MAIN ALLY, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE LOYALTY EXTENDS MUCH TO THE NEXT GENERATION
RANK OUTSIDER IS NACHO REYES AND HIS BOYS. WHAT THEY'RE LACKING IN OLD-COUNTRY BLOODLINE, THEY MAKE UP FOR IN FIREPOWER AND AMBITION
LOT OF CREEPS HERE PACKING HEAT. WE COULD MOVE IN NOW, PICK 'EM ALL UP..
NEGATIVE. THIS IS AN **INTELLIGENCE OP** TO FIND OUT WHO THE NEW BOSS IS. UNLESS ANYONE DOES ANYTHING DUMB, WE WATCH AND WAIT...


TU SULATE, DON SALERNO. YOU WAS ALWAYS A STAND-UP GUY.
SO LONG, POP. YOU BEAT 'EM ALL, EVEN THE DAMN JUDGES.
VIA CON DIOS, AMIGO. YOU WAS BUENA GENTE.
THE PROCESSES OF RESYK GO TO WORK. IN MINUTES, THE CORPSE WILL BE RENDERED DOWN INTO ITS BASIC CONSTITUENTS, FOR REUSE BY MEGA-CITY INDUSTRY.
AS PER THE DECEASED'S REQUEST, WHAT LITTLE'S LEFT OF HIS UNRECYCLED REMAINS ARE TO BE PRESERVED AS A KEEPSAKE FOR HIS FAMILY.
glooop
HERE'S A FAMILIAR FACE...
SAMMY "THE BULL" BALSEMO. HE'S AN ENVOY FOR THE MEGA-MOB COMMISSION. COULD BE WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.
DON NOCENTI, IT WAS DON SALERNO'S LAST WISH THAT YOU SHOULD RECEIVE THIS AS A TOKEN OF YOUR EVERLASTING FRIENDSHIP AND LOYALTY TO HIM.
THAT'S THE SIGNAL, GIANT! THE NEW BOSS IS DON NOCENTI!
CHECK. DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE OTHER CONTENDERS ARE TOO HAPPY ABOUT THE DECISION, THOUGH...

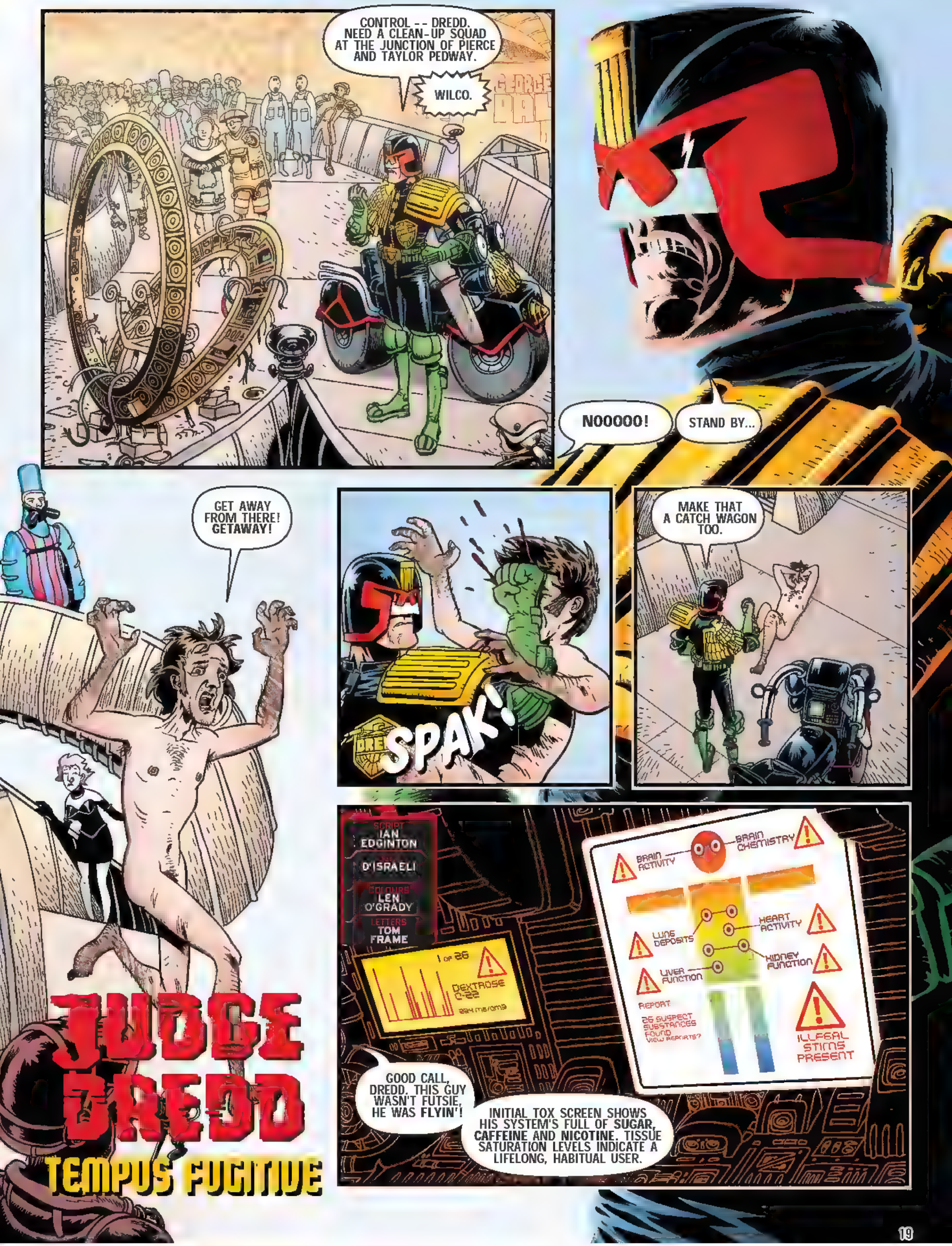

NO WAY! THE SALERNO FAMILY ARE STILL THE HEAVIEST HITTERS! I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE BOSS!
DAMN GREASEBALLS! THEY AIN'T NEVER GONNA GIVE US PUERTO NOVANS A PROPER PIECE'A THE ACTION!
PUT THEM SHOOTERS AWAY. DA COMMISSION MAKES DA RULES, AND DA COMMISSION SAYS DON NOCENTI IS DA NEW BOSS, CAPICHE?
OH YEAH? WELL, I GOT A NEW RULE FOR YOU TO TAKE BACK TO THEM MOUSTACHE PETES ON THE COMMISSION...
...I'M THE BOSS NOW, AND WHAT I SAYS GOES, CAPICHE?
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
SO MUCH FOR THE INTELLIGENCE OP.
GET YOUR SQUAD DOWN HERE, GIANT! THIS PLACE IS GOING TO TURN INTO A BLOODBATH!
THANKS FOR THE HELP, PANCHO! WHEN THIS IS OVER, LET'S SIT DOWN OVER A PLATE OF MAMA'S SYNTHI-LINGUINI AND TALK ABOUT GIVIN' YOU A BIGGER PIECE OF THE ACTION!
TELL YA WHAT, GOOMBAH...
...FROM NOW ON, I'M THE BOSS, AN' ME AN' MY BOYS ARE GONNA BE TAKIN' ALL'A THE ACTION!
COVER ME, HERMANOS! I'M ABOUT TO BECOME JEFE!

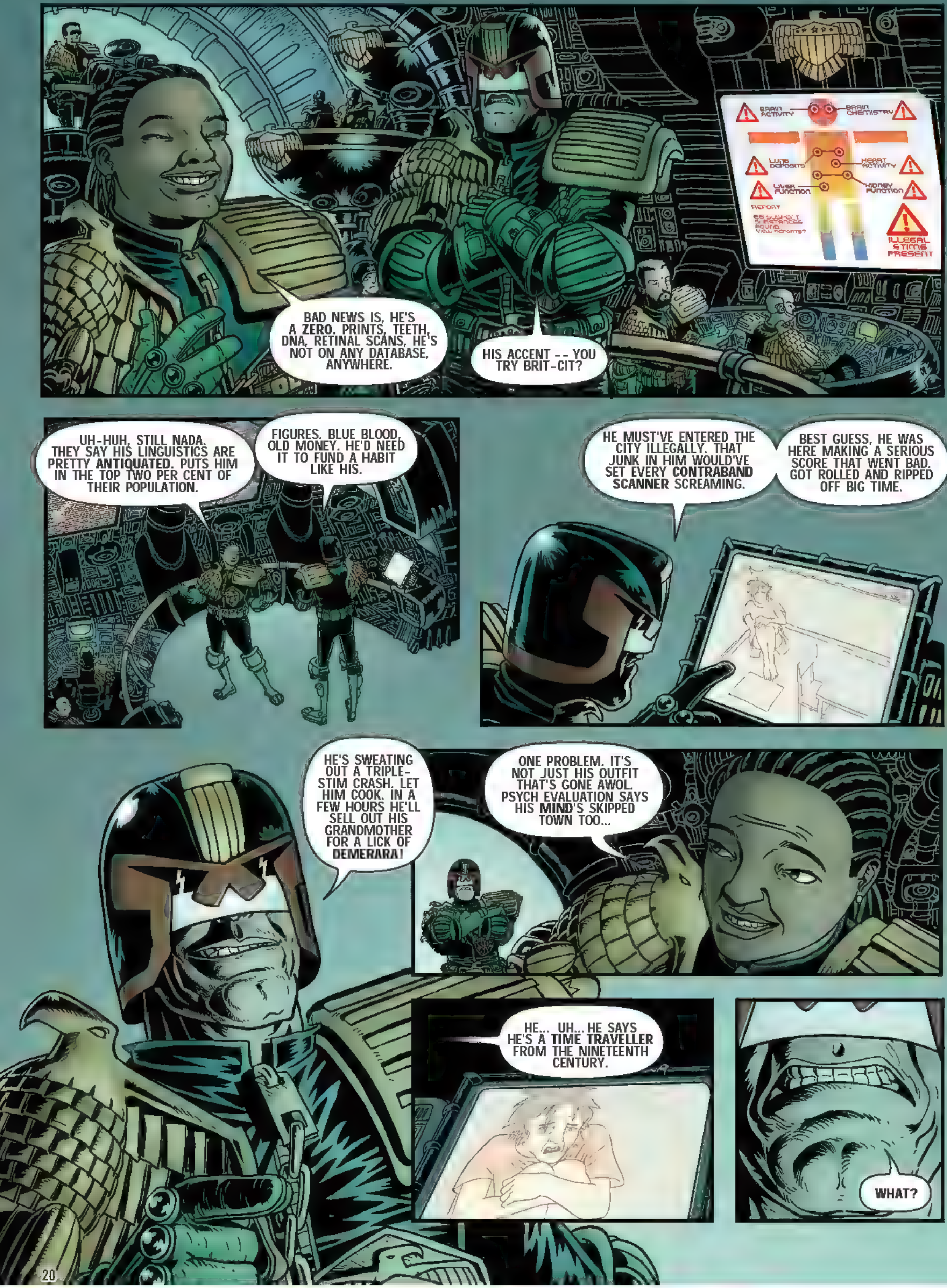

GRUDDAMN SPIC'S GOING FOR THE URN-- STOP HIM!
SORRY, AMIGOS, MAMA'S SYNTHI-LINGUINI'S OFF THE MENU AT SITDOWNS! FROM NOW ON, IT'S GONNA BE PUERTO NOVAN CUISINE ALL'A THE WAY!
GIANT -- REYES IS GETTING AWAY!
VAMOS, HERMANOS! WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR!
I'M ON HIM! HOW ARE THINGS AT YOUR END?
NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE.
GOT YOU NOW, LAWMAN! YOU AND THE SALERNOS, WE GOT A BLOOD-DEBT OWIN' BETWEEN US!
THIS IS FOR MY POP!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
HIS RECORD WAS SIX. LET'S SEE HOW MANY LAWGIVER SLUGS YOU CAN HANDLE.

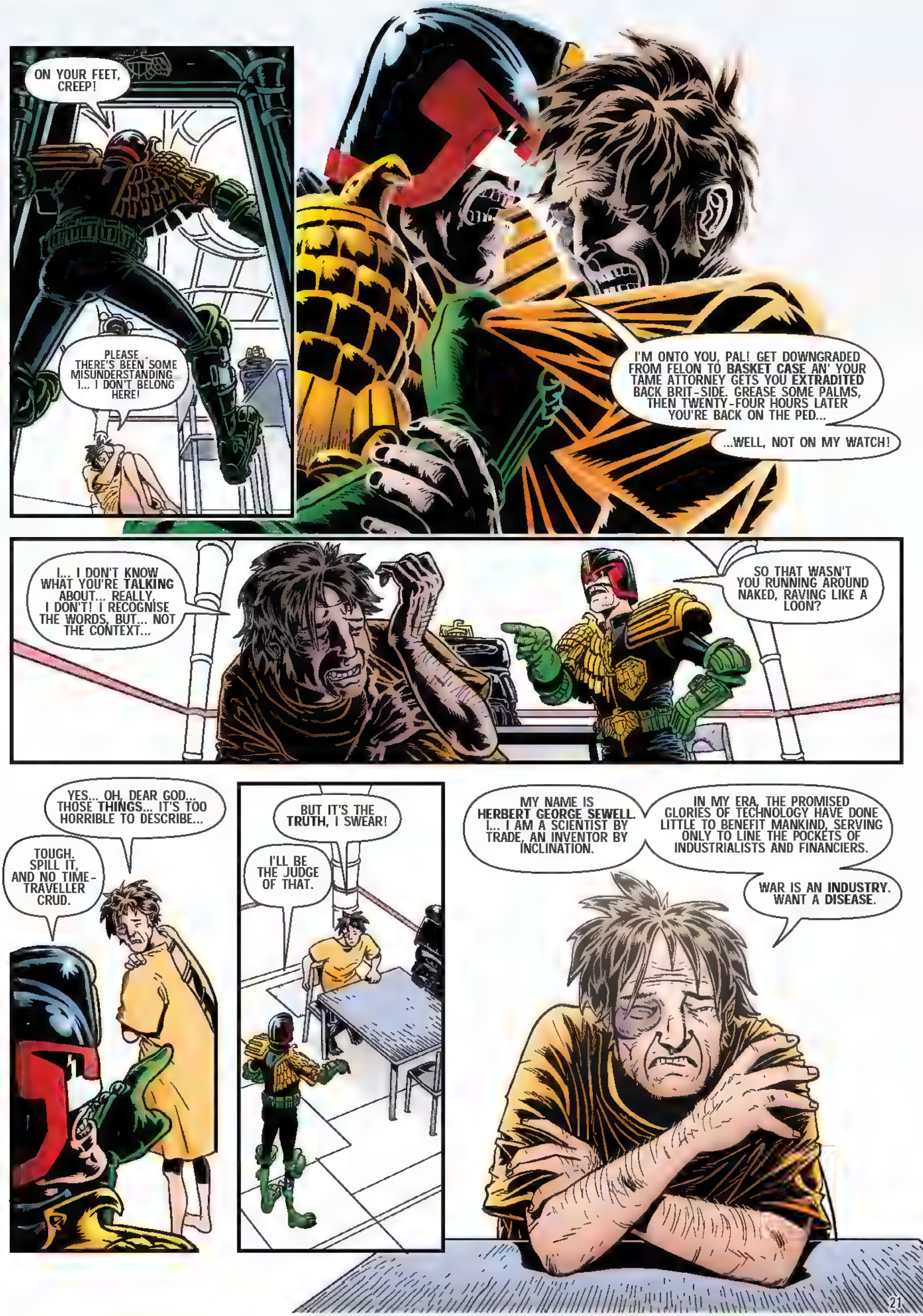

YOUR FATHER MIGHT HAVE BEEN A CREEP, PUNK, BUT YOU'RE STRICTLY LIGHTWIGHT COMPARED TO HIM.
WITH THE MAIN RIVAL MOB BOSSES DEAD, IT DOESN'T TAKE THE JUDGES LONG TO ASSUME CONTROL OF THE SITUATION...
REYES?
CREEP HAD HIS CHANCE TO SURRENDER. NOT MY FAULT HE DIDN'T TAKE IT.
"HE'S WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL SLEEPING WITH THE FISHES DOWN IN THE RESYK GRINDERS..."
SOME FUNERAL. SO MUCH FOR THE MEGWEST MOBS. GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT, DREDD. LAST OF A DYING BREED...
NOT ANYMORE.
MORE LIKE EXTINCT!
In Tutte Respec
THE END

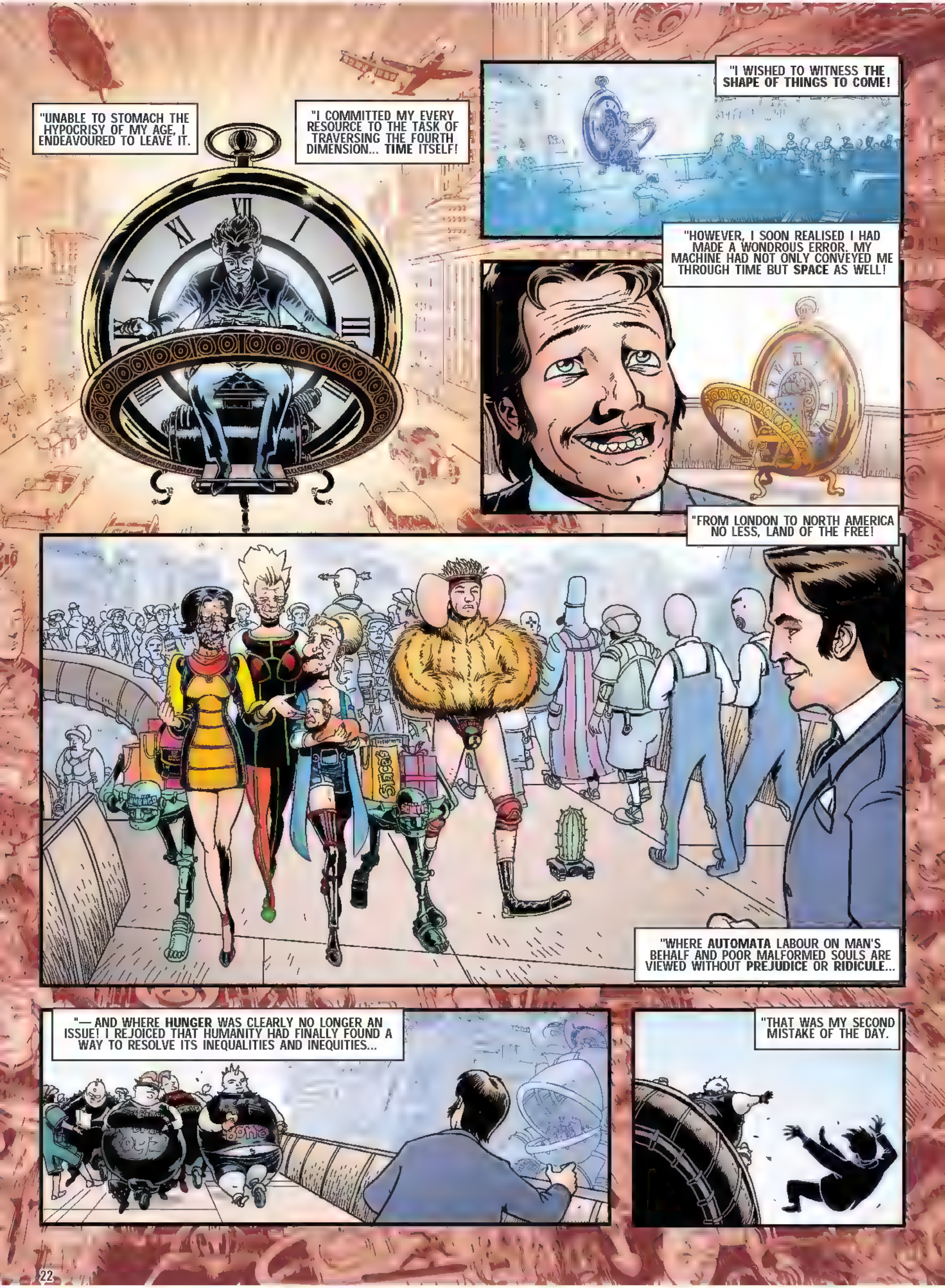
JUDGE DREDD
TEMPUS FUGITIVE

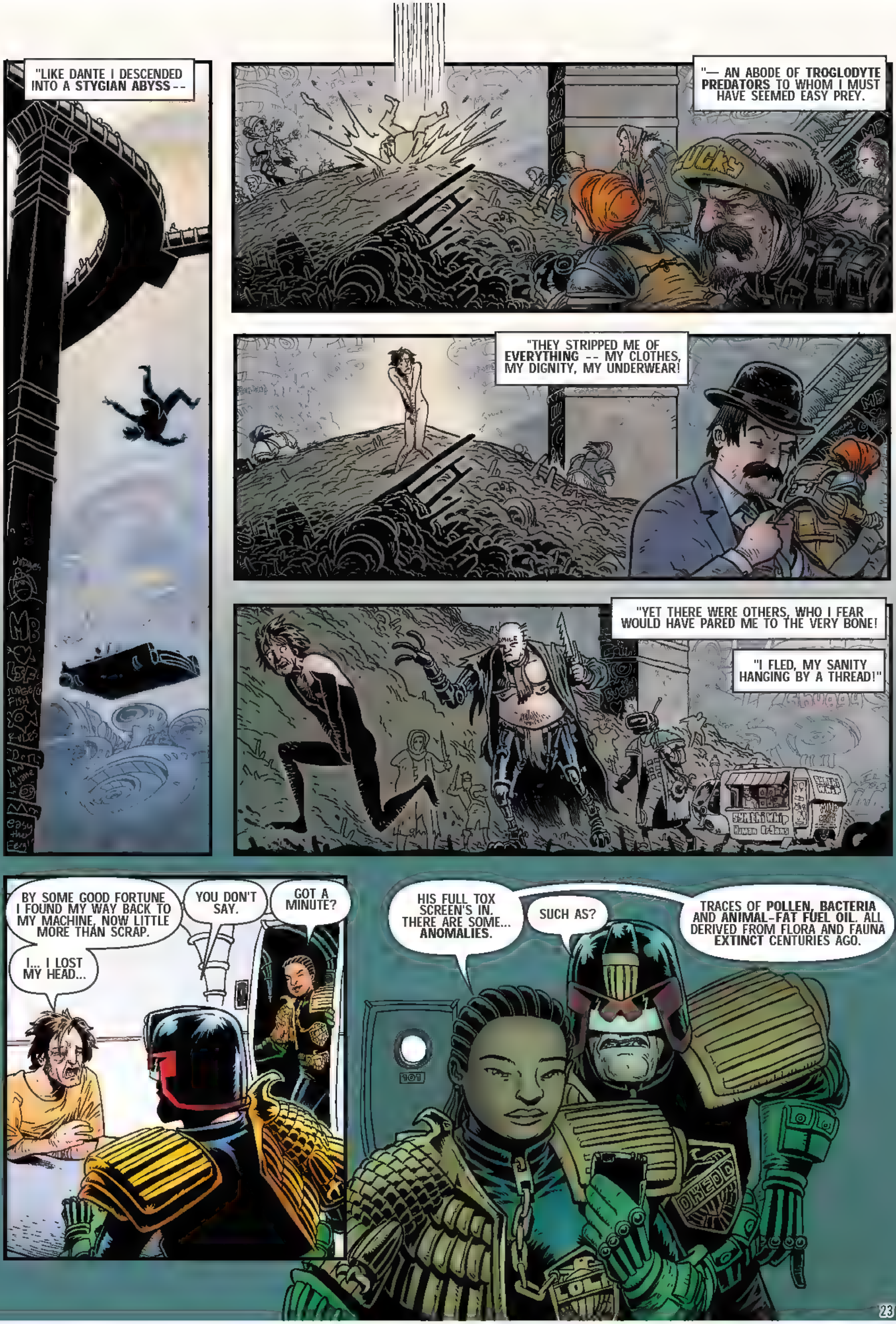
SCRIPT IAN EDGINTON
D'ISRAELI
COLOURS LEN O'GRADY
LETTERS TOM FRAME

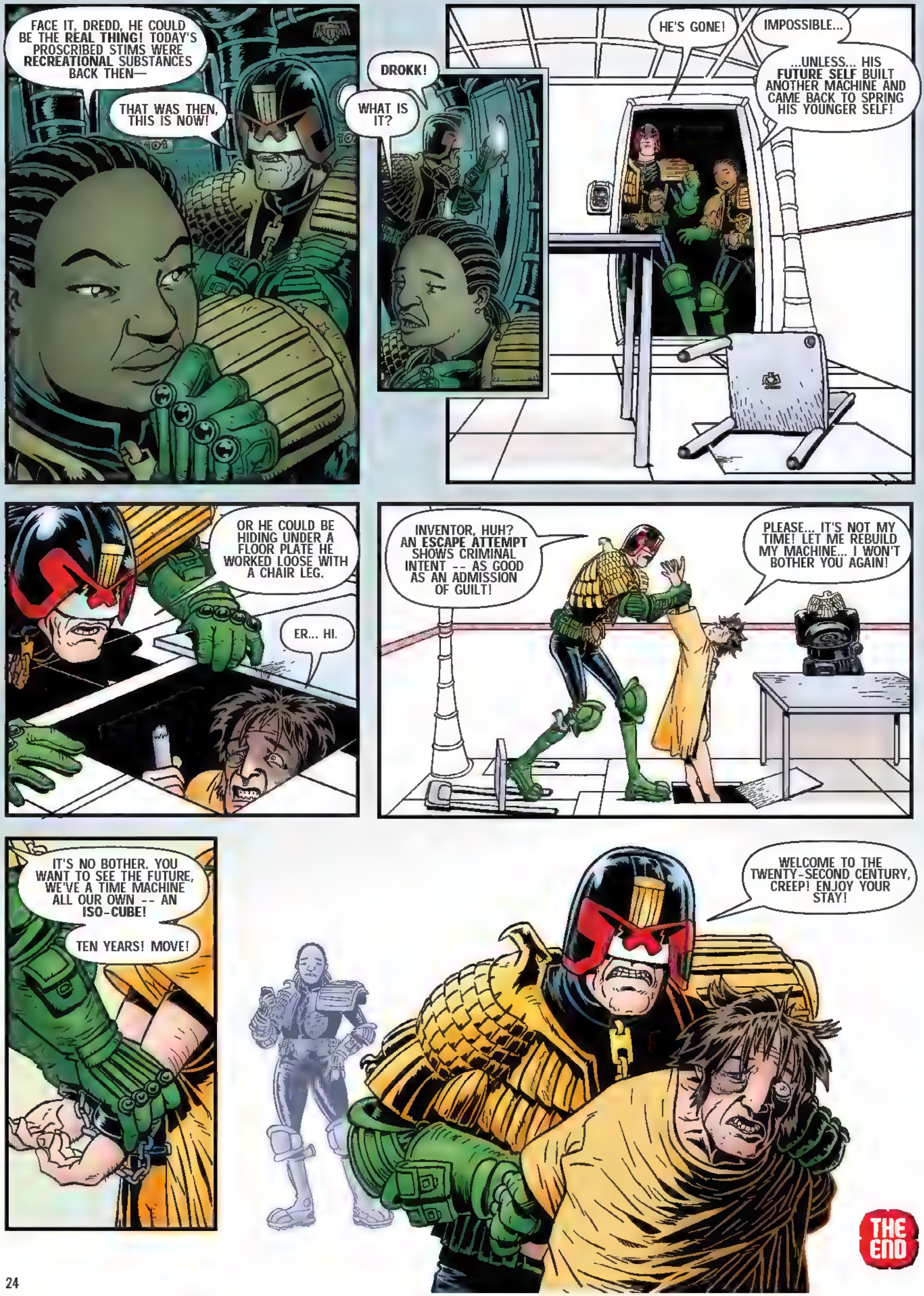

CONTROL -- DREDD. NEED A CLEAN-UP SQUAD AT THE JUNCTION OF PIERCE AND TAYLOR PEDWAY.
WILCO.
GEORGE PAL
NOOOOO!
STAND BY...
GET AWAY FROM THERE! GETAWAY!
SPAK!
MAKE THAT A CATCH WAGON TOO.
1 OF 26
DEXTROSE C-22
294 MG/DM3
BRAIN ACTIVITY
BRAIN CHEMISTRY
LUNG DEPOSITS
HEART ACTIVITY
KIDNEY FUNCTION
LIVER FUNCTION
REPORT
26 SUSPECT SUBSTANCES FOUND VIEW REPORTS?
ILLEGAL STIMS PRESENT
GOOD CALL, DREDD. THIS GUY WASN'T FUTSIE, HE WAS FLYIN'!
INITIAL TOX SCREEN SHOWS HIS SYSTEM'S FULL OF SUGAR, CAFFEINE AND NICOTINE. TISSUE SATURATION LEVELS INDICATE A LIFELONG, HABITUAL USER.

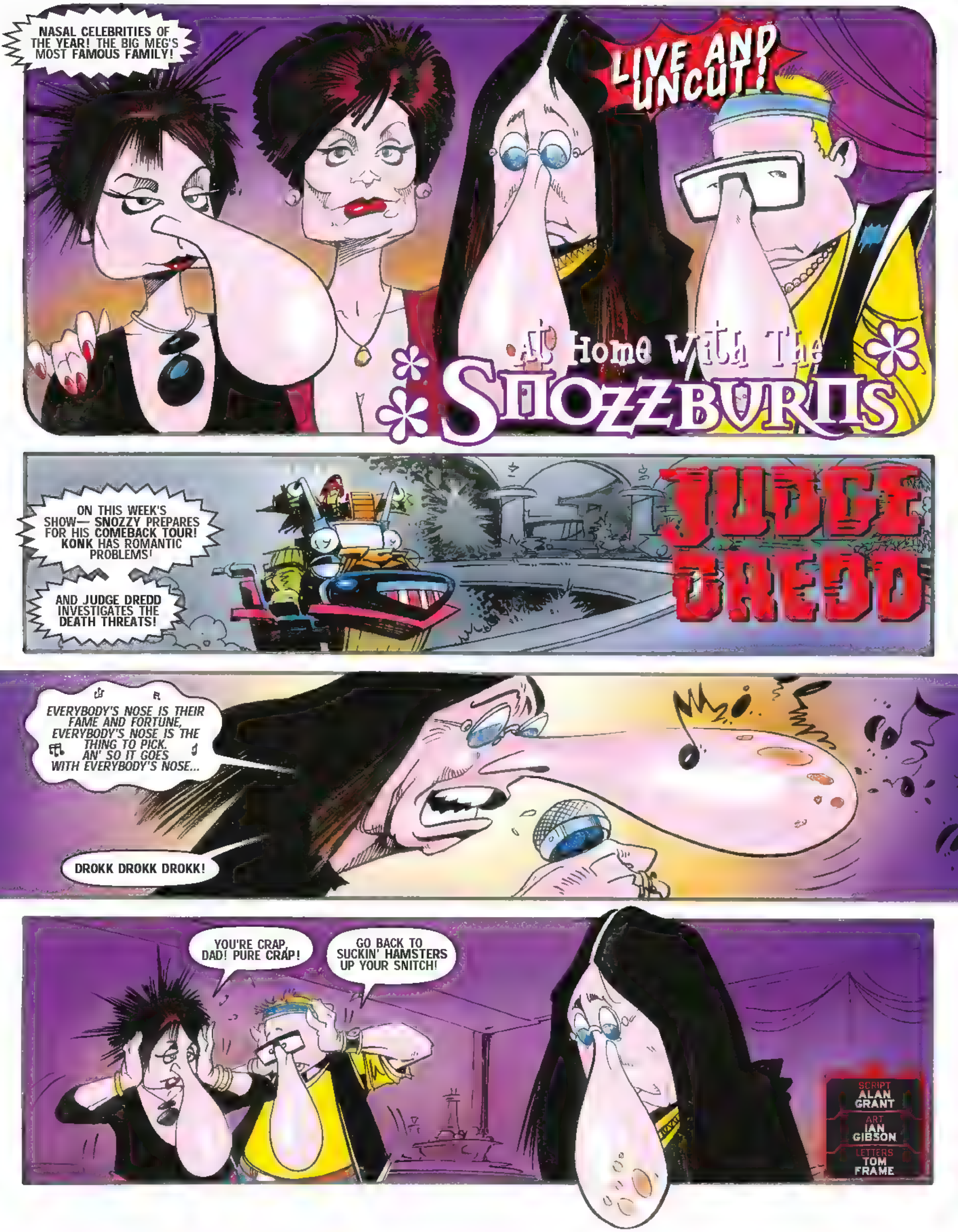

BRAIN ACTIVITY
BRAIN CHEMISTRY
LUNG DEPOSITS
HEART ACTIVITY
LIVER FUNCTION
KIDNEY FUNCTION
REPORT
28 SUSPECT SUBSTANCES FOUND. VIEW REPORTS?
ILLEGAL STIMS PRESENT
BAD NEWS IS, HE'S A **ZERO**. PRINTS, TEETH, DNA, RETINAL SCANS, HE'S NOT ON ANY DATABASE, ANYWHERE.
HIS ACCENT -- YOU TRY BRIT-CIT?
UH-HUH, STILL NADA. THEY SAY HIS LINGUISTICS ARE PRETTY **ANTIQUATED**. PUTS HIM IN THE TOP TWO PER CENT OF THEIR POPULATION.
FIGURES. BLUE BLOOD, OLD MONEY. HE'D NEED IT TO FUND A HABIT LIKE HIS.
HE MUST'VE ENTERED THE CITY ILLEGALLY. THAT JUNK IN HIM WOULD'VE SET EVERY **CONTRABAND SCANNER** SCREAMING.
BEST GUESS, HE WAS HERE MAKING A SERIOUS SCORE THAT WENT BAD. GOT ROLLED AND RIPPED OFF BIG TIME.
HE'S SWEATING OUT A TRIPLE-STIM CRASH. LET HIM COOK. IN A FEW HOURS HE'LL SELL OUT HIS GRANDMOTHER FOR A LICK OF **DEMERARA!**
ONE PROBLEM. IT'S NOT JUST HIS OUTFIT THAT'S GONE AWOL. PSYCH EVALUATION SAYS HIS **MIND'S** SKIPPED TOWN TOO...
HE... UH... HE SAYS HE'S A **TIME TRAVELLER** FROM THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
WHAT?

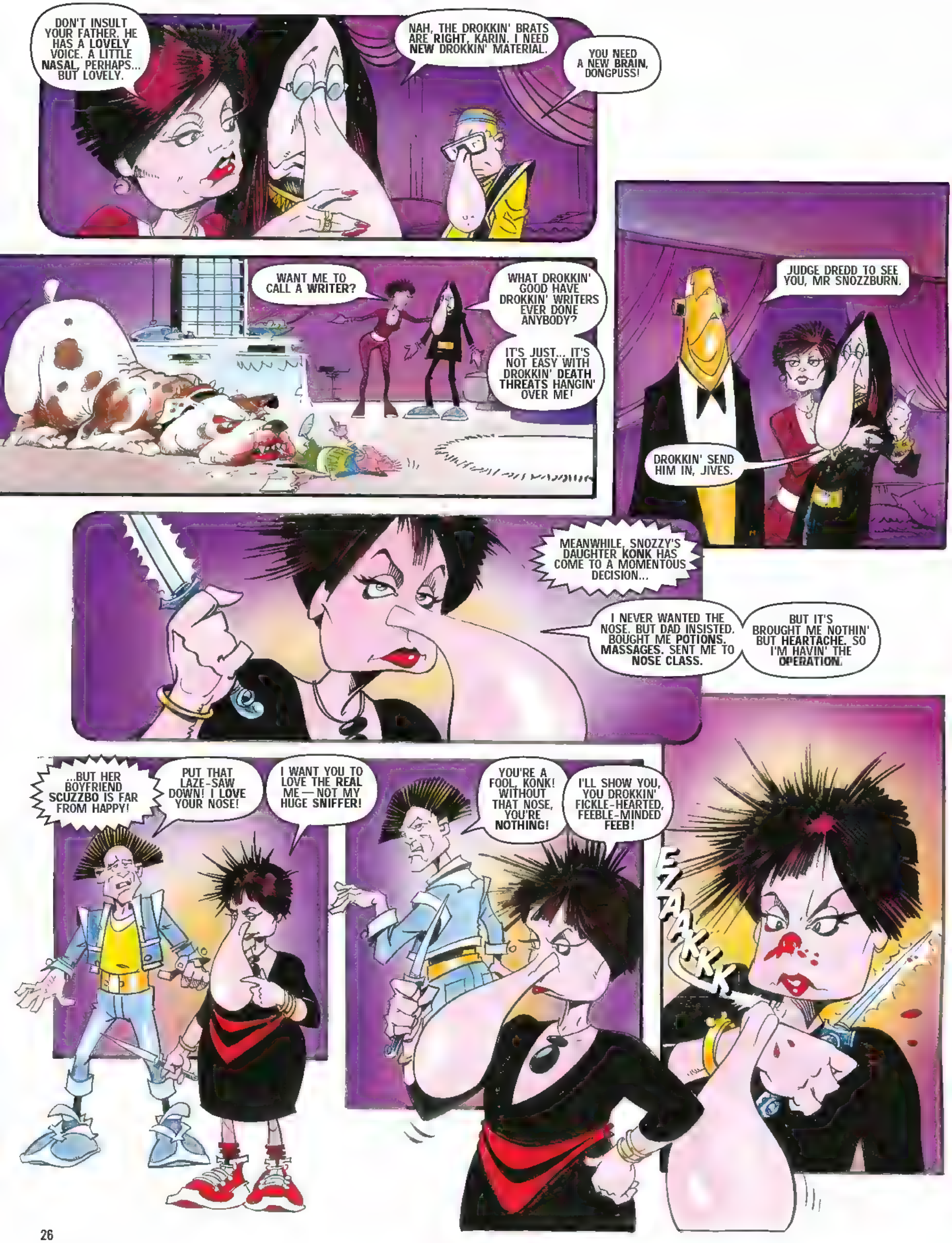

ON YOUR FEET, CREEP!
PLEASE... THERE'S BEEN SOME MISUNDERSTANDING. I... I DON'T BELONG HERE!
I'M ONTO YOU, PAL! GET DOWNGRADED FROM FELON TO **BASKET CASE** AN' YOUR TAME ATTORNEY GETS YOU **EXTRADITED** BACK BRIT-SIDE. GREASE SOME PALMS, THEN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER YOU'RE BACK ON THE PED...
...WELL, NOT ON MY WATCH!
I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE **TALKING** ABOUT... REALLY, I DON'T! I RECOGNISE THE WORDS, BUT... NOT THE CONTEXT...
SO THAT WASN'T YOU RUNNING AROUND NAKED, RAVING LIKE A LOON?
YES... OH, DEAR GOD... THOSE **THINGS**... IT'S TOO HORRIBLE TO DESCRIBE...
TOUGH. SPILL IT, AND NO TIME-TRAVELLER CRUD.
BUT IT'S THE **TRUTH**, I SWEAR!
I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT.
MY NAME IS **HERBERT GEORGE SEWELL**. I... I AM A SCIENTIST BY TRADE, AN INVENTOR BY INCLINATION.
IN MY ERA, THE PROMISED GLORIES OF TECHNOLOGY HAVE DONE LITTLE TO BENEFIT MANKIND, SERVING ONLY TO LINE THE POCKETS OF INDUSTRIALISTS AND FINANCIERS.
WAR IS AN **INDUSTRY**. WANT A **DISEASE**.

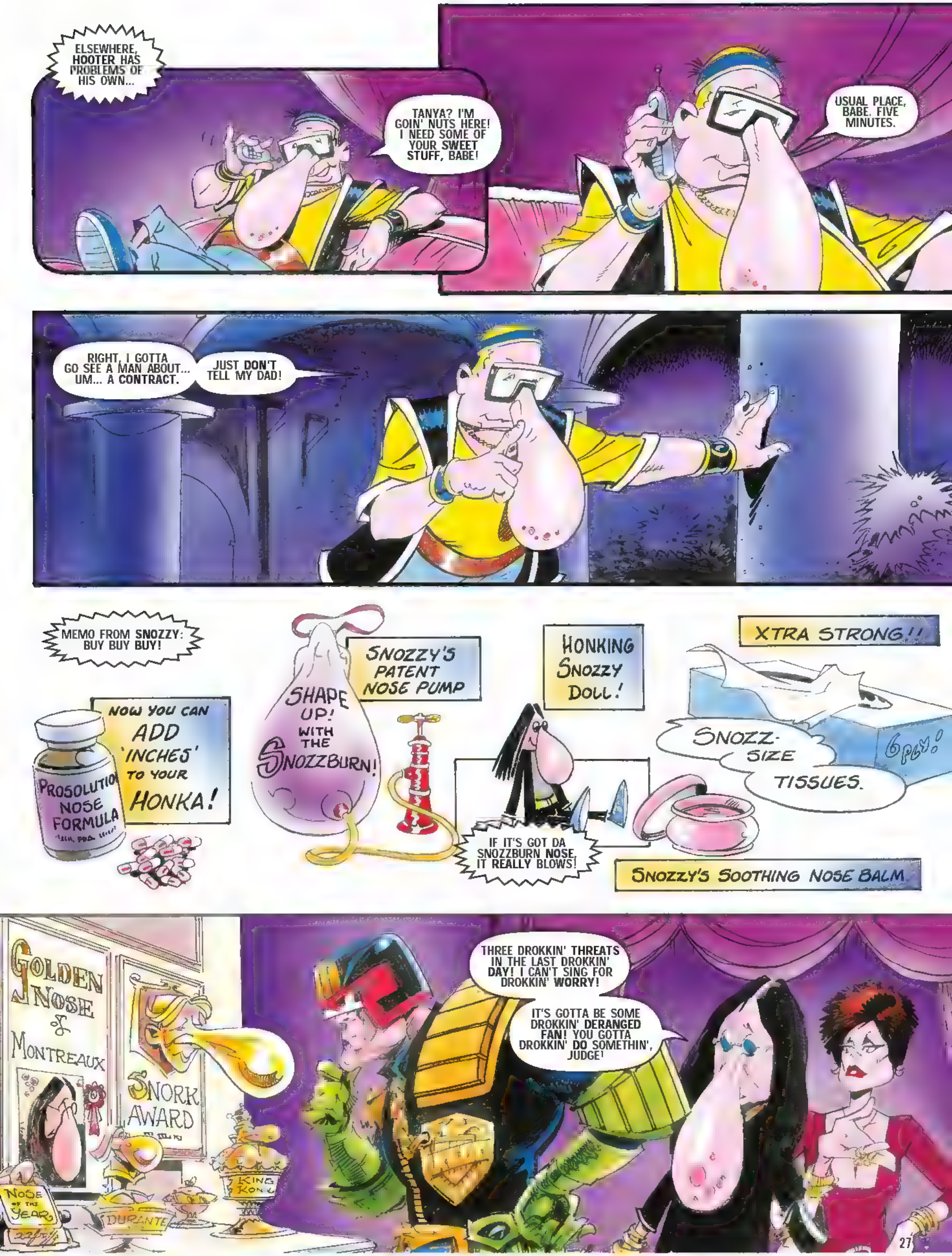

"UNABLE TO STOMACH THE HYPOCRISY OF MY AGE, I ENDEAVOURED TO LEAVE IT.
"I COMMITTED MY EVERY RESOURCE TO THE TASK OF TRAVERSING THE FOURTH DIMENSION... TIME ITSELF!
"I WISHED TO WITNESS THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME!
"HOWEVER, I SOON REALISED I HAD MADE A WONDROUS ERROR. MY MACHINE HAD NOT ONLY CONVEYED ME THROUGH TIME BUT SPACE AS WELL!
"FROM LONDON TO NORTH AMERICA NO LESS, LAND OF THE FREE!
"WHERE AUTOMATA LABOUR ON MAN'S BEHALF AND POOR MALFORMED SOULS ARE VIEWED WITHOUT PREJUDICE OR RIDICULE...
"— AND WHERE HUNGER WAS CLEARLY NO LONGER AN ISSUE! I REJOICED THAT HUMANITY HAD FINALLY FOUND A WAY TO RESOLVE ITS INEQUALITIES AND INEQUITIES...
"THAT WAS MY SECOND MISTAKE OF THE DAY.

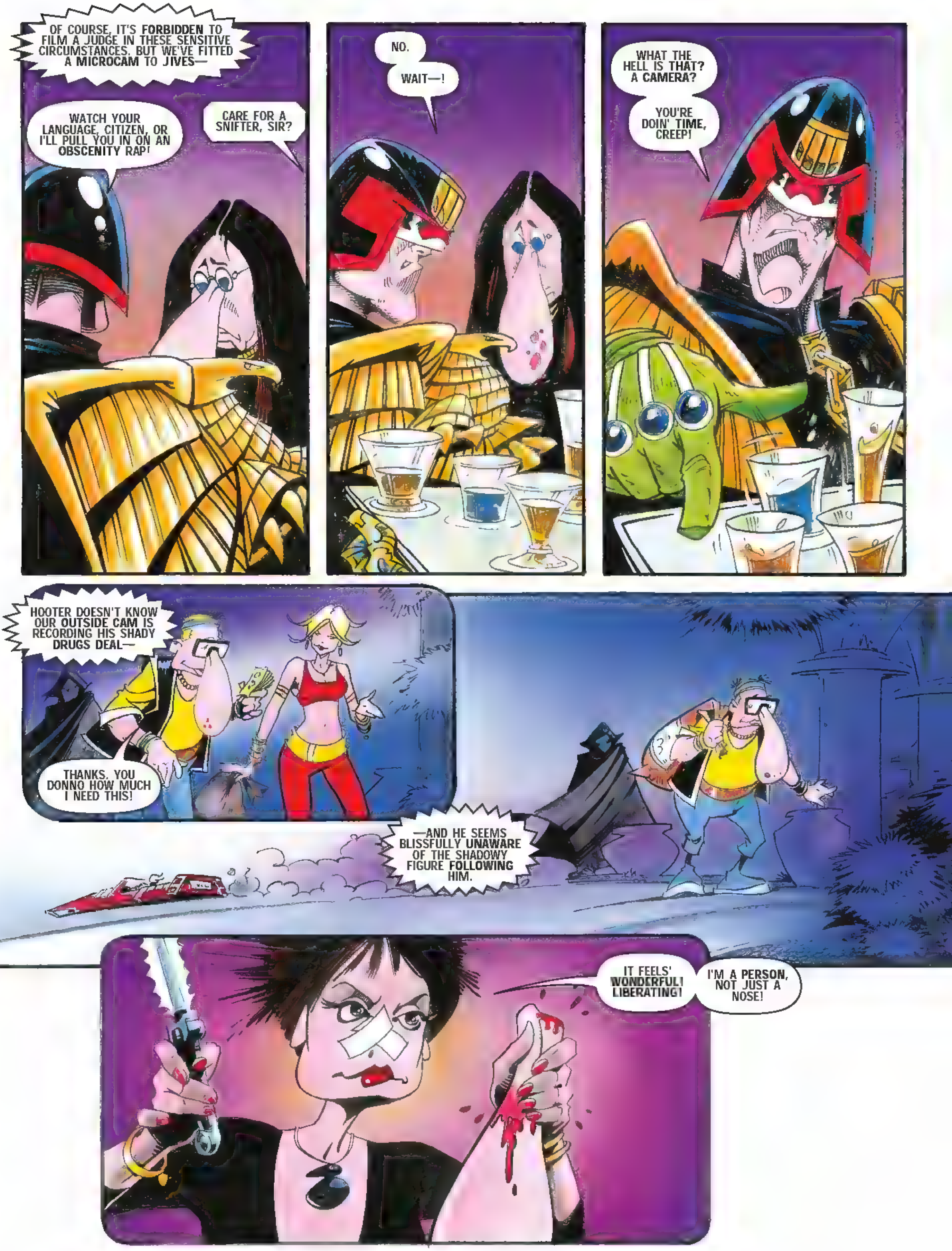

"LIKE DANTE I DESCENDED INTO A STYGIAN ABYSS--
"— AN ABODE OF TROGLODYTE PREDATORS TO WHOM I MUST HAVE SEEMED EASY PREY.
LUCKY
"THEY STRIPPED ME OF EVERYTHING -- MY CLOTHES, MY DIGNITY, MY UNDERWEAR!
"YET THERE WERE OTHERS, WHO I FEAR WOULD HAVE PARED ME TO THE VERY BONE!
"I FLED, MY SANITY HANGING BY A THREAD!"
Synthi Whip
Human Organs
BY SOME GOOD FORTUNE I FOUND MY WAY BACK TO MY MACHINE, NOW LITTLE MORE THAN SCRAP.
I... I LOST MY HEAD...
YOU DON'T SAY.
GOT A MINUTE?
HIS FULL TOX SCREEN'S IN. THERE ARE SOME... ANOMALIES.
SUCH AS?
TRACES OF POLLEN, BACTERIA AND ANIMAL-FAT FUEL OIL. ALL DERIVED FROM FLORA AND FAUNA EXTINCT CENTURIES AGO.
101
DREDD

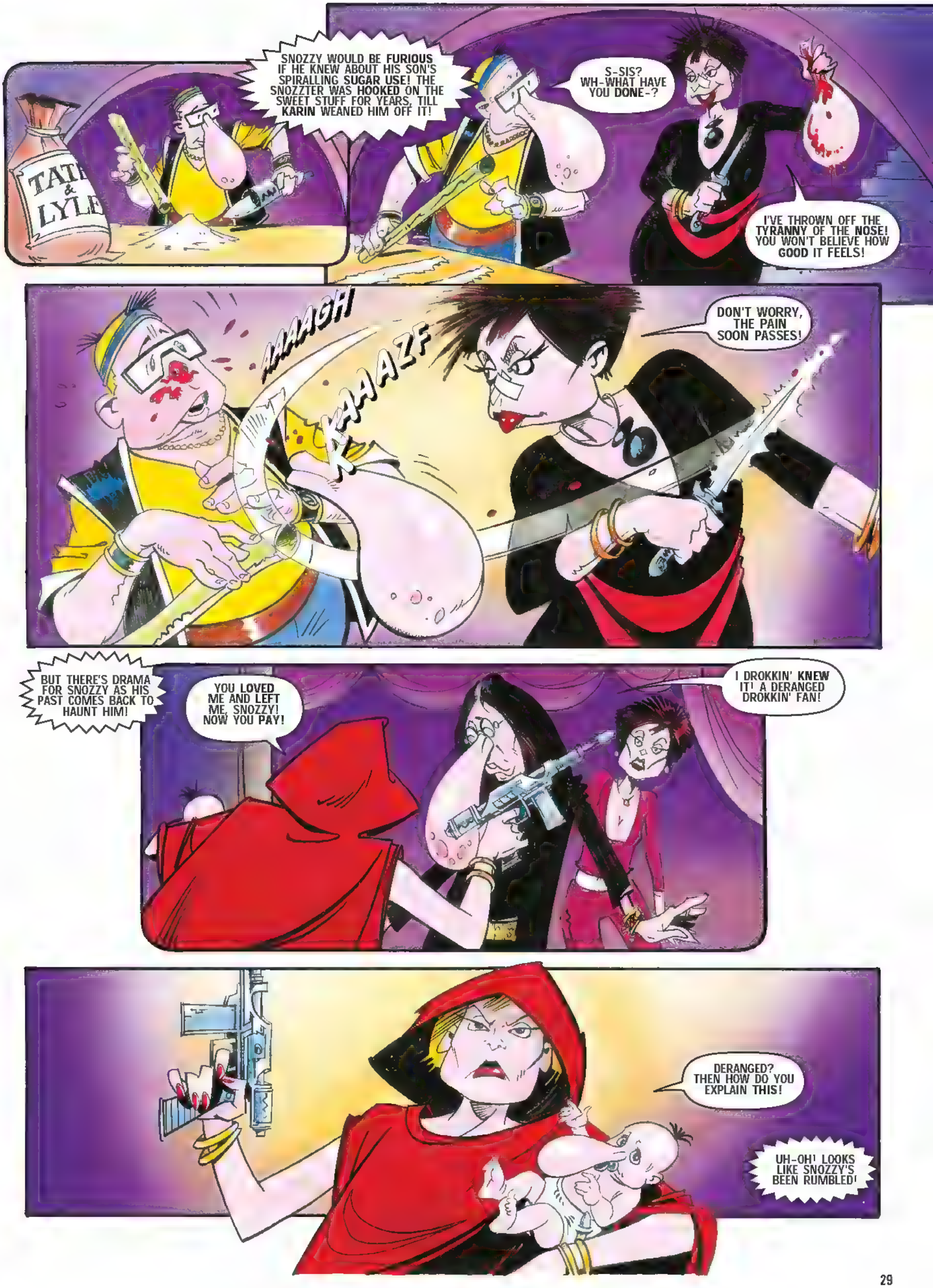

FACE IT, DREDD, HE COULD BE THE REAL THING! TODAY'S PROSCRIBED STIMS WERE RECREATIONAL SUBSTANCES BACK THEN—
THAT WAS THEN, THIS IS NOW!
DROKK!
WHAT IS IT?
HE'S GONE!
IMPOSSIBLE...
...UNLESS... HIS FUTURE SELF BUILT ANOTHER MACHINE AND CAME BACK TO SPRING HIS YOUNGER SELF!
OR HE COULD BE HIDING UNDER A FLOOR PLATE HE WORKED LOOSE WITH A CHAIR LEG.
ER... HI.
INVENTOR, HUH? AN ESCAPE ATTEMPT SHOWS CRIMINAL INTENT -- AS GOOD AS AN ADMISSION OF GUILT!
PLEASE... IT'S NOT MY TIME! LET ME REBUILD MY MACHINE... I WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN!
IT'S NO BOTHER. YOU WANT TO SEE THE FUTURE, WE'VE A TIME MACHINE ALL OUR OWN -- AN ISO-CUBE!
TEN YEARS! MOVE!
WELCOME TO THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY, CREEP! ENJOY YOUR STAY!
THE END

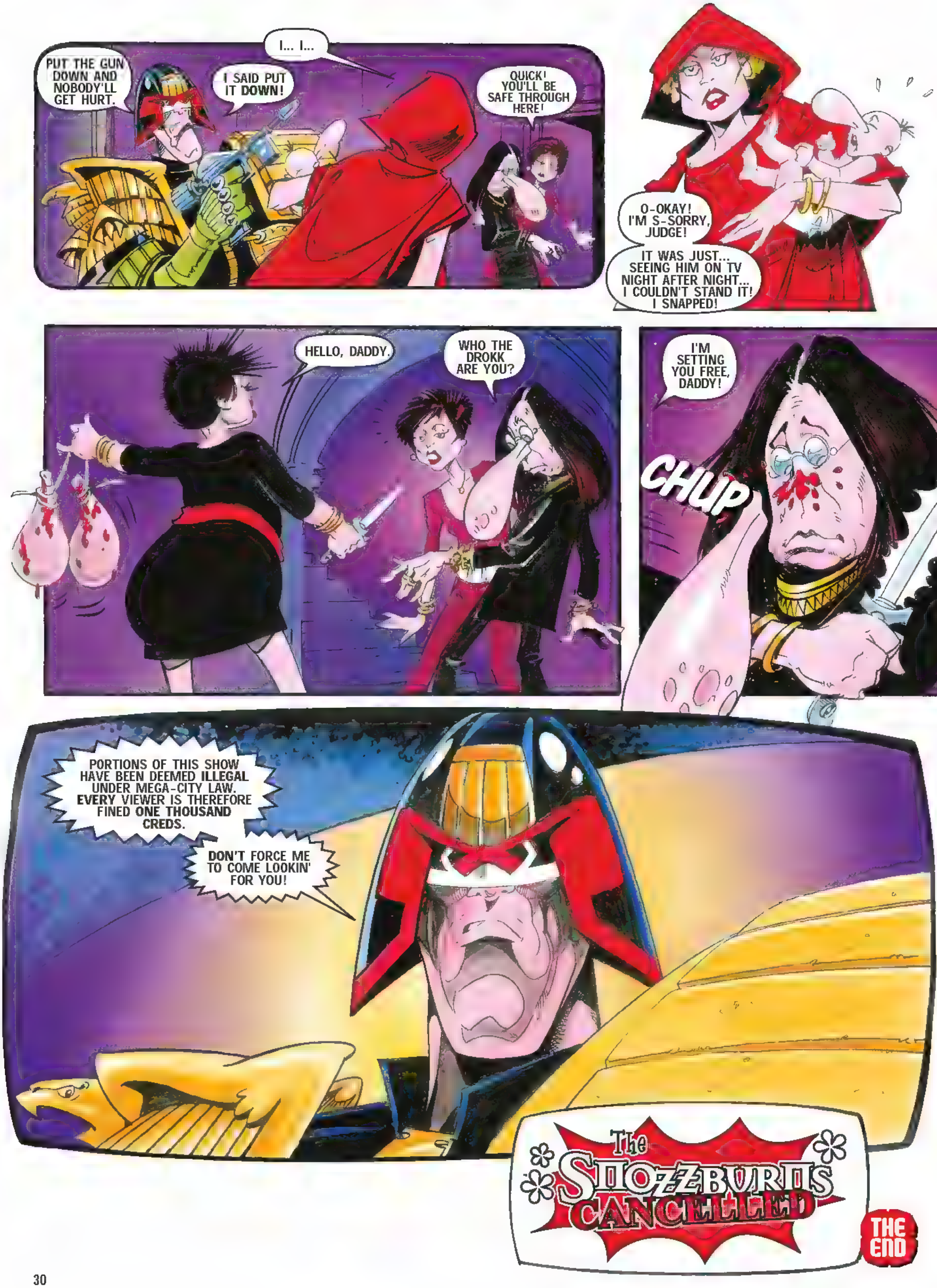

NASAL CELEBRITIES OF THE YEAR! THE BIG MEG'S MOST FAMOUS FAMILY!
LIVE AND UNCUT!
At Home With The SNOZZBURNS
ON THIS WEEK'S SHOW— SNOZZY PREPARES FOR HIS COMEBACK TOUR! KONK HAS ROMANTIC PROBLEMS!
AND JUDGE DREDD INVESTIGATES THE DEATH THREATS!
JUDGE DREDD
EVERYBODY'S NOSE IS THEIR FAME AND FORTUNE, EVERYBODY'S NOSE IS THE THING TO PICK, AN' SO IT GOES WITH EVERYBODY'S NOSE...
DROKK DROKK DROKK!
YOU'RE CRAP, DAD! PURE CRAP!
GO BACK TO SUCKIN' HAMSTERS UP YOUR SNITCH!
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART IAN GIBSON
LETTERS TOM FRAME


DON'T INSULT YOUR FATHER. HE HAS A **LOVELY** VOICE. A LITTLE **NASAL**, PERHAPS... BUT LOVELY.
NAH, THE DROKKIN' BRATS ARE **RIGHT**, KARIN. I NEED **NEW** DROKKIN' MATERIAL.
YOU NEED A NEW **BRAIN**, DONGPUSS!
WANT ME TO CALL A **WRITER?**
WHAT DROKKIN' GOOD HAVE DROKKIN' WRITERS EVER DONE ANYBODY?
IT'S JUST... IT'S NOT EASY WITH DROKKIN' **DEATH THREATS** HANGIN' OVER ME!
JUDGE DREDD TO SEE YOU, MR SNOZZBURN.
DROKKIN' SEND HIM IN, JIVES.
MEANWHILE, SNOZZY'S DAUGHTER **KONK** HAS COME TO A MOMENTOUS DECISION...
I NEVER WANTED THE NOSE. BUT DAD INSISTED. BOUGHT ME **POTIONS. MASSAGES.** SENT ME TO **NOSE CLASS.**
BUT IT'S BROUGHT ME NOTHIN' BUT **HEARTACHE.** SO I'M HAVIN' THE **OPERATION.**
...BUT HER BOYFRIEND **SCUZZBO** IS FAR FROM HAPPY!
PUT THAT LAZE-SAW DOWN! I **LOVE** YOUR NOSE!
I WANT YOU TO LOVE THE **REAL** ME — NOT MY HUGE **SNIFFER!**
YOU'RE A FOOL, KONK! WITHOUT THAT NOSE, YOU'RE **NOTHING!**
I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU DROKKIN' FICKLE-HEARTED, FEEBLE-MINDED FEEB!
ZZAAKKK!


ELSEWHERE, HOOTER HAS PROBLEMS OF HIS OWN...
TANYA? I'M GOIN' NUTS HERE! I NEED SOME OF YOUR SWEET STUFF, BABE!
USUAL PLACE, BABE. FIVE MINUTES.
RIGHT, I GOTTA GO SEE A MAN ABOUT... UM... A CONTRACT.
JUST DON'T TELL MY DAD!
MEMO FROM SNOZZY: BUY BUY BUY!
NOW YOU CAN ADD 'INCHES' TO YOUR HONKA!
PROSOLUTION NOSE FORMULA
SHAPE UP! WITH THE SNOZZBURN!
SNOZZY'S PATENT NOSE PUMP
HONKING SNOZZY DOLL!
IF IT'S GOT DA SNOZZBURN NOSE, IT REALLY BLOWS!
XTRA STRONG!!
SNOZZ-SIZE TISSUES.
6 PLY!
SNOZZY'S SOOTHING NOSE BALM
GOLDEN NOSE OF MONTREAUX
SNORK AWARD
NOSE OF THE YEAR
DURANTE
KING KONK
THREE DROKKIN' THREATS IN THE LAST DROKKIN' DAY! I CAN'T SING FOR DROKKIN' WORRY!
IT'S GOTTA BE SOME DROKKIN' DERANGED FAN! YOU GOTTA DROKKIN' DO SOMETHIN', JUDGE!


OF COURSE, IT'S FORBIDDEN TO FILM A JUDGE IN THESE SENSITIVE CIRCUMSTANCES. BUT WE'VE FITTED A MICROCAM TO JIVES—
WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, CITIZEN, OR I'LL PULL YOU IN ON AN OBSCENITY RAP!
CARE FOR A SNIFTER, SIR?
NO.
WAIT—!
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? A CAMERA?
YOU'RE DOIN' TIME, CREEP!
HOOTER DOESN'T KNOW OUR OUTSIDE CAM IS RECORDING HIS SHADY DRUGS DEAL—
THANKS. YOU DONNO HOW MUCH I NEED THIS!
—AND HE SEEMS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE SHADOWY FIGURE FOLLOWING HIM.
IT FEELS WONDERFUL! LIBERATING!
I'M A PERSON, NOT JUST A NOSE!

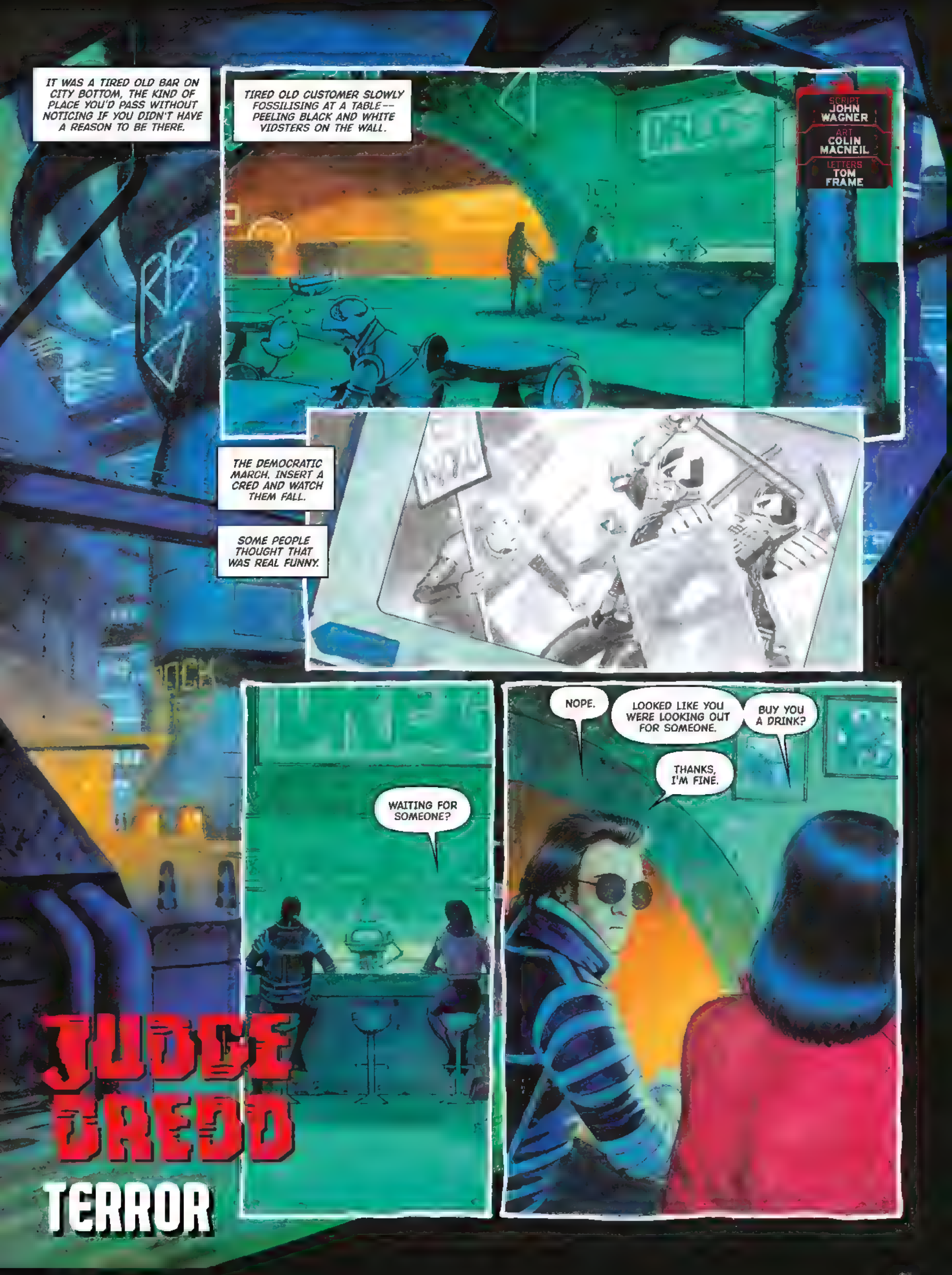

TATE & LYLE
SNOZZY WOULD BE FURIOUS IF HE KNEW ABOUT HIS SON'S SPIRALLING SUGAR USE! THE SNOZZTER WAS HOOKED ON THE SWEET STUFF FOR YEARS, TILL KARIN WEANED HIM OFF IT!
S-SIS? WH-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE-?
I'VE THROWN OFF THE TYRANNY OF THE NOSE! YOU WON'T BELIEVE HOW GOOD IT FEELS!
AAAAGH
KAAAAZF
DON'T WORRY, THE PAIN SOON PASSES!
BUT THERE'S DRAMA FOR SNOZZY AS HIS PAST COMES BACK TO HAUNT HIM!
YOU LOVED ME AND LEFT ME, SNOZZY! NOW YOU PAY!
I DROKKIN' KNEW IT! A DERANGED DROKKIN' FAN!
DERANGED? THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS!
UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE SNOZZY'S BEEN RUMBLED!

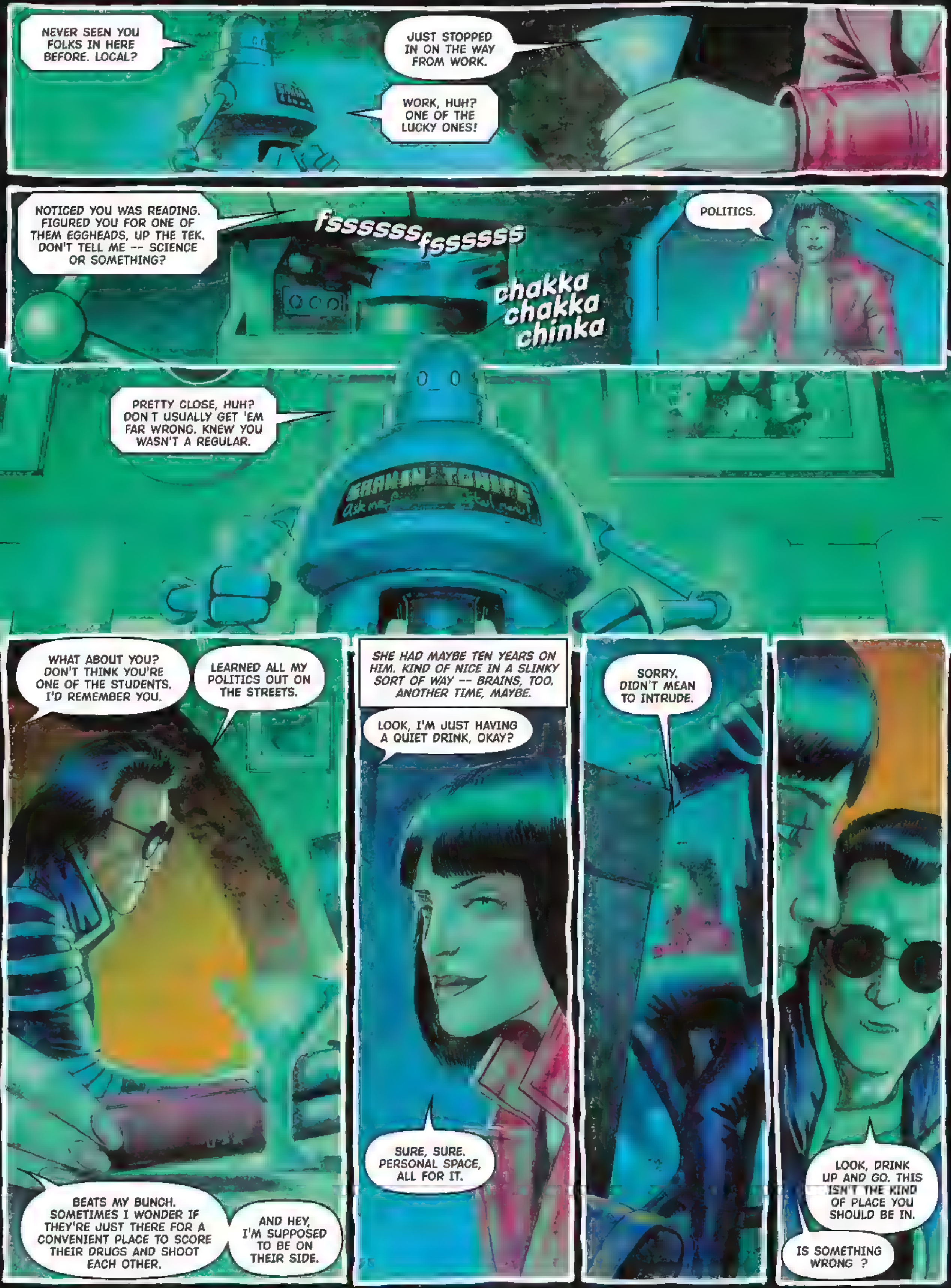

PUT THE GUN DOWN AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT.
I... I...
I SAID PUT IT **DOWN**!
QUICK! YOU'LL BE SAFE THROUGH HERE!
O-OKAY! I'M S-SORRY, JUDGE!
IT WAS JUST... SEEING HIM ON TV NIGHT AFTER NIGHT... I COULDN'T STAND IT! I SNAPPED!
HELLO, DADDY.
WHO THE DROKK ARE YOU?
I'M SETTING YOU FREE, DADDY!
CHUP
PORTIONS OF THIS SHOW HAVE BEEN DEEMED **ILLEGAL** UNDER MEGA-CITY LAW. **EVERY** VIEWER IS THEREFORE FINED **ONE THOUSAND** CREDS.
DON'T FORCE ME TO COME LOOKIN' FOR YOU!
The SHOZZBURTS CANCELLED
THE END

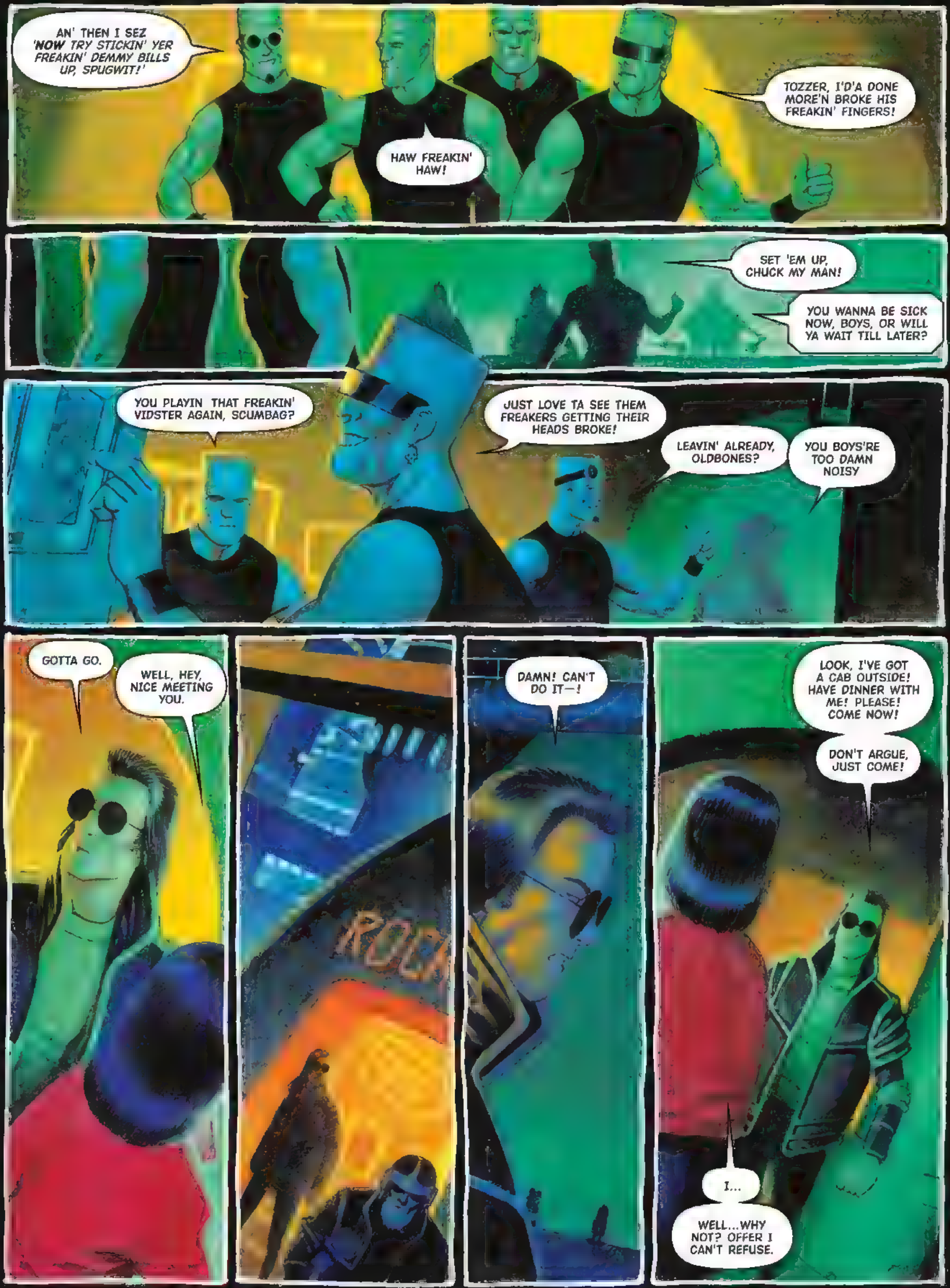
JUDGE DREDD

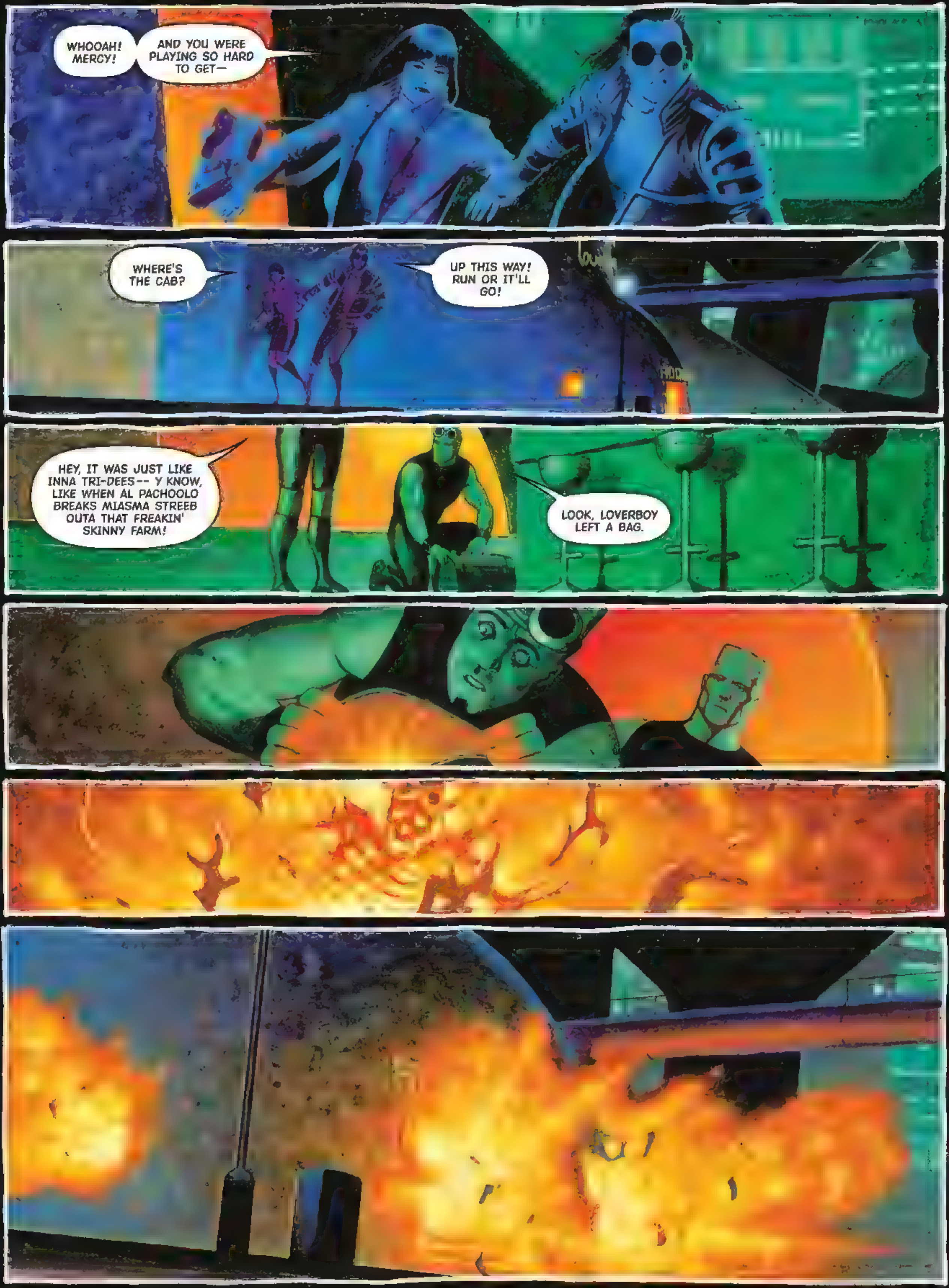
TERROR

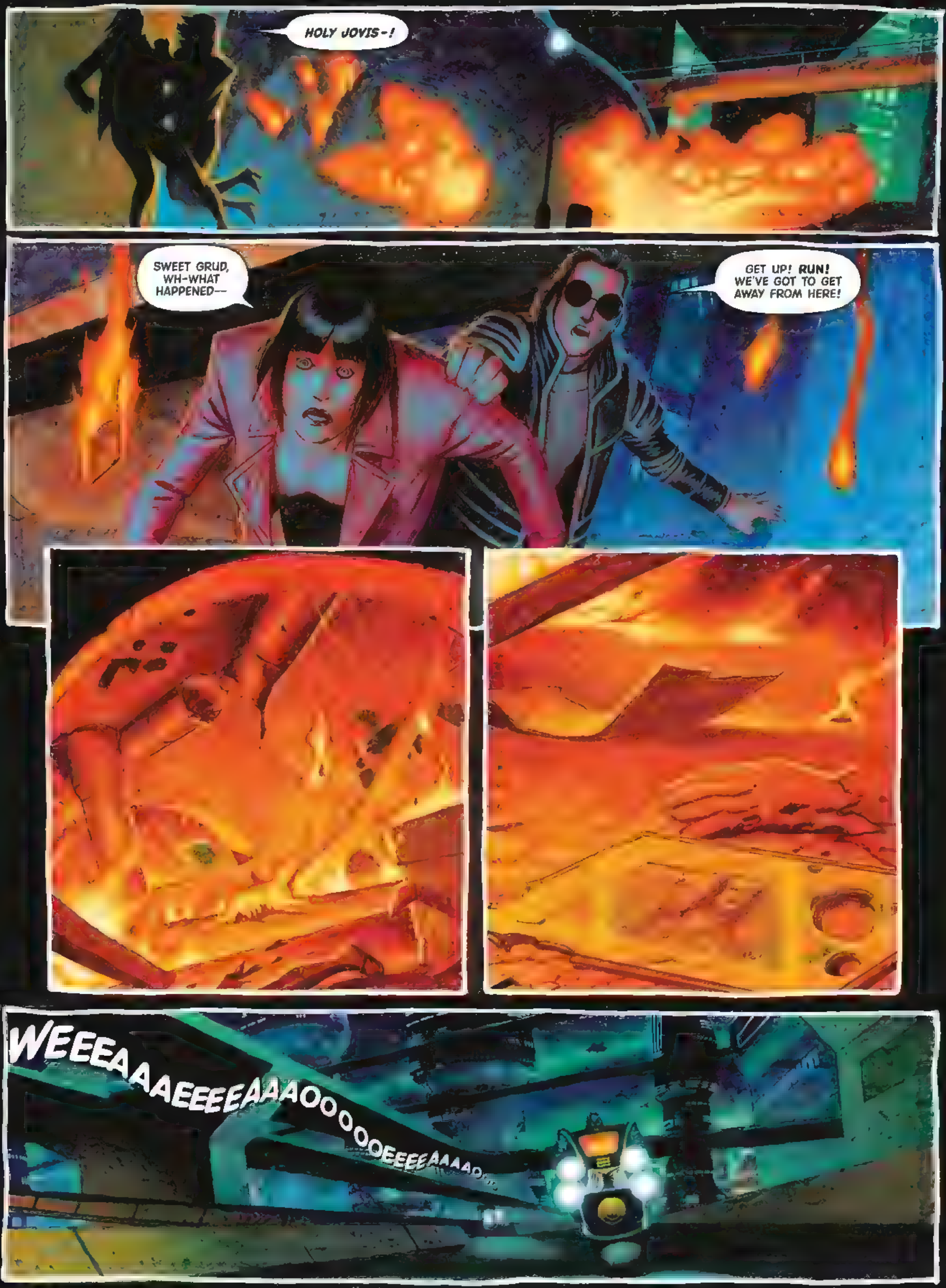
SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
COLIN MACNEIL
LETTERS
TOM FRAME

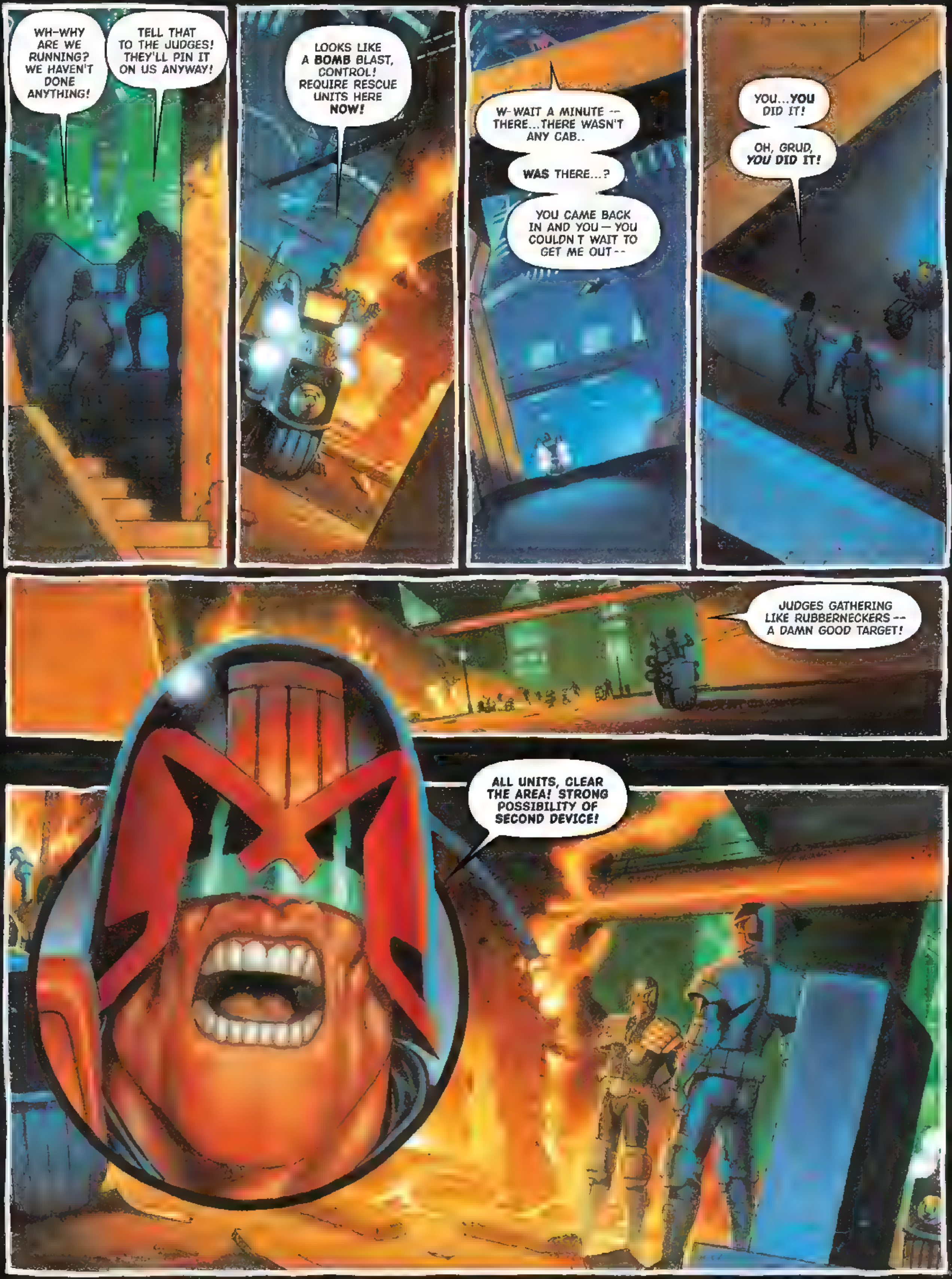

IT WAS A TIRED OLD BAR ON CITY BOTTOM, THE KIND OF PLACE YOU'D PASS WITHOUT NOTICING IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE A REASON TO BE THERE.
TIRED OLD CUSTOMER SLOWLY FOSSILISING AT A TABLE-- PEELING BLACK AND WHITE VIDSTERS ON THE WALL.
THE DEMOCRATIC MARCH. INSERT A CRED AND WATCH THEM FALL.
SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT THAT WAS REAL FUNNY.
WAITING FOR SOMEONE?
NOPE.
LOOKED LIKE YOU WERE LOOKING OUT FOR SOMEONE.
BUY YOU A DRINK?
THANKS, I'M FINE.

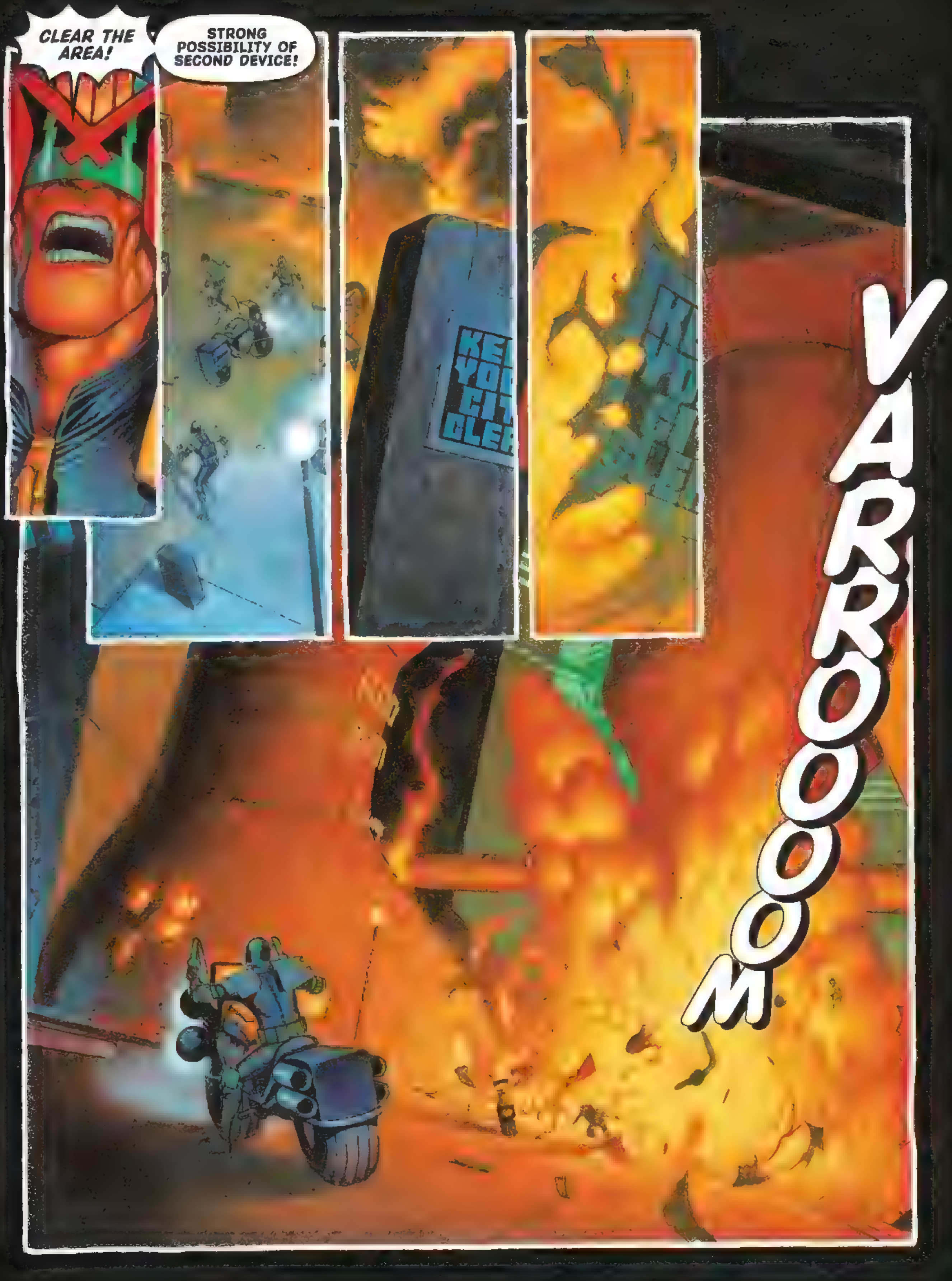

NEVER SEEN YOU FOLKS IN HERE BEFORE. LOCAL?
JUST STOPPED IN ON THE WAY FROM WORK.
WORK, HUH? ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES!
NOTICED YOU WAS READING. FIGURED YOU FOR ONE OF THEM EGGHEADS, UP THE TEK. DON'T TELL ME -- SCIENCE OR SOMETHING?
fssssss fssssss
chakka chakka chinka
POLITICS.
PRETTY CLOSE, HUH? DON'T USUALLY GET 'EM FAR WRONG. KNEW YOU WASN'T A REGULAR.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? DON'T THINK YOU'RE ONE OF THE STUDENTS. I'D REMEMBER YOU.
LEARNED ALL MY POLITICS OUT ON THE STREETS.
BEATS MY BUNCH. SOMETIMES I WONDER IF THEY'RE JUST THERE FOR A CONVENIENT PLACE TO SCORE THEIR DRUGS AND SHOOT EACH OTHER.
AND HEY, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ON THEIR SIDE.
SHE HAD MAYBE TEN YEARS ON HIM. KIND OF NICE IN A SLINKY SORT OF WAY -- BRAINS, TOO. ANOTHER TIME, MAYBE.
LOOK, I'M JUST HAVING A QUIET DRINK, OKAY?
SURE, SURE. PERSONAL SPACE, ALL FOR IT.
SORRY. DIDN'T MEAN TO INTRUDE.
LOOK, DRINK UP AND GO. THIS ISN'T THE KIND OF PLACE YOU SHOULD BE IN.
IS SOMETHING WRONG ?

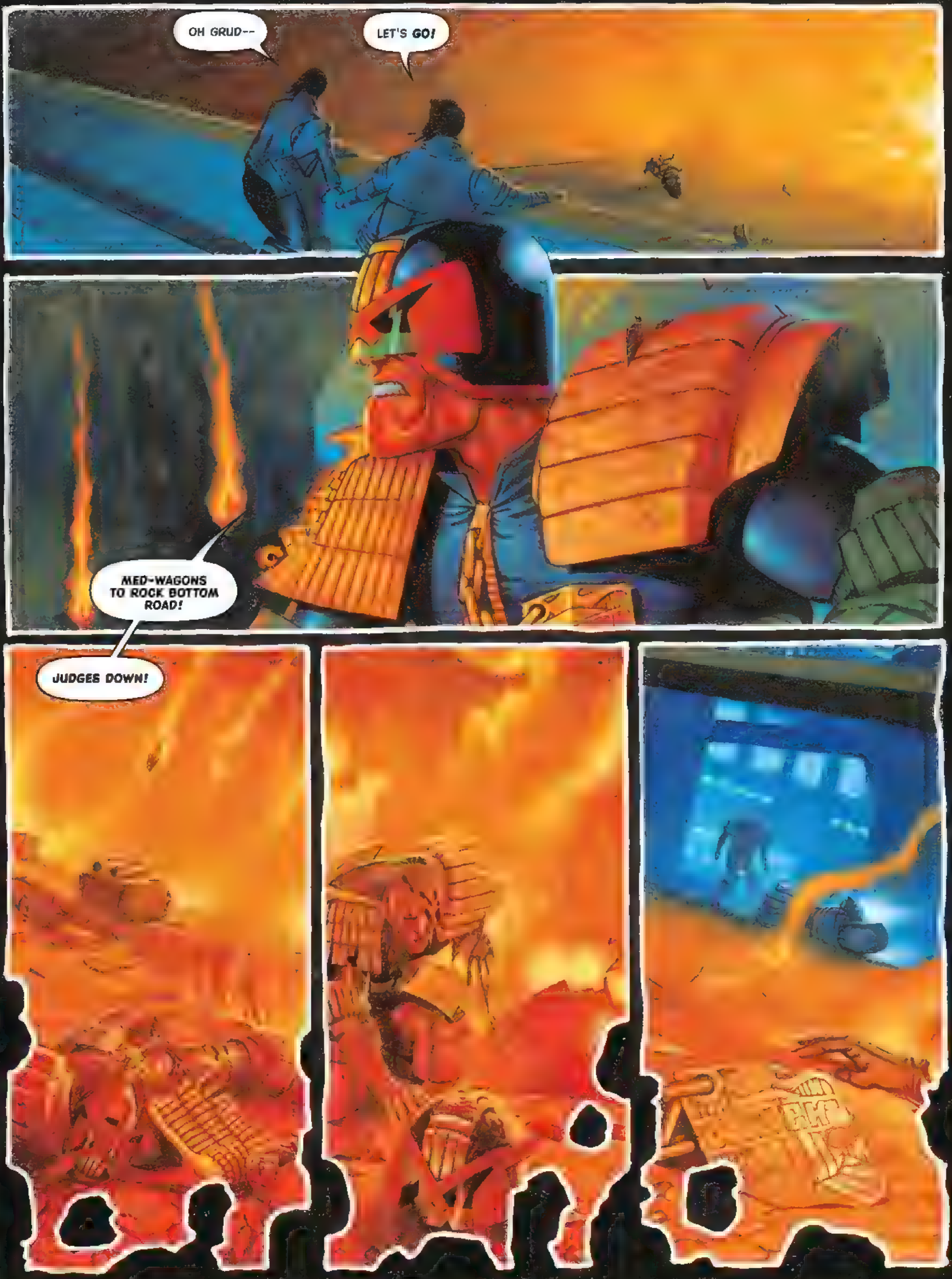

AN' THEN I SEZ 'NOW TRY STICKIN' YER FREAKIN' DEMMY BILLS UP, SPUGWIT!'
HAW FREAKIN' HAW!
TOZZER, I'D'A DONE MORE'N BROKE HIS FREAKIN' FINGERS!
SET 'EM UP, CHUCK MY MAN!
YOU WANNA BE SICK NOW, BOYS, OR WILL YA WAIT TILL LATER?
YOU PLAYIN THAT FREAKIN' VIDSTER AGAIN, SCUMBAG?
JUST LOVE TA SEE THEM FREAKERS GETTING THEIR HEADS BROKE!
LEAVIN' ALREADY, OLDBONES?
YOU BOYS'RE TOO DAMN NOISY
GOTTA GO.
WELL, HEY, NICE MEETING YOU.
ROCK
DAMN! CAN'T DO IT—!
LOOK, I'VE GOT A CAB OUTSIDE! HAVE DINNER WITH ME! PLEASE! COME NOW!
DON'T ARGUE, JUST COME!
I...
WELL...WHY NOT? OFFER I CAN'T REFUSE.

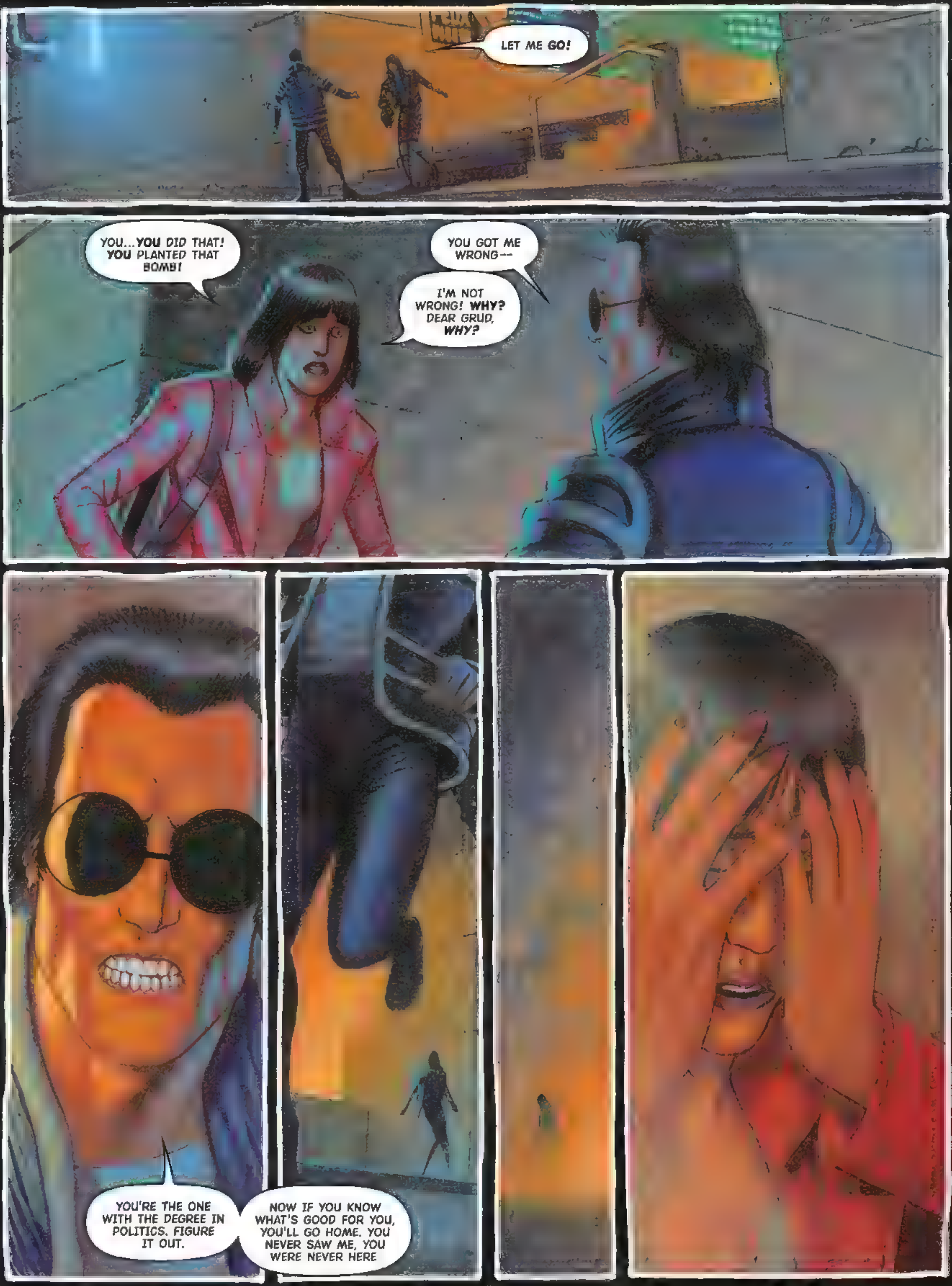

WHOOAH! MERCY!
AND YOU WERE PLAYING SO HARD TO GET—
WHERE'S THE CAB?
UP THIS WAY! RUN OR IT'LL GO!
HEY, IT WAS JUST LIKE INNA TRI-DEES-- Y KNOW, LIKE WHEN AL PACHOOLO BREAKS MIASMA STREEB OUTA THAT FREAKIN' SKINNY FARM!
LOOK, LOVERBOY LEFT A BAG.

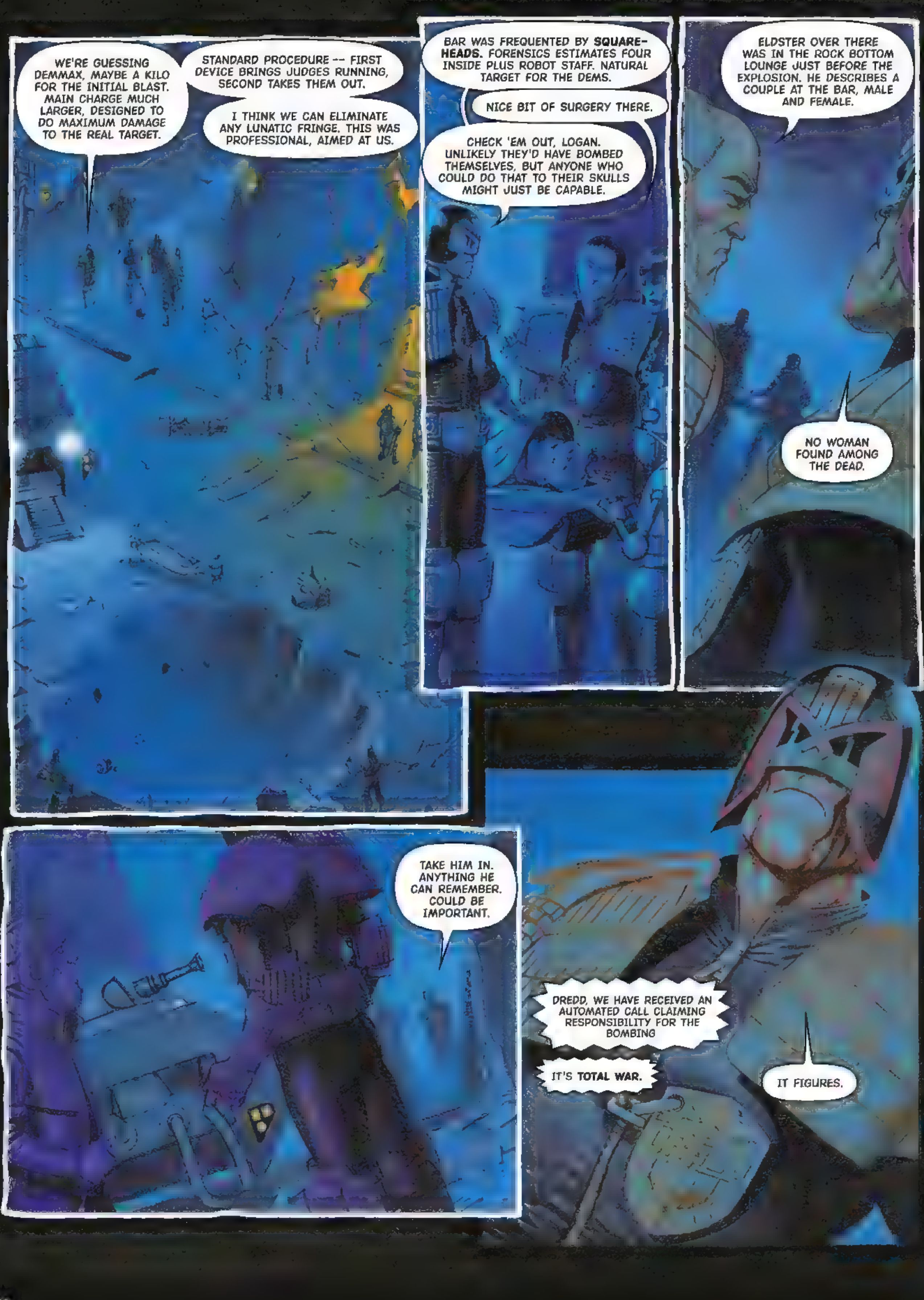

HOLY JOVIS-!
SWEET GRUD, WH-WHAT HAPPENED--
GET UP! RUN! WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!
WEEEAAAAEEEEEAAAOOOOOOEEEEAAAAO...

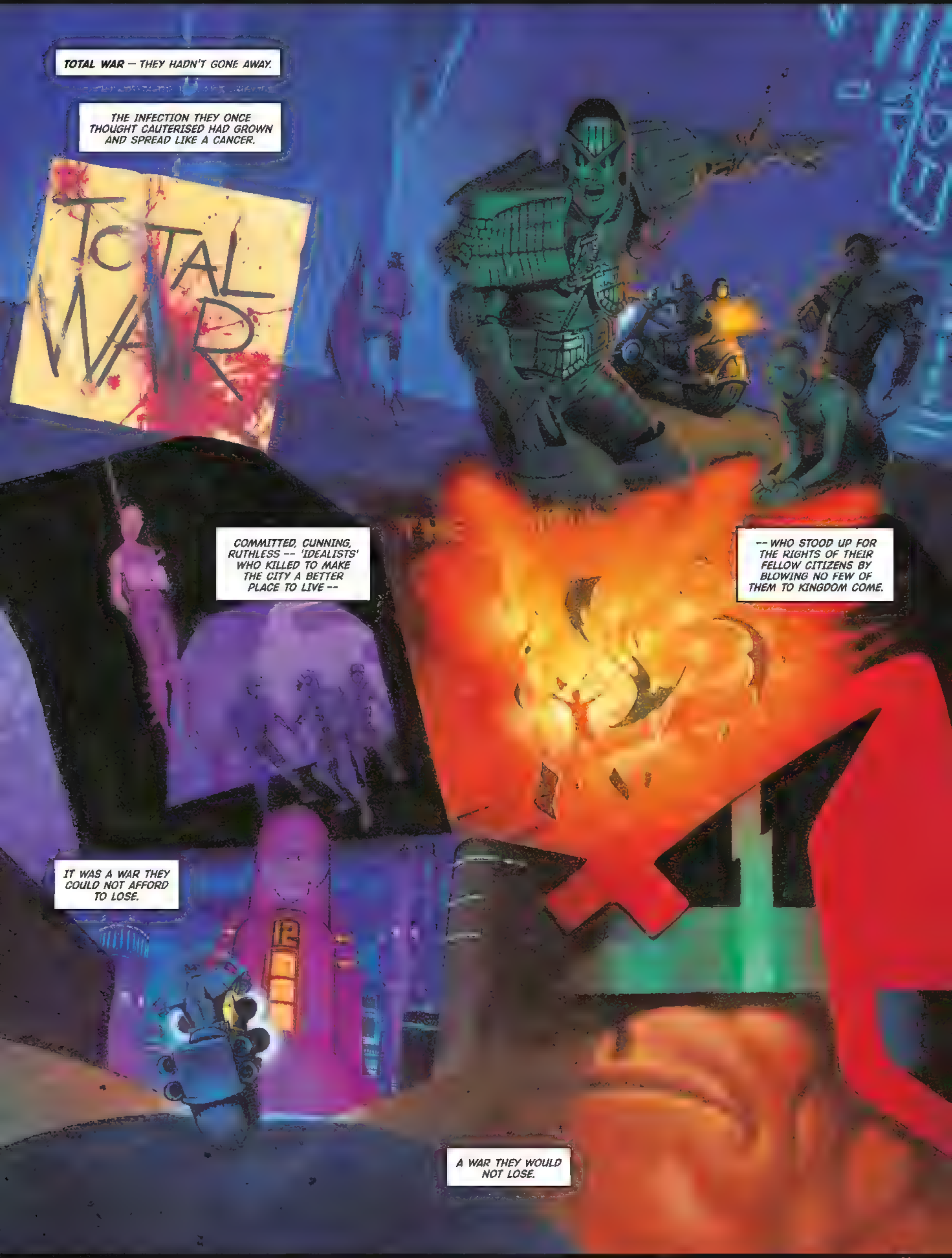

WH-WHY ARE WE RUNNING? WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!
TELL THAT TO THE JUDGES! THEY'LL PIN IT ON US ANYWAY!
LOOKS LIKE A BOMB BLAST, CONTROL! REQUIRE RESCUE UNITS HERE NOW!
W-WAIT A MINUTE -- THERE...THERE WASN'T ANY CAB..
WAS THERE...?
YOU CAME BACK IN AND YOU — YOU COULDN'T WAIT TO GET ME OUT --
YOU...YOU DID IT!
OH, GRUD, YOU DID IT!
JUDGES GATHERING LIKE RUBBERNECKERS -- A DAMN GOOD TARGET!
ALL UNITS, CLEAR THE AREA! STRONG POSSIBILITY OF SECOND DEVICE!

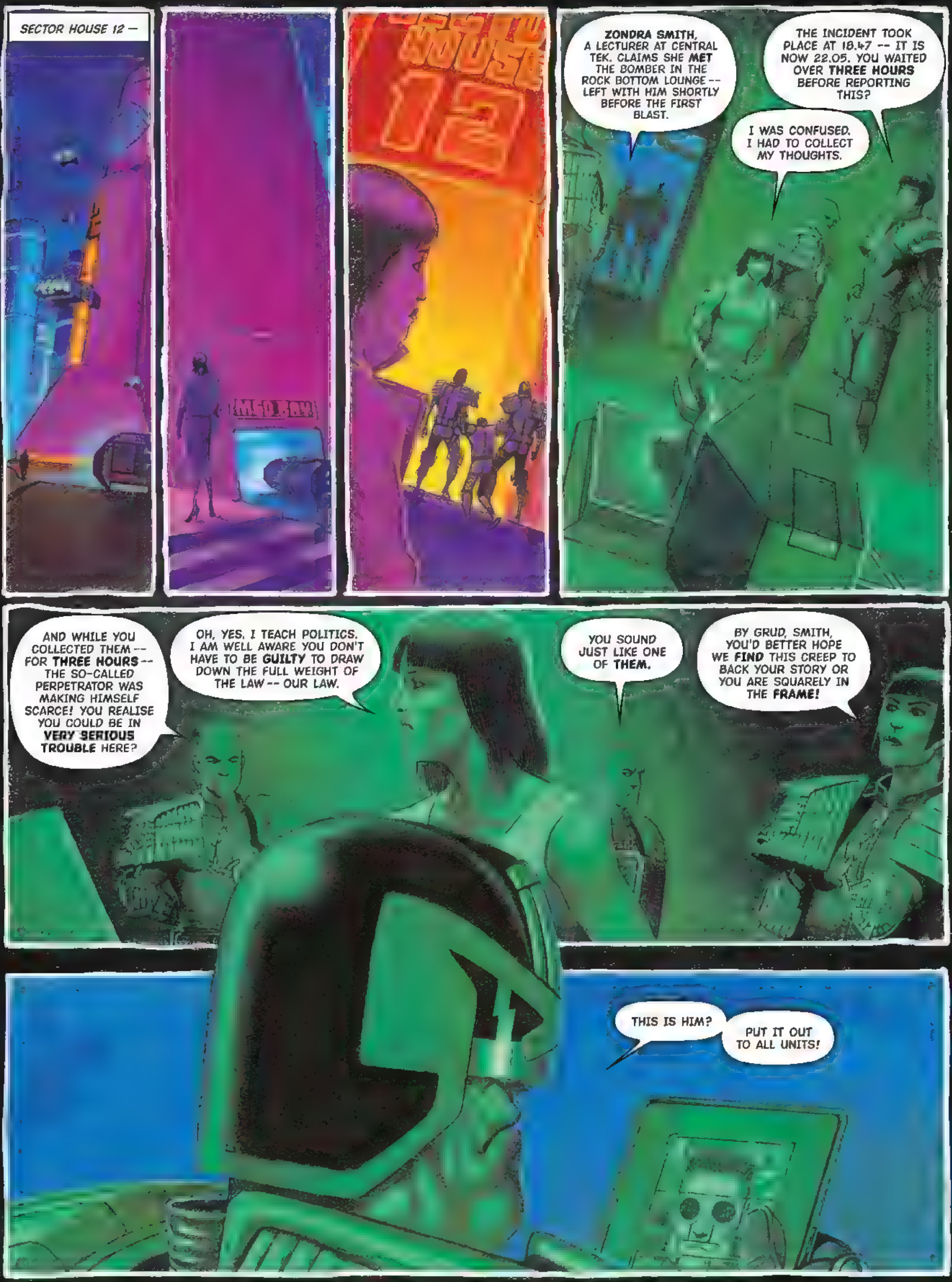

CLEAR THE AREA!
STRONG POSSIBILITY OF SECOND DEVICE!
VARROOOOM

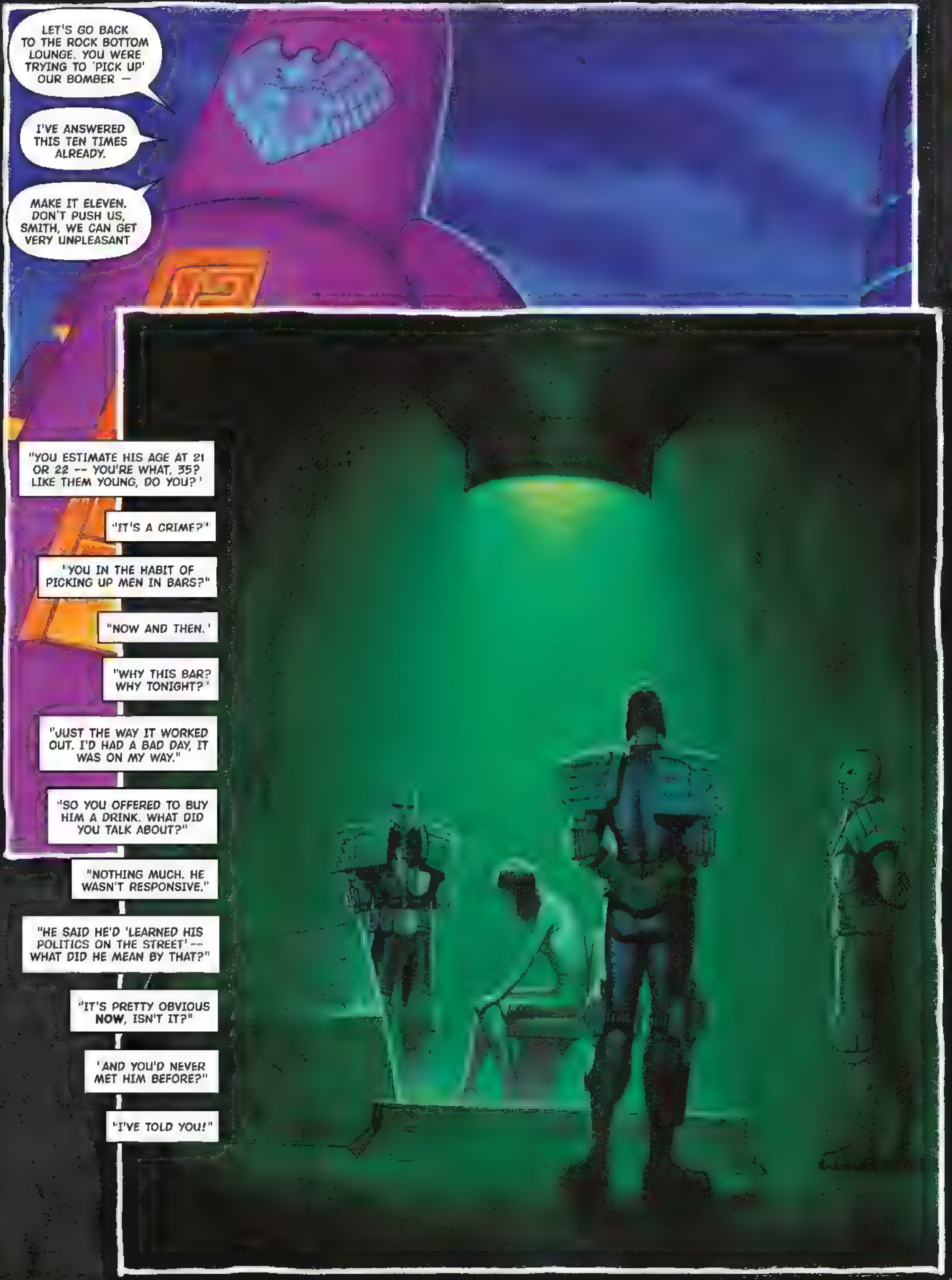

OH GRUD--
LET'S GO!
MED-WAGONS TO ROCK BOTTOM ROAD!
JUDGES DOWN!

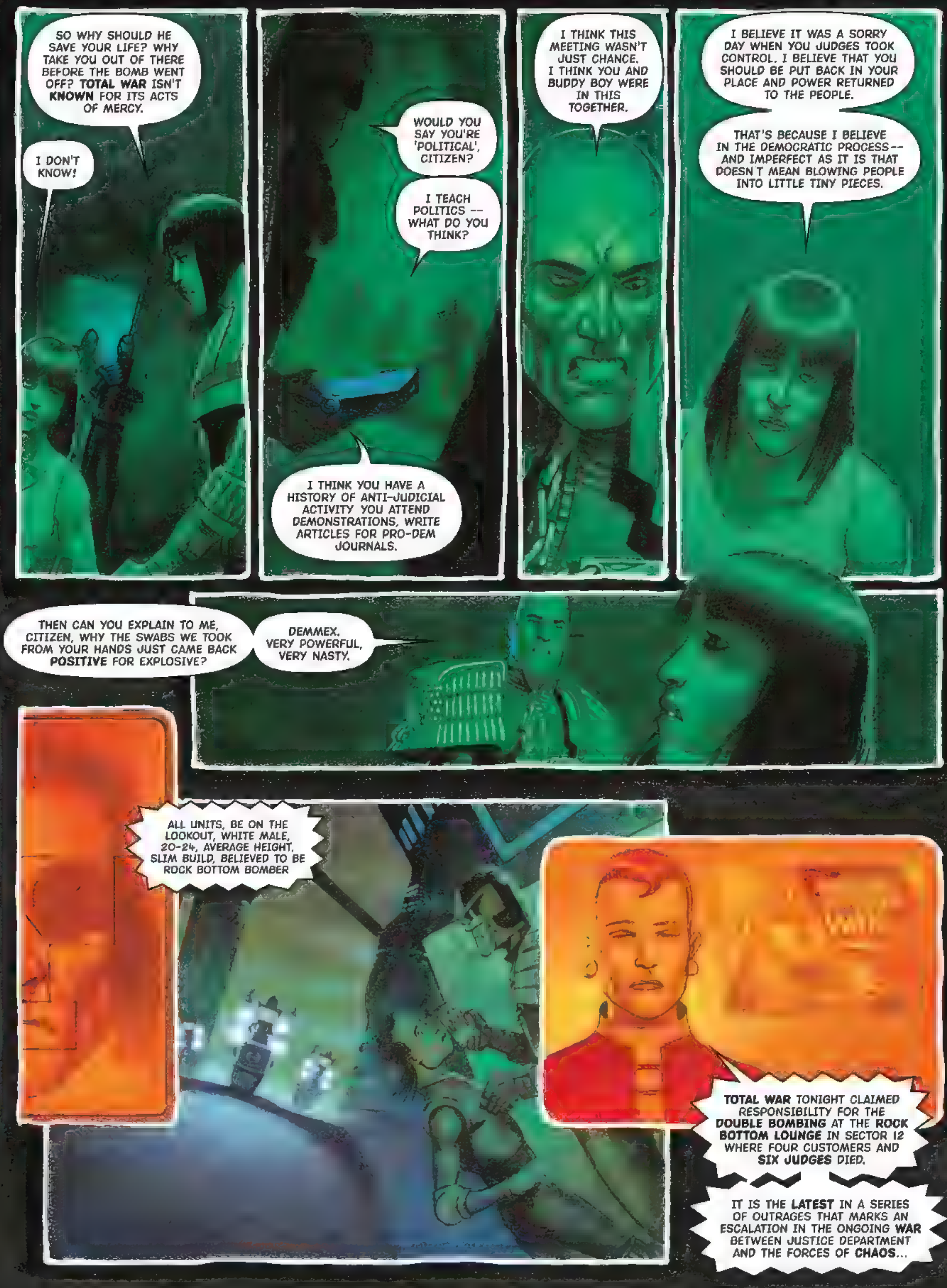

LET ME GO!
YOU...YOU DID THAT! YOU PLANTED THAT BOMB!
YOU GOT ME WRONG--
I'M NOT WRONG! WHY? DEAR GRUD, WHY?
YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE DEGREE IN POLITICS. FIGURE IT OUT.
NOW IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL GO HOME. YOU NEVER SAW ME, YOU WERE NEVER HERE

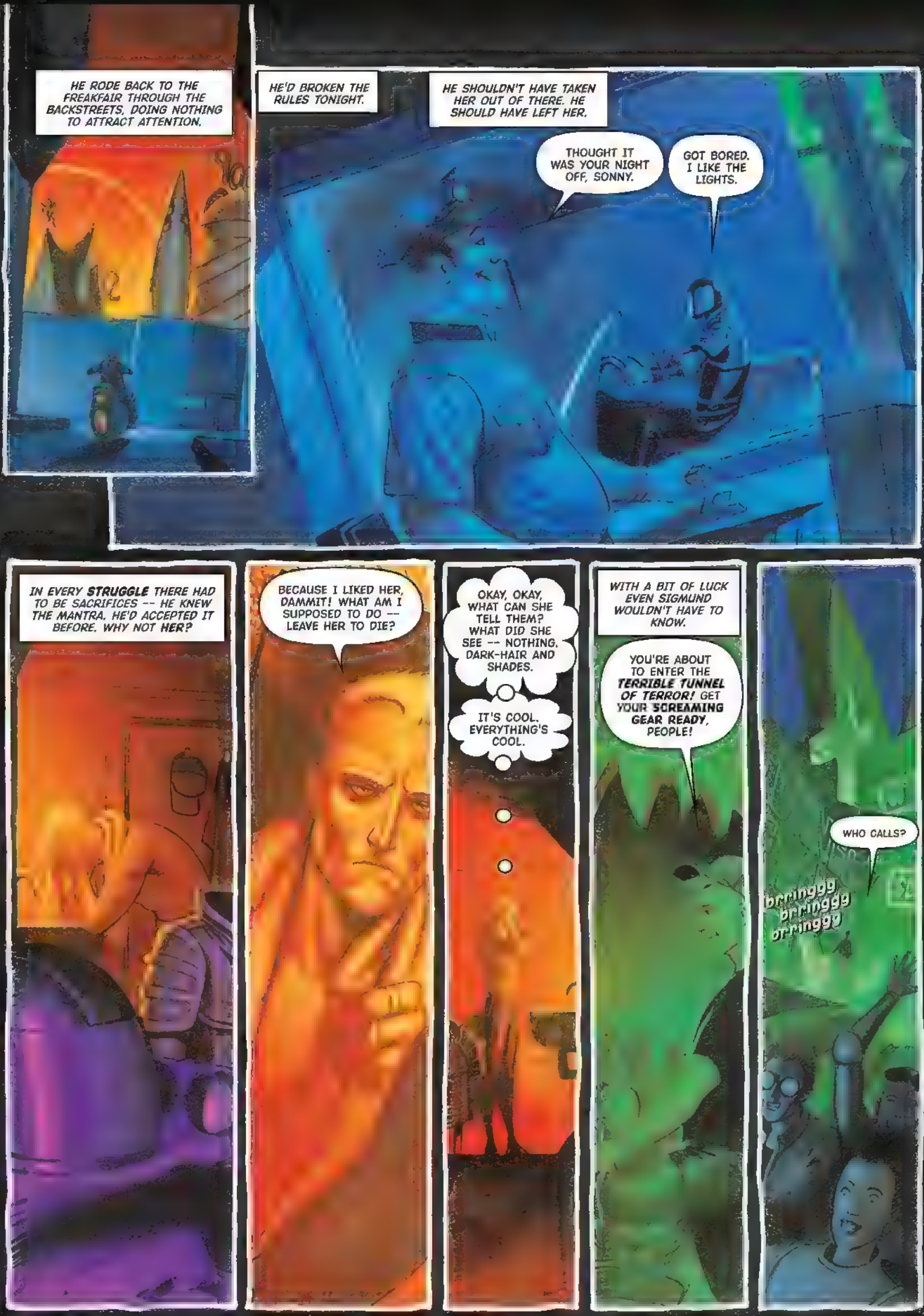

WE'RE GUESSING DEMMAX, MAYBE A KILO FOR THE INITIAL BLAST. MAIN CHARGE MUCH LARGER, DESIGNED TO DO MAXIMUM DAMAGE TO THE REAL TARGET.
STANDARD PROCEDURE -- FIRST DEVICE BRINGS JUDGES RUNNING, SECOND TAKES THEM OUT.
I THINK WE CAN ELIMINATE ANY LUNATIC FRINGE. THIS WAS PROFESSIONAL, AIMED AT US.
BAR WAS FREQUENTED BY **SQUAREHEADS.** FORENSICS ESTIMATES FOUR INSIDE PLUS ROBOT STAFF. NATURAL TARGET FOR THE DEMS.
NICE BIT OF SURGERY THERE.
CHECK 'EM OUT, LOGAN. UNLIKELY THEY'D HAVE BOMBED THEMSELVES, BUT ANYONE WHO COULD DO THAT TO THEIR SKULLS MIGHT JUST BE CAPABLE.
ELDSTER OVER THERE WAS IN THE ROCK BOTTOM LOUNGE JUST BEFORE THE EXPLOSION. HE DESCRIBES A COUPLE AT THE BAR, MALE AND FEMALE.
NO WOMAN FOUND AMONG THE DEAD.
TAKE HIM IN. ANYTHING HE CAN REMEMBER COULD BE IMPORTANT.
DREDD, WE HAVE RECEIVED AN AUTOMATED CALL CLAIMING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE BOMBING
IT'S **TOTAL WAR.**
IT FIGURES.

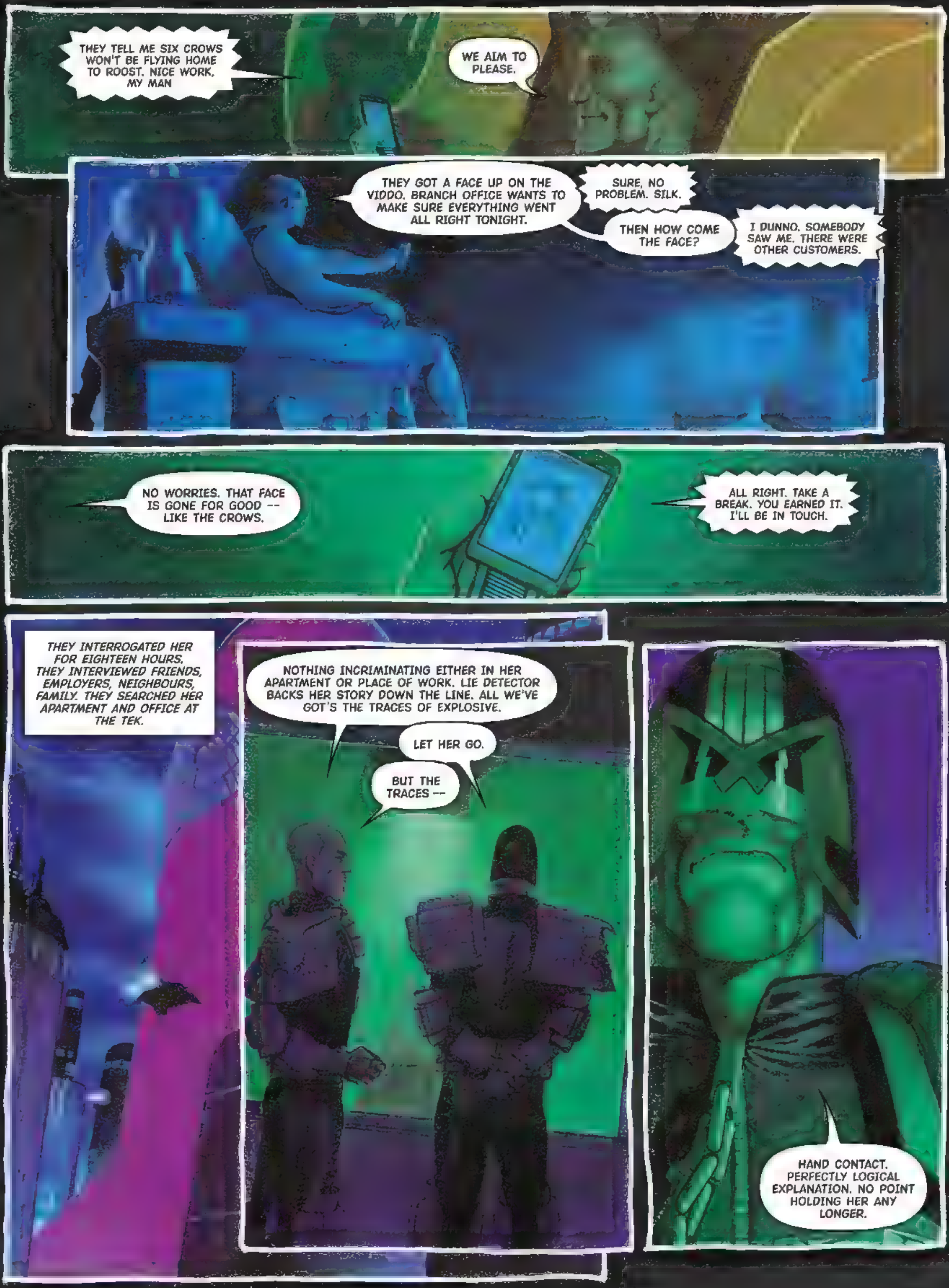

TOTAL WAR — THEY HADN'T GONE AWAY.
THE INFECTION THEY ONCE THOUGHT CAUTERISED HAD GROWN AND SPREAD LIKE A CANCER.
TOTAL WAR
COMMITTED, CUNNING, RUTHLESS -- 'IDEALISTS' WHO KILLED TO MAKE THE CITY A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE --
-- WHO STOOD UP FOR THE RIGHTS OF THEIR FELLOW CITIZENS BY BLOWING NO FEW OF THEM TO KINGDOM COME.
IT WAS A WAR THEY COULD NOT AFFORD TO LOSE.
A WAR THEY WOULD NOT LOSE.

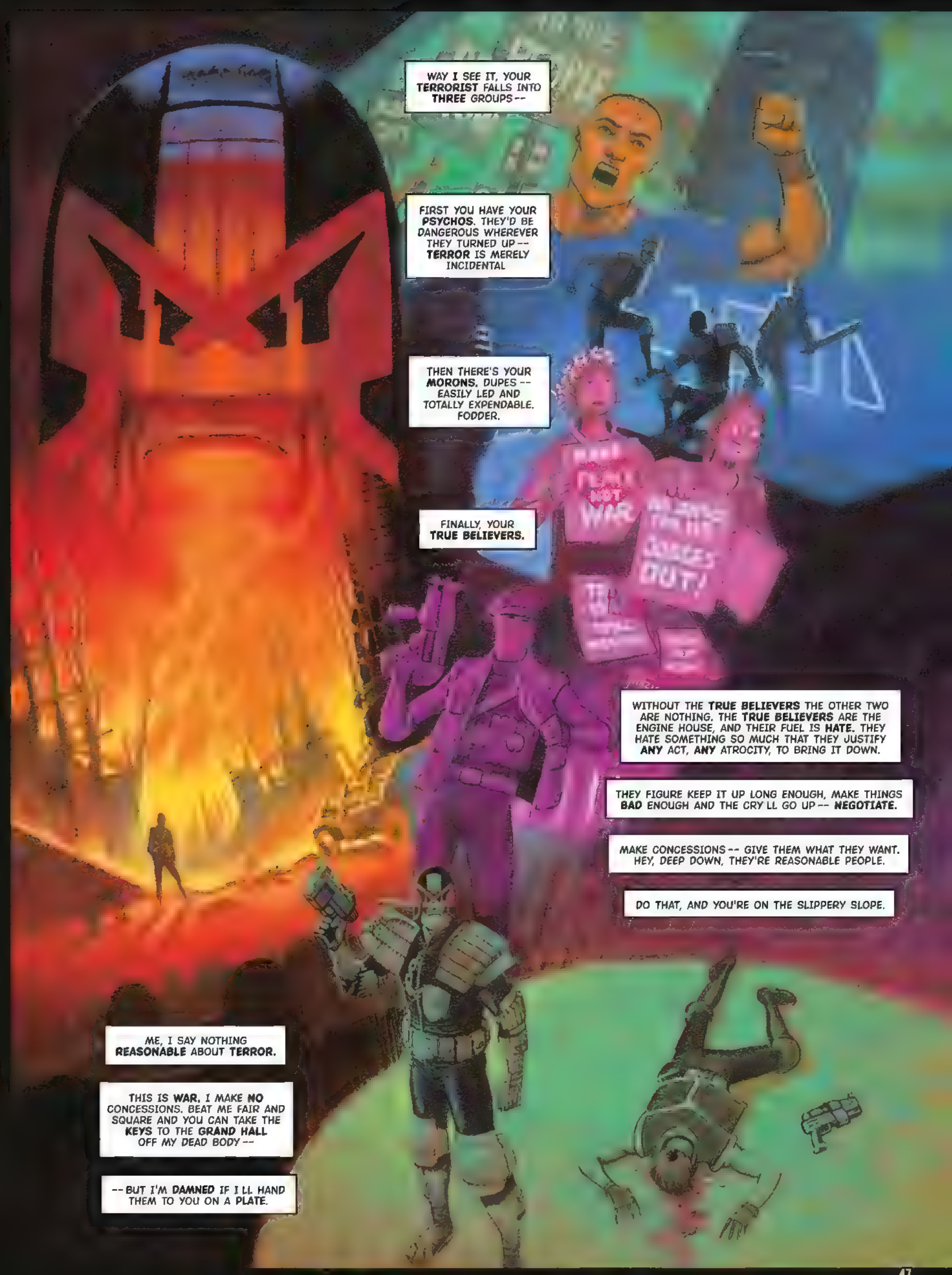

SECTOR HOUSE 12 —
MED BAY
SECTOR HOUSE 12
ZONDRA SMITH, A LECTURER AT CENTRAL TEK. CLAIMS SHE MET THE BOMBER IN THE ROCK BOTTOM LOUNGE -- LEFT WITH HIM SHORTLY BEFORE THE FIRST BLAST.
THE INCIDENT TOOK PLACE AT 18.47 -- IT IS NOW 22.05. YOU WAITED OVER THREE HOURS BEFORE REPORTING THIS?
I WAS CONFUSED. I HAD TO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS.
AND WHILE YOU COLLECTED THEM -- FOR THREE HOURS -- THE SO-CALLED PERPETRATOR WAS MAKING HIMSELF SCARCE! YOU REALISE YOU COULD BE IN VERY SERIOUS TROUBLE HERE?
OH, YES, I TEACH POLITICS. I AM WELL AWARE YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE GUILTY TO DRAW DOWN THE FULL WEIGHT OF THE LAW -- OUR LAW.
YOU SOUND JUST LIKE ONE OF THEM.
BY GRUD, SMITH, YOU'D BETTER HOPE WE FIND THIS CREEP TO BACK YOUR STORY OR YOU ARE SQUARELY IN THE FRAME!
THIS IS HIM?
PUT IT OUT TO ALL UNITS!

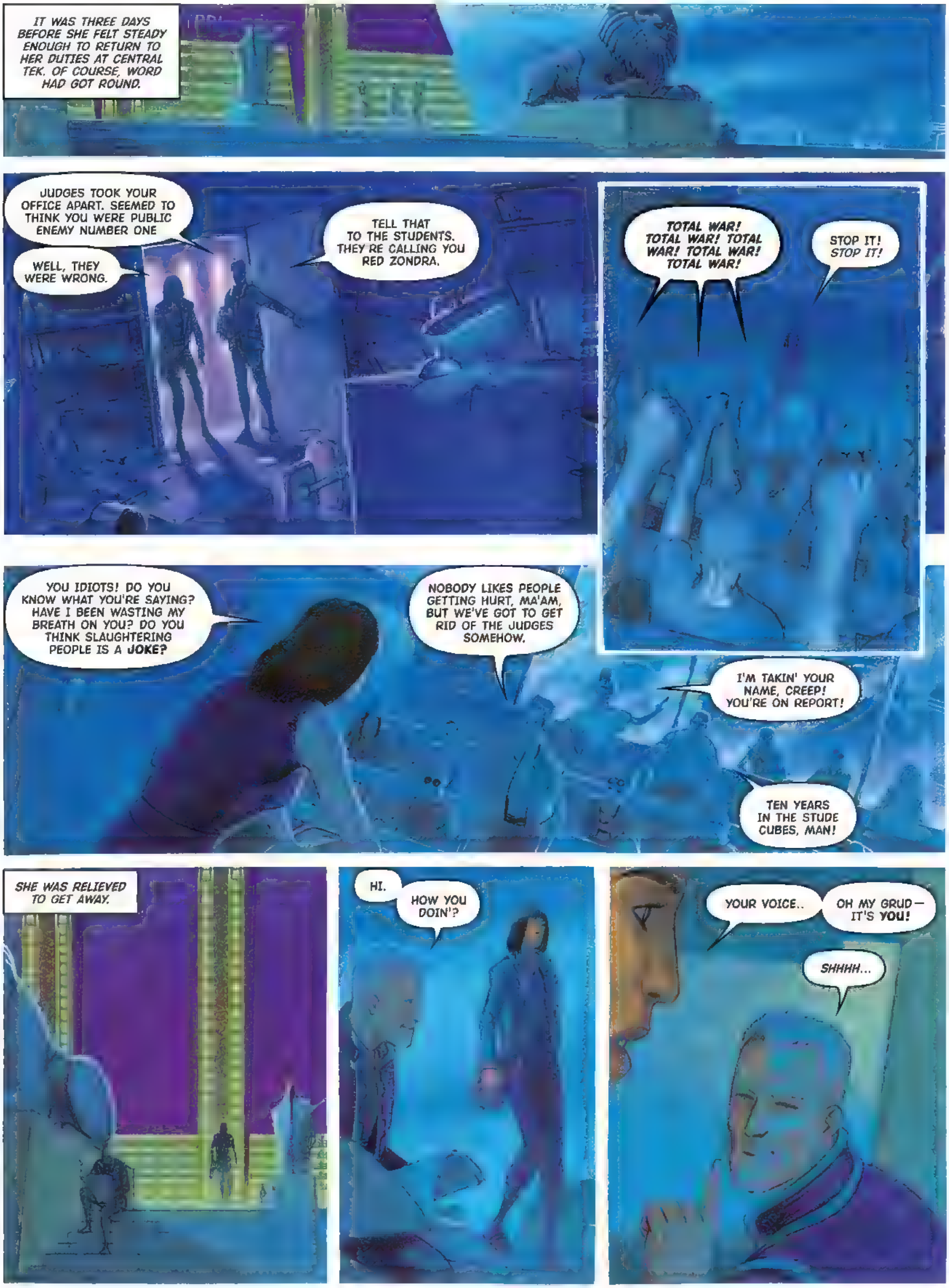

LET'S GO BACK TO THE ROCK BOTTOM LOUNGE. YOU WERE TRYING TO 'PICK UP' OUR BOMBER —
I'VE ANSWERED THIS TEN TIMES ALREADY.
MAKE IT ELEVEN. DON'T PUSH US, SMITH. WE CAN GET VERY UNPLEASANT
"YOU ESTIMATE HIS AGE AT 21 OR 22 -- YOU'RE WHAT, 35? LIKE THEM YOUNG, DO YOU?"
"IT'S A CRIME?"
"YOU IN THE HABIT OF PICKING UP MEN IN BARS?"
"NOW AND THEN."
"WHY THIS BAR? WHY TONIGHT?"
"JUST THE WAY IT WORKED OUT. I'D HAD A BAD DAY, IT WAS ON MY WAY."
"SO YOU OFFERED TO BUY HIM A DRINK. WHAT DID YOU TALK ABOUT?"
"NOTHING MUCH. HE WASN'T RESPONSIVE."
"HE SAID HE'D 'LEARNED HIS POLITICS ON THE STREET' -- WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?"
"IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS **NOW**, ISN'T IT?"
"AND YOU'D NEVER MET HIM BEFORE?"
"I'VE TOLD YOU!"

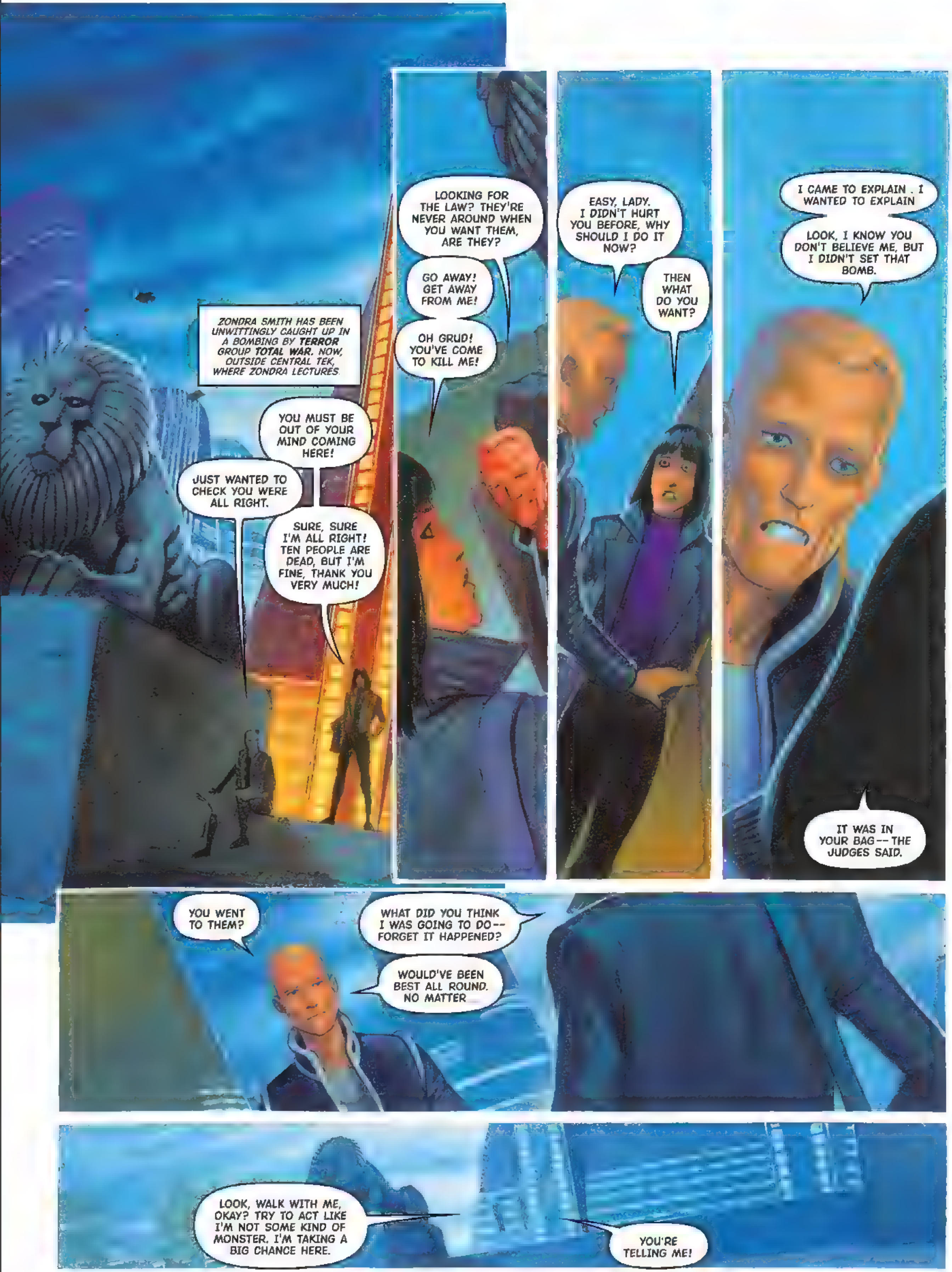

SO WHY SHOULD HE SAVE YOUR LIFE? WHY TAKE YOU OUT OF THERE BEFORE THE BOMB WENT OFF? TOTAL WAR ISN'T KNOWN FOR ITS ACTS OF MERCY.
I DON'T KNOW!
WOULD YOU SAY YOU'RE 'POLITICAL', CITIZEN?
I TEACH POLITICS -- WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK YOU HAVE A HISTORY OF ANTI-JUDICIAL ACTIVITY. YOU ATTEND DEMONSTRATIONS, WRITE ARTICLES FOR PRO-DEM JOURNALS.
I THINK THIS MEETING WASN'T JUST CHANCE. I THINK YOU AND BUDDY BOY WERE IN THIS TOGETHER.
I BELIEVE IT WAS A SORRY DAY WHEN YOU JUDGES TOOK CONTROL. I BELIEVE THAT YOU SHOULD BE PUT BACK IN YOUR PLACE AND POWER RETURNED TO THE PEOPLE.
THAT'S BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS -- AND IMPERFECT AS IT IS THAT DOESN'T MEAN BLOWING PEOPLE INTO LITTLE TINY PIECES.
THEN CAN YOU EXPLAIN TO ME, CITIZEN, WHY THE SWABS WE TOOK FROM YOUR HANDS JUST CAME BACK POSITIVE FOR EXPLOSIVE?
DEMMEX. VERY POWERFUL, VERY NASTY.
ALL UNITS, BE ON THE LOOKOUT, WHITE MALE, 20-24, AVERAGE HEIGHT, SLIM BUILD, BELIEVED TO BE ROCK BOTTOM BOMBER
TOTAL WAR TONIGHT CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE DOUBLE BOMBING AT THE ROCK BOTTOM LOUNGE IN SECTOR 12 WHERE FOUR CUSTOMERS AND SIX JUDGES DIED.
IT IS THE LATEST IN A SERIES OF OUTRAGES THAT MARKS AN ESCALATION IN THE ONGOING WAR BETWEEN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT AND THE FORCES OF CHAOS...

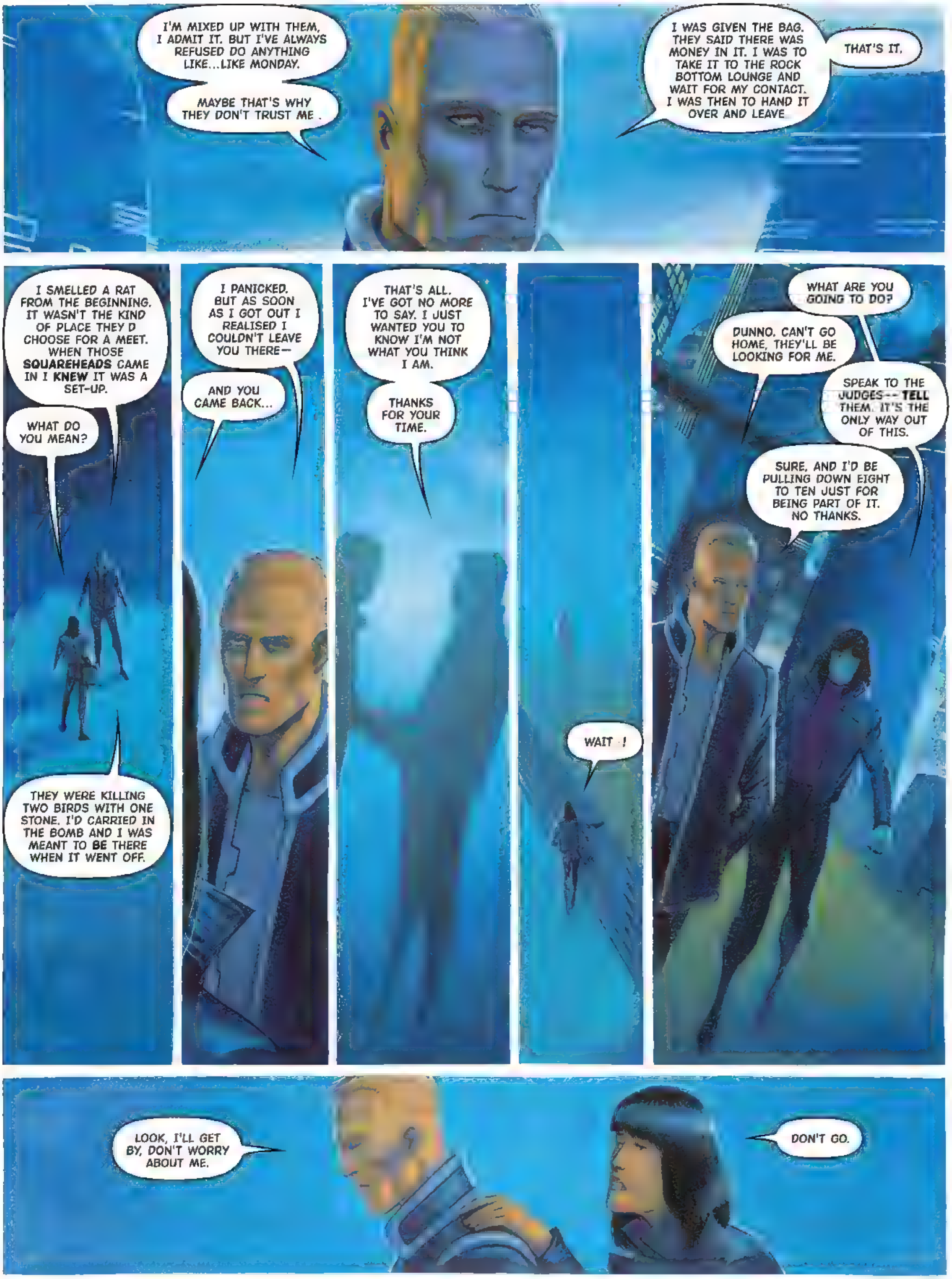

HE RODE BACK TO THE FREAKFAIR THROUGH THE BACKSTREETS, DOING NOTHING TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.
HE'D BROKEN THE RULES TONIGHT.
HE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN HER OUT OF THERE. HE SHOULD HAVE LEFT HER.
THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR NIGHT OFF, SONNY.
GOT BORED. I LIKE THE LIGHTS.
IN EVERY **STRUGGLE** THERE HAD TO BE SACRIFICES -- HE KNEW THE MANTRA. HE'D ACCEPTED IT BEFORE. WHY NOT **HER?**
BECAUSE I LIKED HER, DAMMIT! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO -- LEAVE HER TO DIE?
OKAY, OKAY, WHAT CAN SHE TELL THEM? WHAT DID SHE SEE -- NOTHING. DARK-HAIR AND SHADES.
IT'S COOL. EVERYTHING'S COOL.
WITH A BIT OF LUCK EVEN SIGMUND WOULDN'T HAVE TO KNOW.
YOU'RE ABOUT TO ENTER THE ***TERRIBLE TUNNEL OF TERROR!*** GET YOUR **SCREAMING GEAR READY,** PEOPLE!
brringgg brringgg brringgg
WHO CALLS?

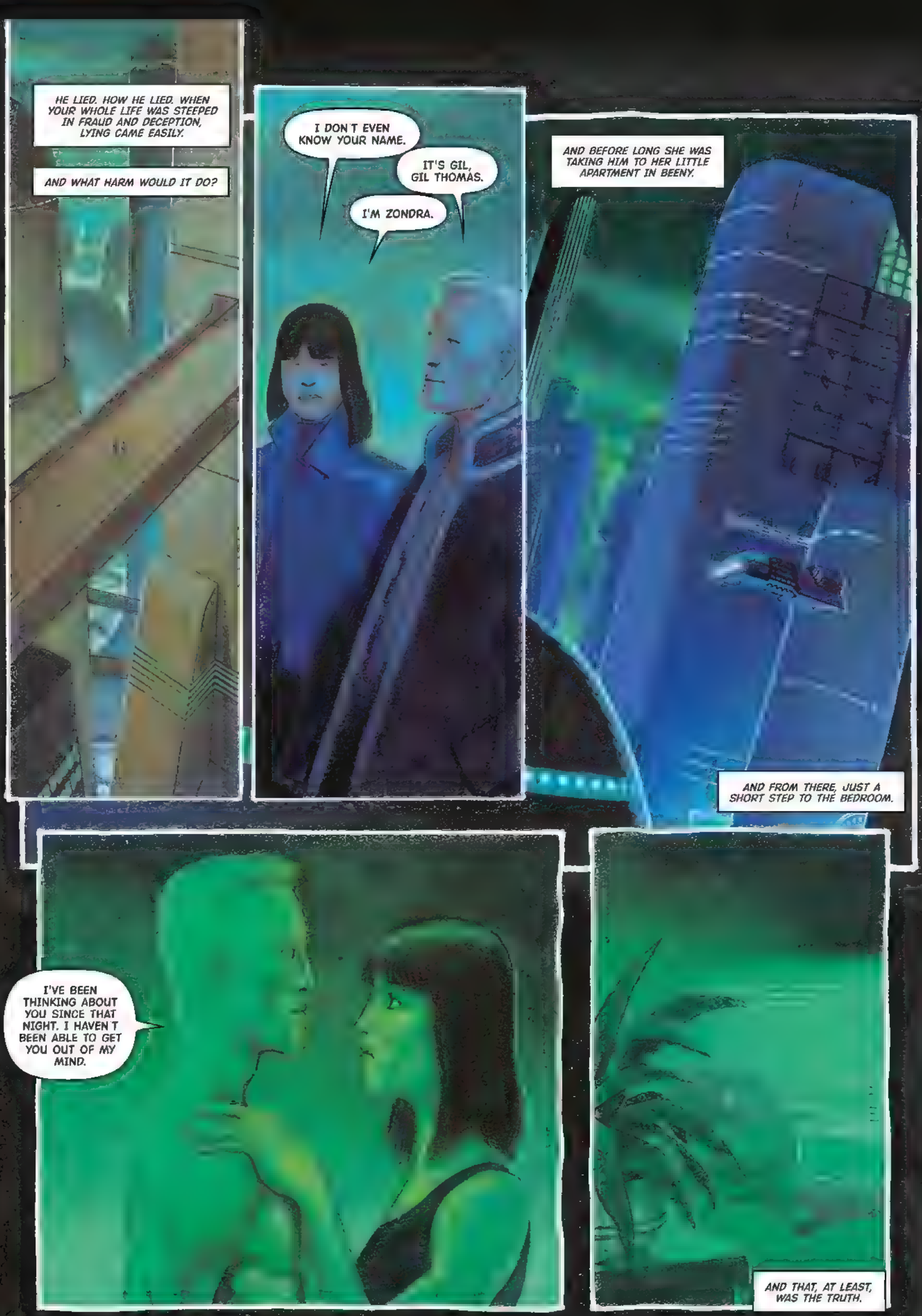

THEY TELL ME SIX CROWS WON'T BE FLYING HOME TO ROOST. NICE WORK, MY MAN
WE AIM TO PLEASE.
THEY GOT A FACE UP ON THE VIDDO. BRANCH OFFICE WANTS TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING WENT ALL RIGHT TONIGHT.
SURE, NO PROBLEM, SILK.
THEN HOW COME THE FACE?
I DUNNO. SOMEBODY SAW ME. THERE WERE OTHER CUSTOMERS.
NO WORRIES. THAT FACE IS GONE FOR GOOD -- LIKE THE CROWS.
ALL RIGHT. TAKE A BREAK. YOU EARNED IT. I'LL BE IN TOUCH.
THEY INTERROGATED HER FOR EIGHTEEN HOURS. THEY INTERVIEWED FRIENDS, EMPLOYERS, NEIGHBOURS, FAMILY. THEY SEARCHED HER APARTMENT AND OFFICE AT THE TEK.
NOTHING INCRIMINATING EITHER IN HER APARTMENT OR PLACE OF WORK. LIE DETECTOR BACKS HER STORY DOWN THE LINE. ALL WE'VE GOT'S THE TRACES OF EXPLOSIVE.
LET HER GO.
BUT THE TRACES --
HAND CONTACT. PERFECTLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION. NO POINT HOLDING HER ANY LONGER.

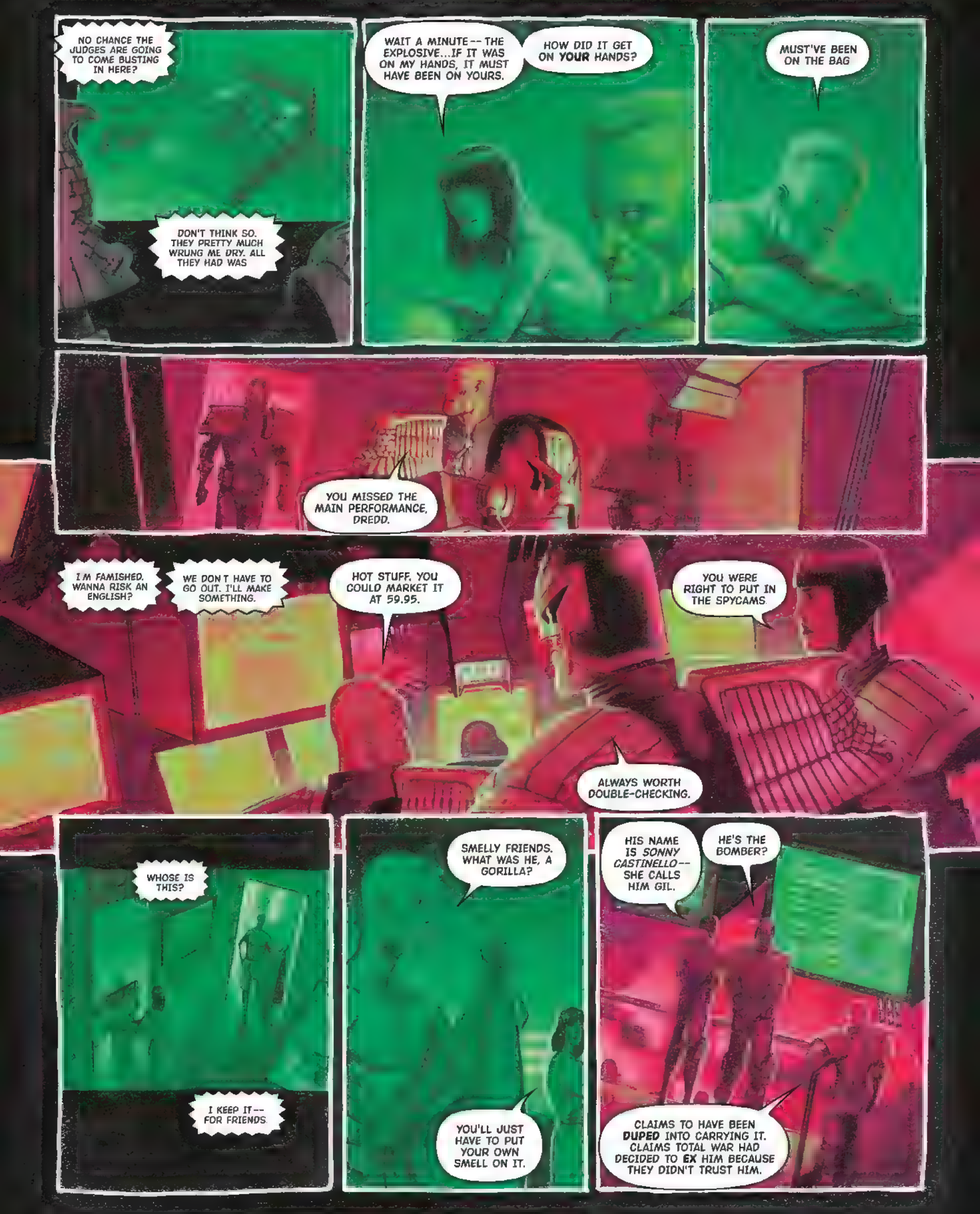

WAY I SEE IT, YOUR **TERRORIST** FALLS INTO **THREE** GROUPS--
FIRST YOU HAVE YOUR **PSYCHOS**. THEY'D BE DANGEROUS WHEREVER THEY TURNED UP-- **TERROR** IS MERELY INCIDENTAL
THEN THERE'S YOUR **MORONS**. DUPES-- EASILY LED AND TOTALLY EXPENDABLE. FODDER.
FINALLY, YOUR **TRUE BELIEVERS**.
NOT WAR
JUDGES OUT!
WITHOUT THE **TRUE BELIEVERS** THE OTHER TWO ARE NOTHING. THE **TRUE BELIEVERS** ARE THE ENGINE HOUSE, AND THEIR FUEL IS **HATE**. THEY HATE SOMETHING SO MUCH THAT THEY JUSTIFY **ANY** ACT, **ANY** ATROCITY, TO BRING IT DOWN.
THEY FIGURE KEEP IT UP LONG ENOUGH, MAKE THINGS **BAD** ENOUGH AND THE CRY'LL GO UP-- **NEGOTIATE**.
MAKE CONCESSIONS-- GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT. HEY, DEEP DOWN, THEY'RE REASONABLE PEOPLE.
DO THAT, AND YOU'RE ON THE SLIPPERY SLOPE.
ME, I SAY NOTHING **REASONABLE** ABOUT **TERROR**.
THIS IS **WAR**. I MAKE **NO** CONCESSIONS. BEAT ME FAIR AND SQUARE AND YOU CAN TAKE THE **KEYS** TO THE **GRAND HALL** OFF MY DEAD BODY--
--BUT I'M **DAMNED** IF I'LL HAND THEM TO YOU ON A **PLATE**.

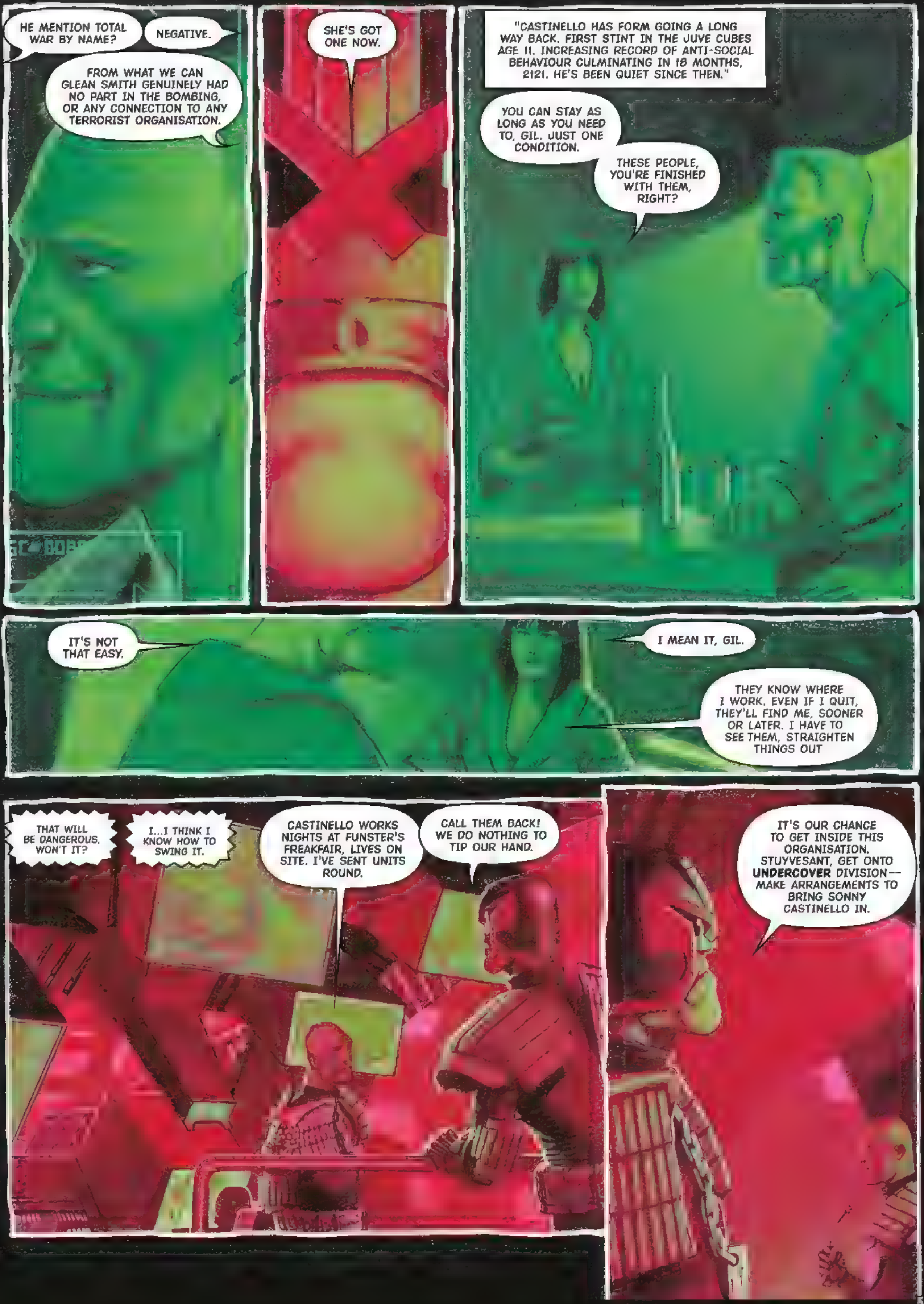

IT WAS THREE DAYS BEFORE SHE FELT STEADY ENOUGH TO RETURN TO HER DUTIES AT CENTRAL TEK. OF COURSE, WORD HAD GOT ROUND.
JUDGES TOOK YOUR OFFICE APART. SEEMED TO THINK YOU WERE PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE
WELL, THEY WERE WRONG.
TELL THAT TO THE STUDENTS. THEY'RE CALLING YOU RED ZONDRA.
TOTAL WAR! TOTAL WAR! TOTAL WAR! TOTAL WAR! TOTAL WAR!
STOP IT! STOP IT!
YOU IDIOTS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? HAVE I BEEN WASTING MY BREATH ON YOU? DO YOU THINK SLAUGHTERING PEOPLE IS A JOKE?
NOBODY LIKES PEOPLE GETTING HURT, MA'AM, BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THE JUDGES SOMEHOW.
I'M TAKIN' YOUR NAME, CREEP! YOU'RE ON REPORT!
TEN YEARS IN THE STUDE CUBES, MAN!
SHE WAS RELIEVED TO GET AWAY.
HI.
HOW YOU DOIN'?
YOUR VOICE..
OH MY GRUD — IT'S YOU!
SHHHH...

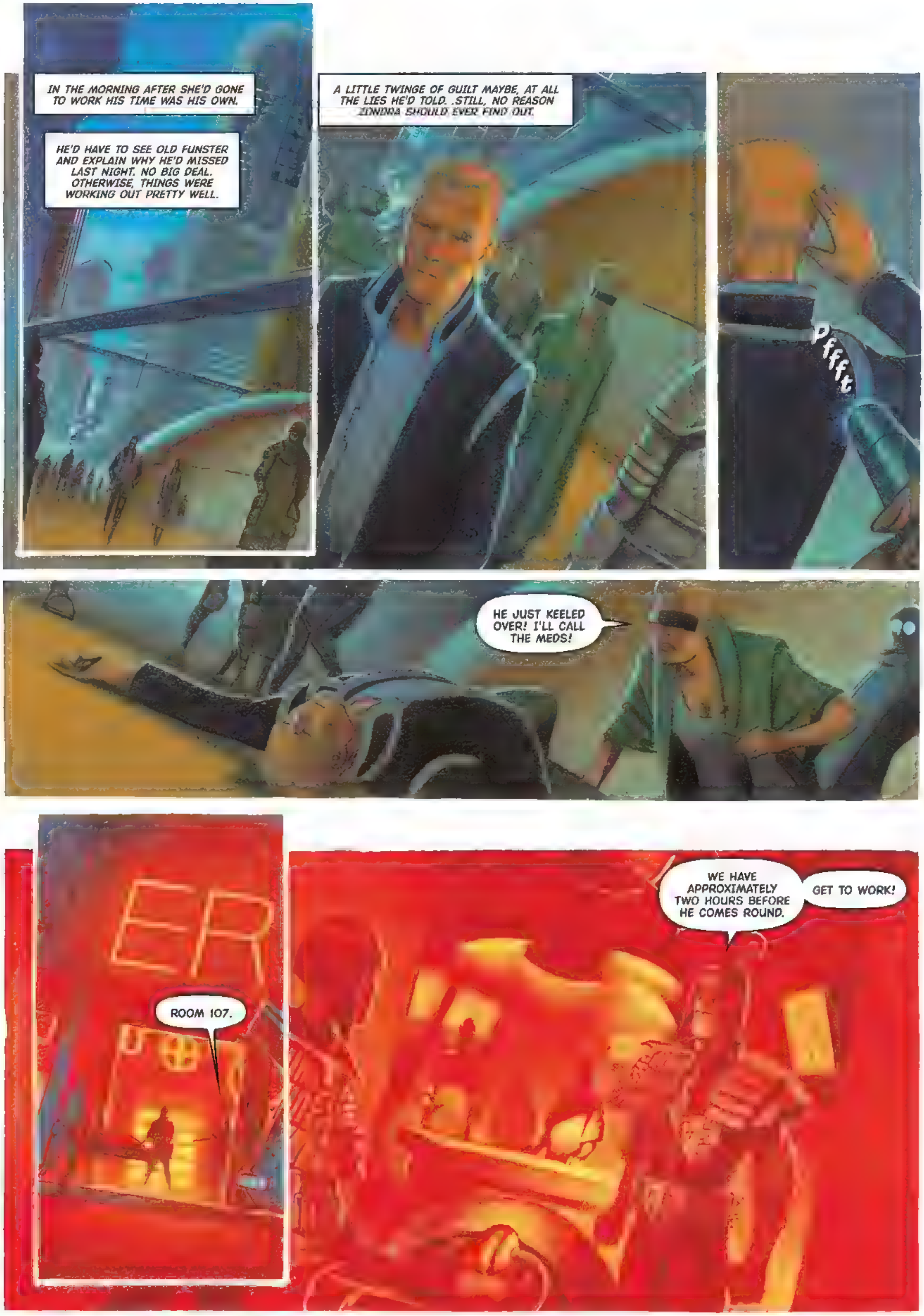

ZONDRA SMITH HAS BEEN UNWITTINGLY CAUGHT UP IN A BOMBING BY TERROR GROUP TOTAL WAR. NOW, OUTSIDE CENTRAL TEK, WHERE ZONDRA LECTURES.
YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND COMING HERE!
JUST WANTED TO CHECK YOU WERE ALL RIGHT.
SURE, SURE I'M ALL RIGHT! TEN PEOPLE ARE DEAD, BUT I'M FINE, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!
LOOKING FOR THE LAW? THEY'RE NEVER AROUND WHEN YOU WANT THEM, ARE THEY?
GO AWAY! GET AWAY FROM ME!
OH GRUD! YOU'VE COME TO KILL ME!
EASY, LADY. I DIDN'T HURT YOU BEFORE, WHY SHOULD I DO IT NOW?
THEN WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I CAME TO EXPLAIN . I WANTED TO EXPLAIN
LOOK, I KNOW YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, BUT I DIDN'T SET THAT BOMB.
IT WAS IN YOUR BAG -- THE JUDGES SAID.
YOU WENT TO THEM?
WHAT DID YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO DO -- FORGET IT HAPPENED?
WOULD'VE BEEN BEST ALL ROUND. NO MATTER
LOOK, WALK WITH ME, OKAY? TRY TO ACT LIKE I'M NOT SOME KIND OF MONSTER. I'M TAKING A BIG CHANCE HERE.
YOU'RE TELLING ME!

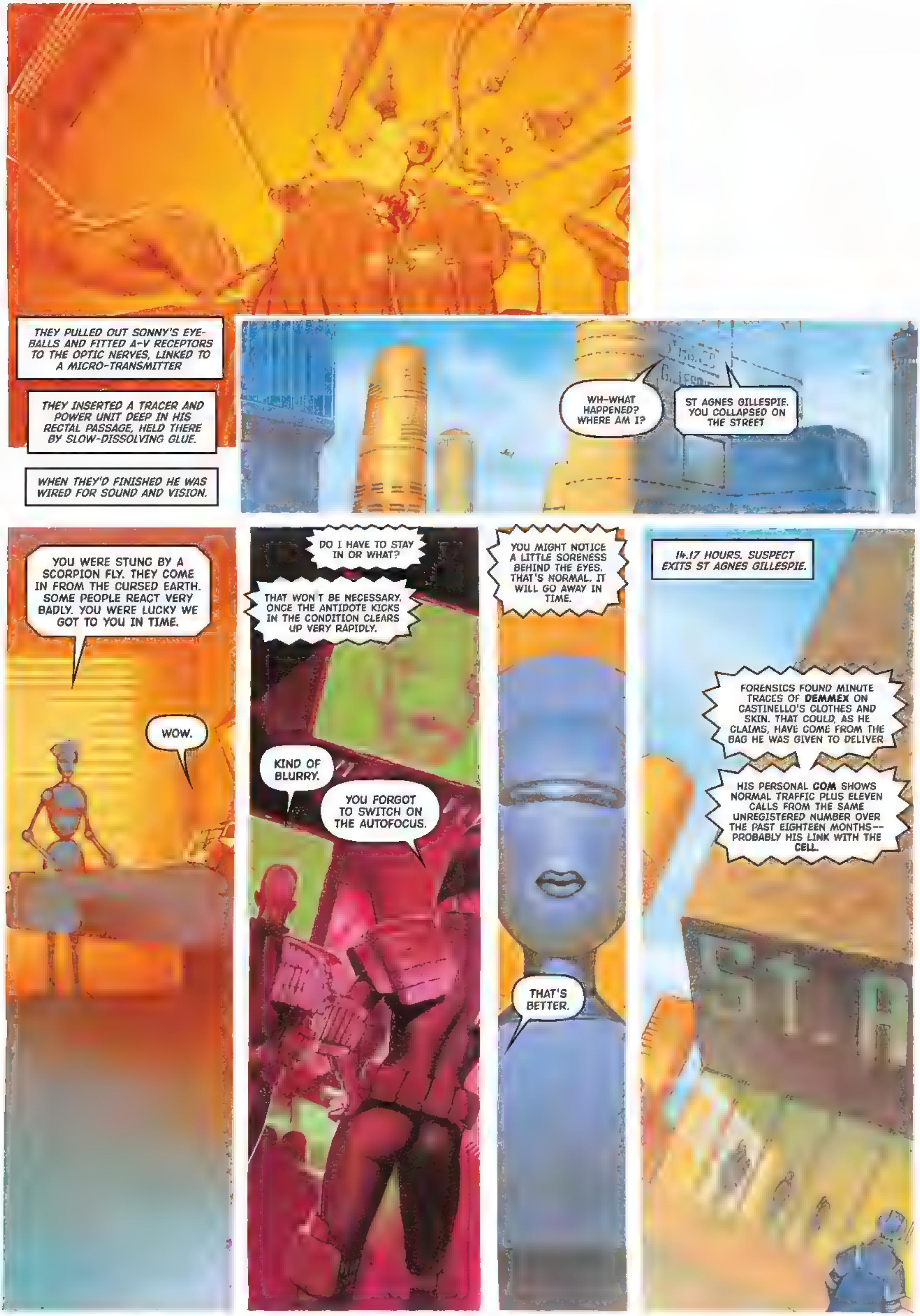

I'M MIXED UP WITH THEM, I ADMIT IT. BUT I'VE ALWAYS REFUSED DO ANYTHING LIKE...LIKE MONDAY.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY DON'T TRUST ME .
I WAS GIVEN THE BAG. THEY SAID THERE WAS MONEY IN IT. I WAS TO TAKE IT TO THE ROCK BOTTOM LOUNGE AND WAIT FOR MY CONTACT. I WAS THEN TO HAND IT OVER AND LEAVE.
THAT'S IT.
I SMELLED A RAT FROM THE BEGINNING. IT WASN'T THE KIND OF PLACE THEY'D CHOOSE FOR A MEET. WHEN THOSE **SQUAREHEADS** CAME IN I **KNEW** IT WAS A SET-UP.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THEY WERE KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE. I'D CARRIED IN THE BOMB AND I WAS MEANT TO **BE** THERE WHEN IT WENT OFF.
I PANICKED. BUT AS SOON AS I GOT OUT I REALISED I COULDN'T LEAVE YOU THERE--
AND YOU CAME BACK...
THAT'S ALL. I'VE GOT NO MORE TO SAY. I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW I'M NOT WHAT YOU THINK I AM.
THANKS FOR YOUR TIME.
WAIT !
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
DUNNO. CAN'T GO HOME, THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR ME.
SPEAK TO THE JUDGES-- **TELL** THEM. IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THIS.
SURE, AND I'D BE PULLING DOWN EIGHT TO TEN JUST FOR BEING PART OF IT. NO THANKS.
LOOK, I'LL GET BY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.
DON'T GO.

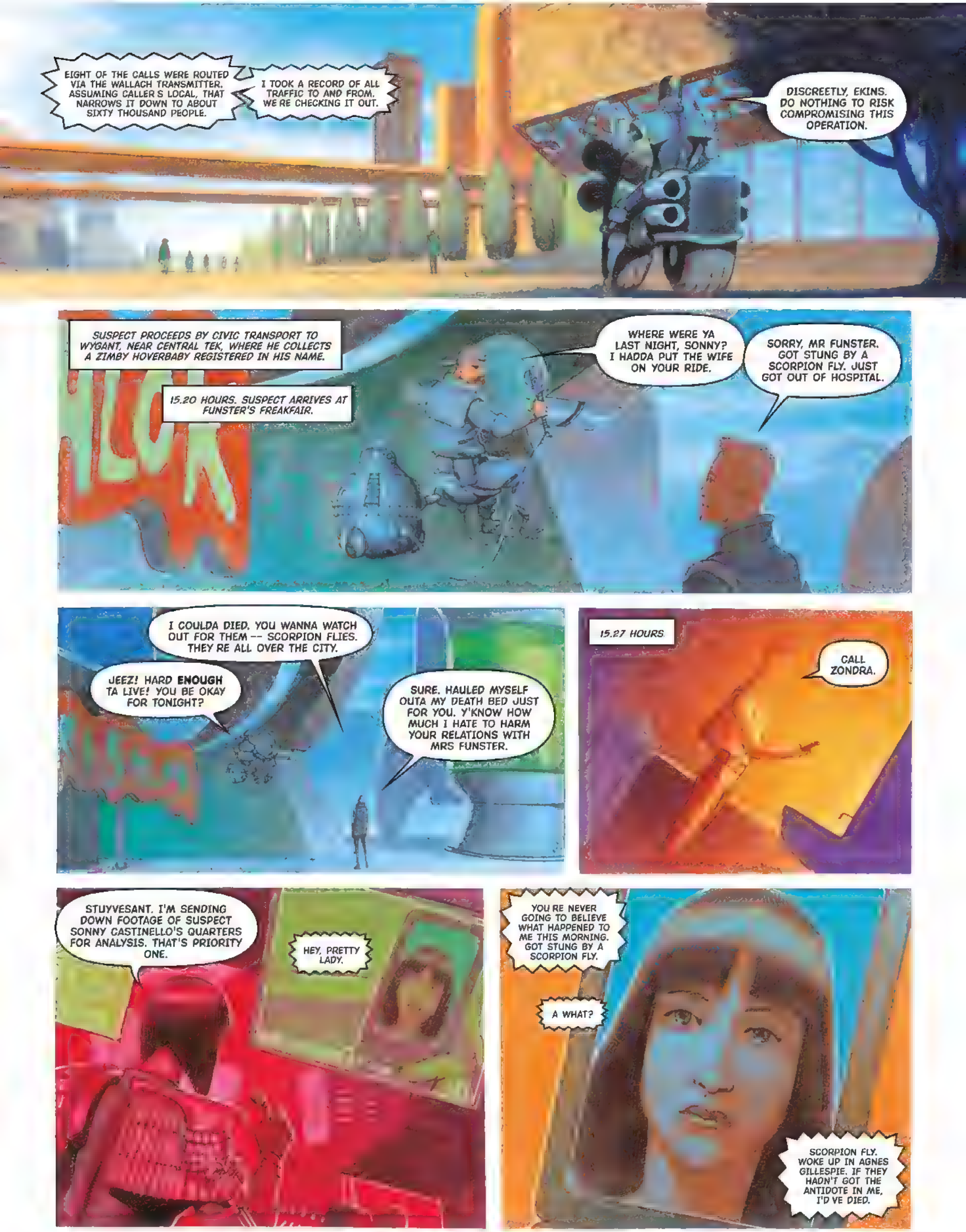

HE LIED. HOW HE LIED. WHEN YOUR WHOLE LIFE WAS STEEPED IN FRAUD AND DECEPTION, LYING CAME EASILY.
AND WHAT HARM WOULD IT DO?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME.
IT'S GIL, GIL THOMAS.
I'M ZONDRA.
AND BEFORE LONG SHE WAS TAKING HIM TO HER LITTLE APARTMENT IN BEENY.
AND FROM THERE, JUST A SHORT STEP TO THE BEDROOM.
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU SINCE THAT NIGHT. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET YOU OUT OF MY MIND.
AND THAT, AT LEAST, WAS THE TRUTH.

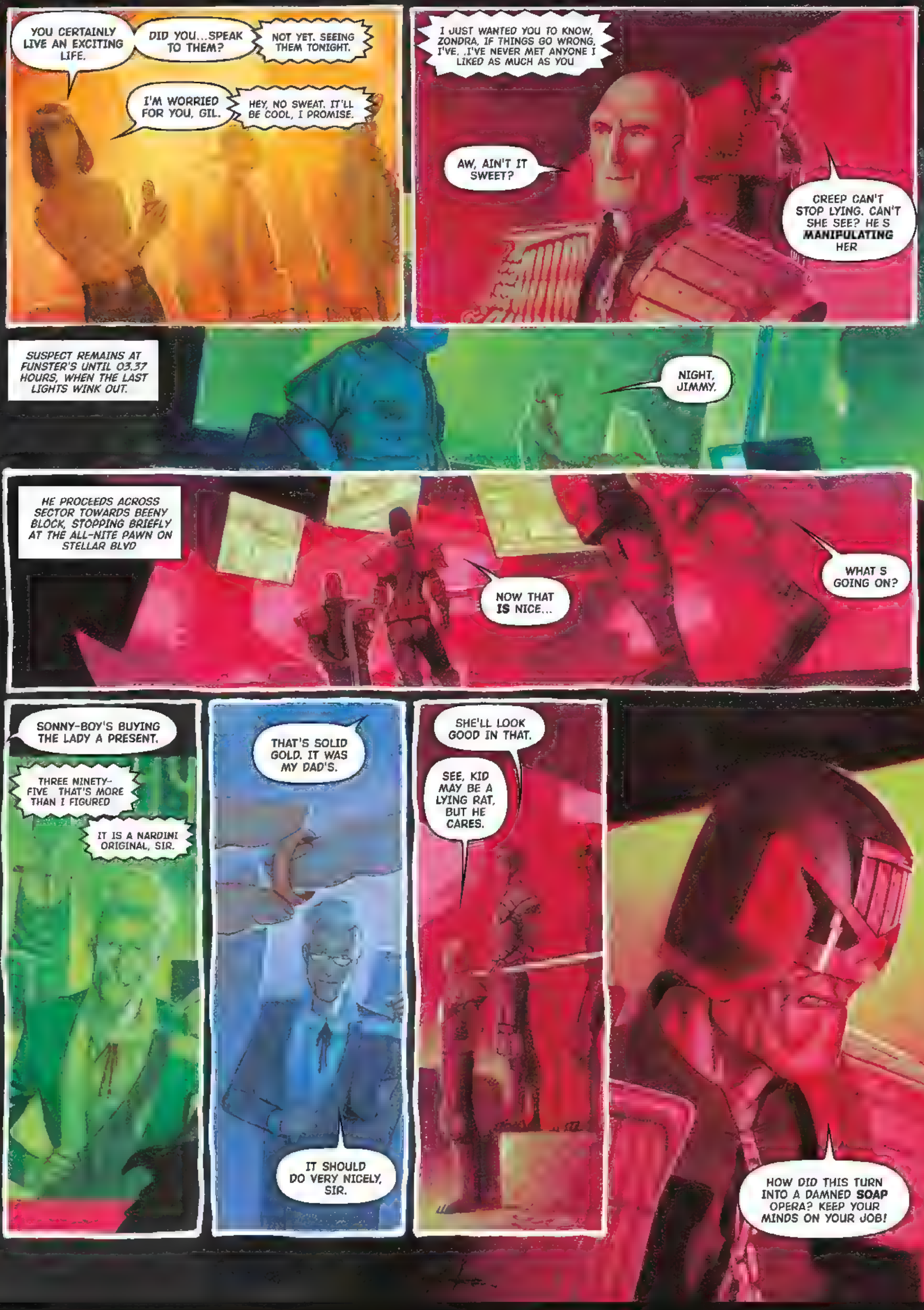

NO CHANCE THE JUDGES ARE GOING TO COME BUSTING IN HERE?
DON'T THINK SO. THEY PRETTY MUCH WRUNG ME DRY. ALL THEY HAD WAS
WAIT A MINUTE-- THE EXPLOSIVE...IF IT WAS ON MY HANDS, IT MUST HAVE BEEN ON YOURS.
HOW DID IT GET ON **YOUR** HANDS?
MUST'VE BEEN ON THE BAG
YOU MISSED THE MAIN PERFORMANCE, DREDD.
I'M FAMISHED. WANNA RISK AN ENGLISH?
WE DON'T HAVE TO GO OUT. I'LL MAKE SOMETHING.
HOT STUFF. YOU COULD MARKET IT AT 59.95.
YOU WERE RIGHT TO PUT IN THE SPYCAMS.
ALWAYS WORTH DOUBLE-CHECKING.
WHOSE IS THIS?
I KEEP IT-- FOR FRIENDS.
SMELLY FRIENDS. WHAT WAS HE, A GORILLA?
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO PUT YOUR OWN SMELL ON IT.
HIS NAME IS *SONNY CASTINELLO*-- SHE CALLS HIM GIL.
HE'S THE BOMBER?
CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN **DUPED** INTO CARRYING IT. CLAIMS TOTAL WAR HAD DECIDED TO **EX** HIM BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T TRUST HIM.

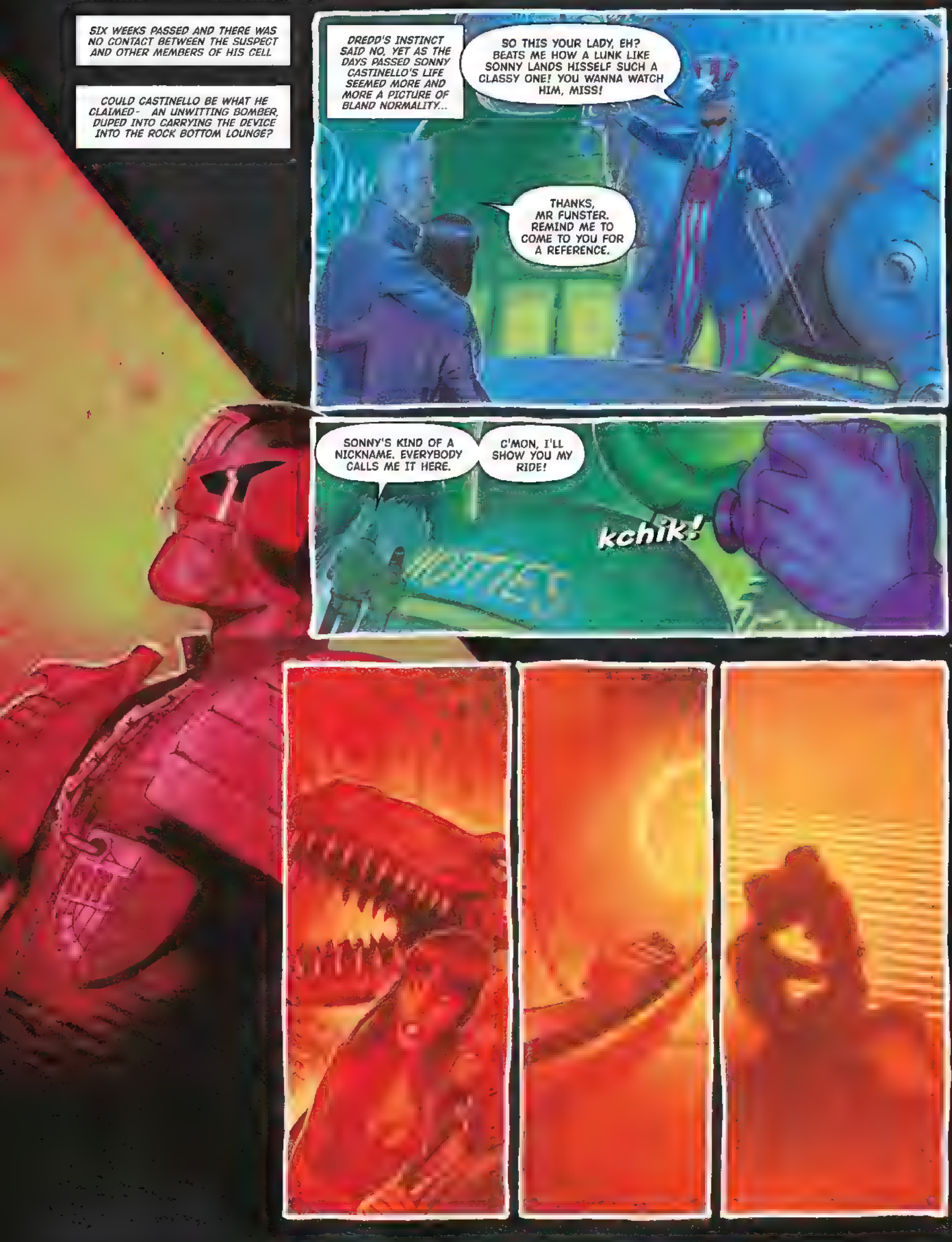

HE MENTION TOTAL WAR BY NAME?
NEGATIVE.
FROM WHAT WE CAN GLEAN SMITH GENUINELY HAD NO PART IN THE BOMBING, OR ANY CONNECTION TO ANY TERRORIST ORGANISATION.
SHE'S GOT ONE NOW.
"CASTINELLO HAS FORM GOING A LONG WAY BACK. FIRST STINT IN THE JUVE CUBES AGE 11. INCREASING RECORD OF ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR CULMINATING IN 18 MONTHS, 2121. HE'S BEEN QUIET SINCE THEN."
YOU CAN STAY AS LONG AS YOU NEED TO, GIL. JUST ONE CONDITION.
THESE PEOPLE, YOU'RE FINISHED WITH THEM, RIGHT?
IT'S NOT THAT EASY.
I MEAN IT, GIL.
THEY KNOW WHERE I WORK. EVEN IF I QUIT, THEY'LL FIND ME, SOONER OR LATER. I HAVE TO SEE THEM, STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT
THAT WILL BE DANGEROUS, WON'T IT?
I...I THINK I KNOW HOW TO SWING IT.
CASTINELLO WORKS NIGHTS AT FUNSTER'S FREAKFAIR, LIVES ON SITE. I'VE SENT UNITS ROUND.
CALL THEM BACK! WE DO NOTHING TO TIP OUR HAND.
IT'S OUR CHANCE TO GET INSIDE THIS ORGANISATION. STUYVESANT, GET ONTO UNDERCOVER DIVISION-- MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO BRING SONNY CASTINELLO IN.

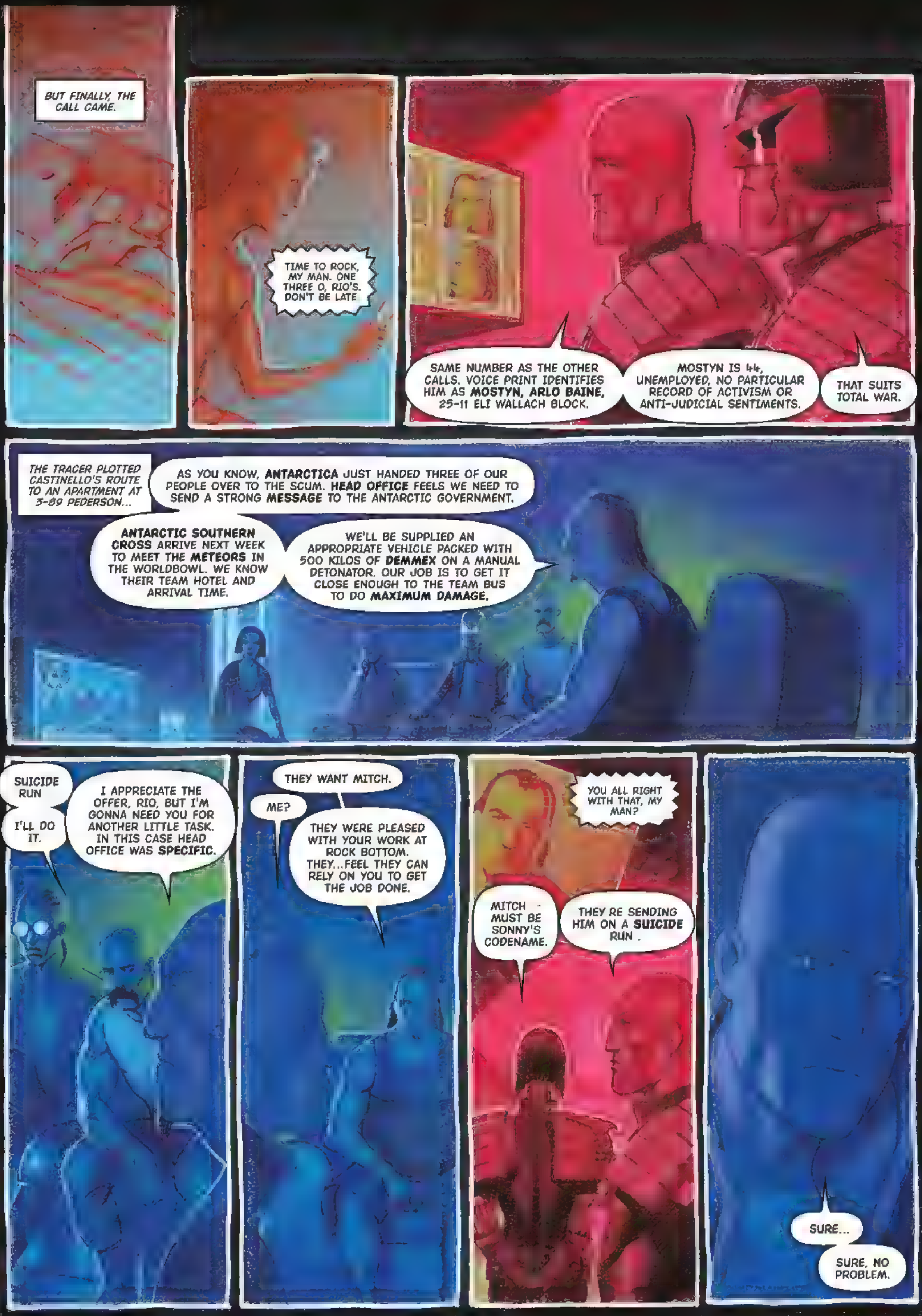

IN THE MORNING AFTER SHE'D GONE TO WORK HIS TIME WAS HIS OWN.
HE'D HAVE TO SEE OLD FUNSTER AND EXPLAIN WHY HE'D MISSED LAST NIGHT. NO BIG DEAL. OTHERWISE, THINGS WERE WORKING OUT PRETTY WELL.
A LITTLE TWINGE OF GUILT MAYBE, AT ALL THE LIES HE'D TOLD. .STILL, NO REASON ZINDRA SHOULD EVER FIND OUT.
Pffft
HE JUST KEELED OVER! I'LL CALL THE MEDS!
ER
ROOM 107.
WE HAVE APPROXIMATELY TWO HOURS BEFORE HE COMES ROUND.
GET TO WORK!

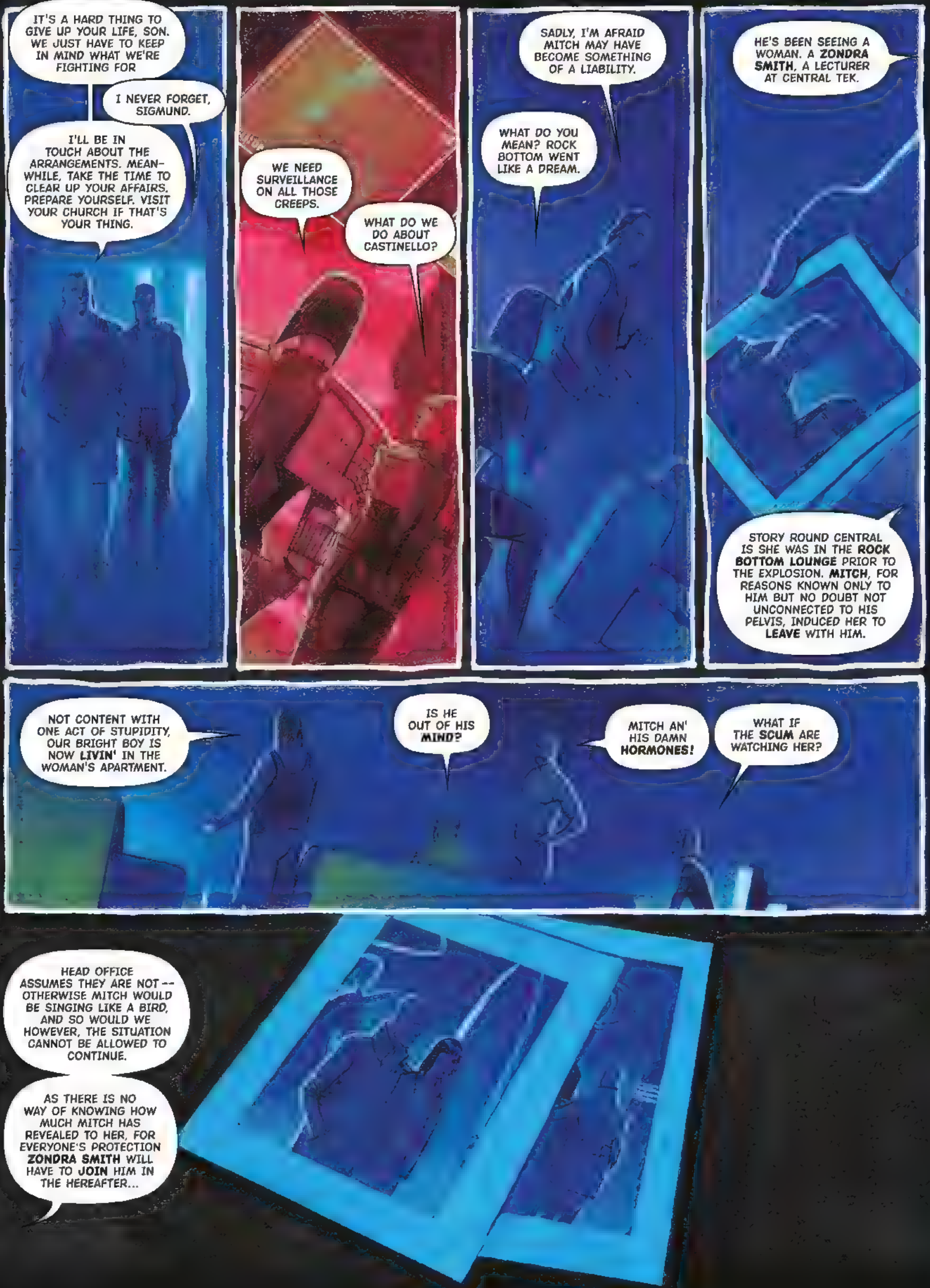

THEY PULLED OUT SONNY'S EYE-BALLS AND FITTED A-V RECEPTORS TO THE OPTIC NERVES, LINKED TO A MICRO-TRANSMITTER
THEY INSERTED A TRACER AND POWER UNIT DEEP IN HIS RECTAL PASSAGE, HELD THERE BY SLOW-DISSOLVING GLUE.
WHEN THEY'D FINISHED HE WAS WIRED FOR SOUND AND VISION.
WH-WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?
ST AGNES GILLESPIE. YOU COLLAPSED ON THE STREET
YOU WERE STUNG BY A SCORPION FLY. THEY COME IN FROM THE CURSED EARTH. SOME PEOPLE REACT VERY BADLY. YOU WERE LUCKY WE GOT TO YOU IN TIME.
WOW.
DO I HAVE TO STAY IN OR WHAT?
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. ONCE THE ANTIDOTE KICKS IN THE CONDITION CLEARS UP VERY RAPIDLY.
KIND OF BLURRY.
YOU FORGOT TO SWITCH ON THE AUTOFOCUS.
YOU MIGHT NOTICE A LITTLE SORENESS BEHIND THE EYES. THAT'S NORMAL. IT WILL GO AWAY IN TIME.
THAT'S BETTER.
14.17 HOURS. SUSPECT EXITS ST AGNES GILLESPIE.
FORENSICS FOUND MINUTE TRACES OF DEMMEX ON CASTINELLO'S CLOTHES AND SKIN. THAT COULD, AS HE CLAIMS, HAVE COME FROM THE BAG HE WAS GIVEN TO DELIVER
HIS PERSONAL COM SHOWS NORMAL TRAFFIC PLUS ELEVEN CALLS FROM THE SAME UNREGISTERED NUMBER OVER THE PAST EIGHTEEN MONTHS-- PROBABLY HIS LINK WITH THE CELL.
ST. A

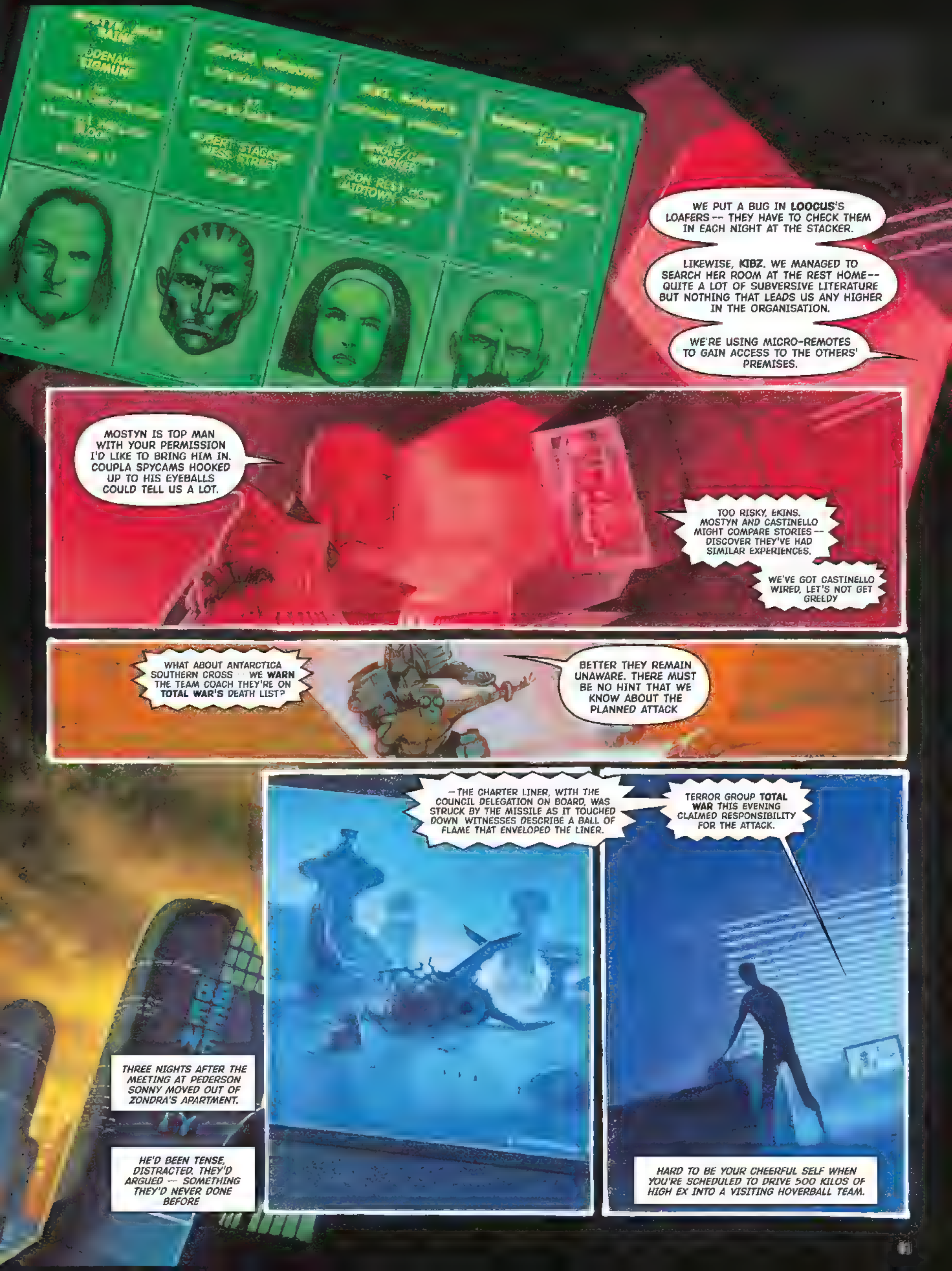

EIGHT OF THE CALLS WERE ROUTED VIA THE WALLACH TRANSMITTER. ASSUMING CALLER'S LOCAL, THAT NARROWS IT DOWN TO ABOUT SIXTY THOUSAND PEOPLE.
I TOOK A RECORD OF ALL TRAFFIC TO AND FROM. WE'RE CHECKING IT OUT.
DISCREETLY, EKINS. DO NOTHING TO RISK COMPROMISING THIS OPERATION.
SUSPECT PROCEEDS BY CIVIC TRANSPORT TO WYGANT, NEAR CENTRAL TEK, WHERE HE COLLECTS A ZIMBY HOVERBABY REGISTERED IN HIS NAME.
15.20 HOURS. SUSPECT ARRIVES AT FUNSTER'S FREAKFAIR.
WHERE WERE YA LAST NIGHT, SONNY? I HADDA PUT THE WIFE ON YOUR RIDE.
SORRY, MR FUNSTER. GOT STUNG BY A SCORPION FLY. JUST GOT OUT OF HOSPITAL.
I COULDA DIED. YOU WANNA WATCH OUT FOR THEM -- SCORPION FLIES. THEY'RE ALL OVER THE CITY.
JEEZ! HARD **ENOUGH** TA LIVE! YOU BE OKAY FOR TONIGHT?
SURE. HAULED MYSELF OUTA MY DEATH BED JUST FOR YOU. Y'KNOW HOW MUCH I HATE TO HARM YOUR RELATIONS WITH MRS FUNSTER.
15.27 HOURS.
CALL ZONDRA.
STUYVESANT. I'M SENDING DOWN FOOTAGE OF SUSPECT SONNY CASTINELLO'S QUARTERS FOR ANALYSIS. THAT'S PRIORITY ONE.
HEY, PRETTY LADY.
YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME THIS MORNING. GOT STUNG BY A SCORPION FLY.
A WHAT?
SCORPION FLY. WOKE UP IN AGNES GILLESPIE. IF THEY HADN'T GOT THE ANTIDOTE IN ME, I'D'VE DIED.

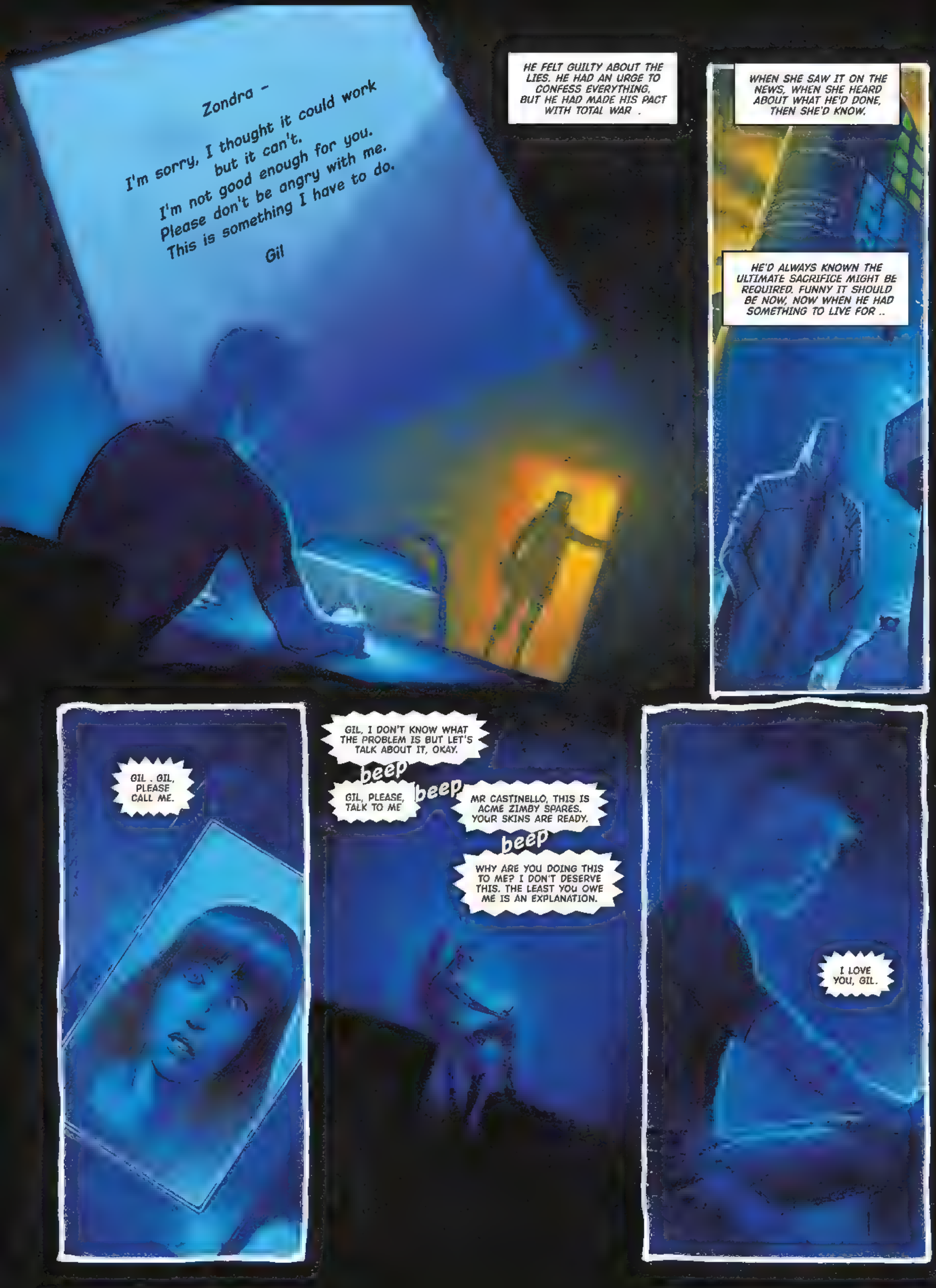

YOU CERTAINLY LIVE AN EXCITING LIFE.
DID YOU...SPEAK TO THEM?
NOT YET. SEEING THEM TONIGHT.
I'M WORRIED FOR YOU, GIL.
HEY, NO SWEAT. IT'LL BE COOL, I PROMISE.
I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW, ZONDRA, IF THINGS GO WRONG, I'VE...I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE I LIKED AS MUCH AS YOU
AW, AIN'T IT SWEET?
CREEP CAN'T STOP LYING. CAN'T SHE SEE? HE'S **MANIPULATING** HER
SUSPECT REMAINS AT FUNSTER'S UNTIL 03.37 HOURS, WHEN THE LAST LIGHTS WINK OUT.
NIGHT, JIMMY.
HE PROCEEDS ACROSS SECTOR TOWARDS BEENY BLOCK, STOPPING BRIEFLY AT THE ALL-NITE PAWN ON STELLAR BLVD
NOW THAT **IS** NICE...
WHAT'S GOING ON?
SONNY-BOY'S BUYING THE LADY A PRESENT.
THREE NINETY-FIVE THAT'S MORE THAN I FIGURED
IT IS A NARDINI ORIGINAL, SIR.
THAT'S SOLID GOLD. IT WAS MY DAD'S.
IT SHOULD DO VERY NICELY, SIR.
SHE'LL LOOK GOOD IN THAT.
SEE, KID MAY BE A LYING RAT, BUT HE CARES.
HOW DID THIS TURN INTO A DAMNED **SOAP** OPERA? KEEP YOUR MINDS ON YOUR JOB!

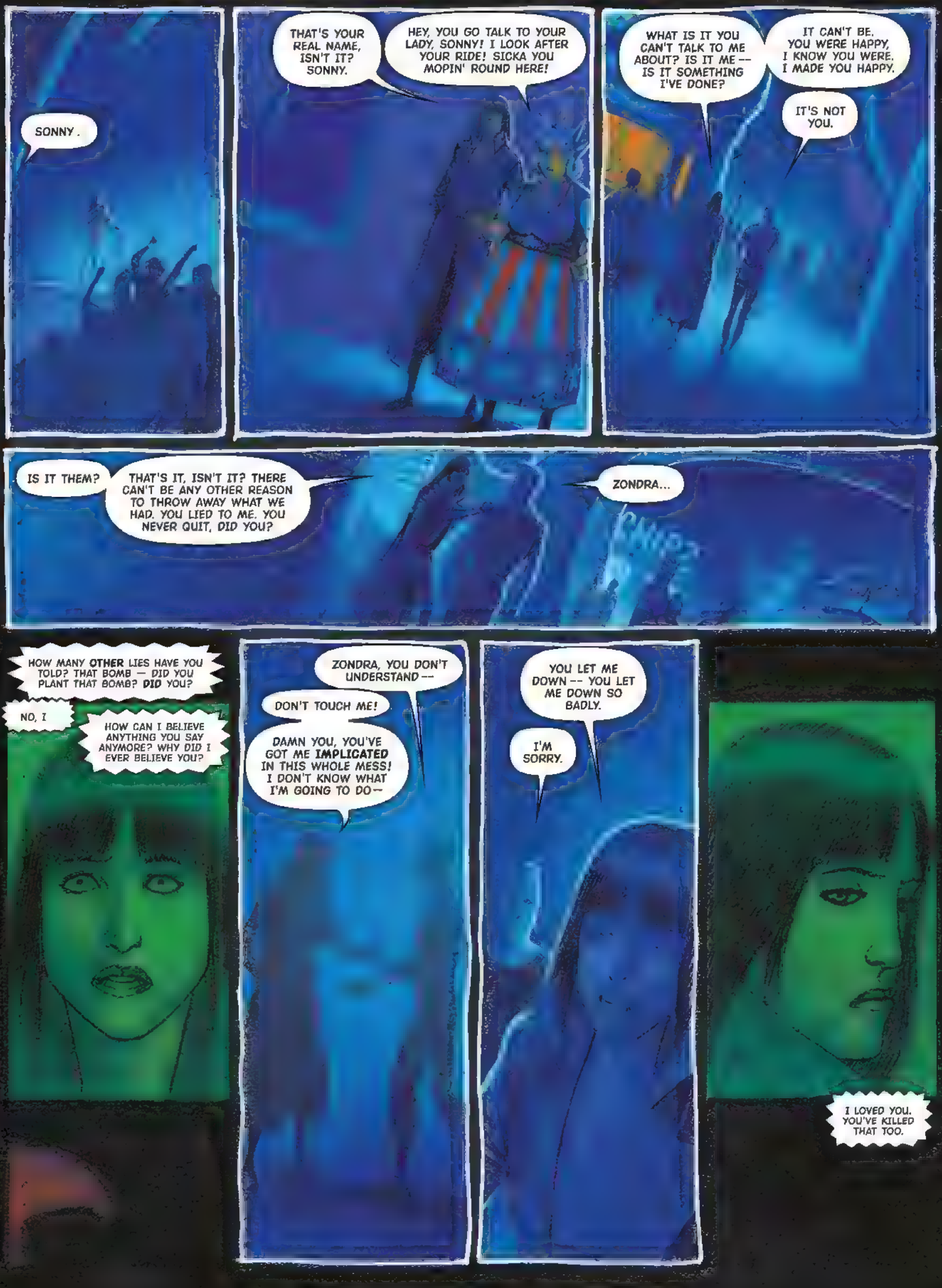

SIX WEEKS PASSED AND THERE WAS NO CONTACT BETWEEN THE SUSPECT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS CELL
COULD CASTINELLO BE WHAT HE CLAIMED - AN UNWITTING BOMBER, DUPED INTO CARRYING THE DEVICE INTO THE ROCK BOTTOM LOUNGE?
DREDD'S INSTINCT SAID NO, YET AS THE DAYS PASSED SONNY CASTINELLO'S LIFE SEEMED MORE AND MORE A PICTURE OF BLAND NORMALITY...
SO THIS YOUR LADY, EH? BEATS ME HOW A LUNK LIKE SONNY LANDS HISSELF SUCH A CLASSY ONE! YOU WANNA WATCH HIM, MISS!
THANKS, MR FUNSTER. REMIND ME TO COME TO YOU FOR A REFERENCE.
SONNY'S KIND OF A NICKNAME. EVERYBODY CALLS ME IT HERE.
C'MON, I'LL SHOW YOU MY RIDE!
kchik!

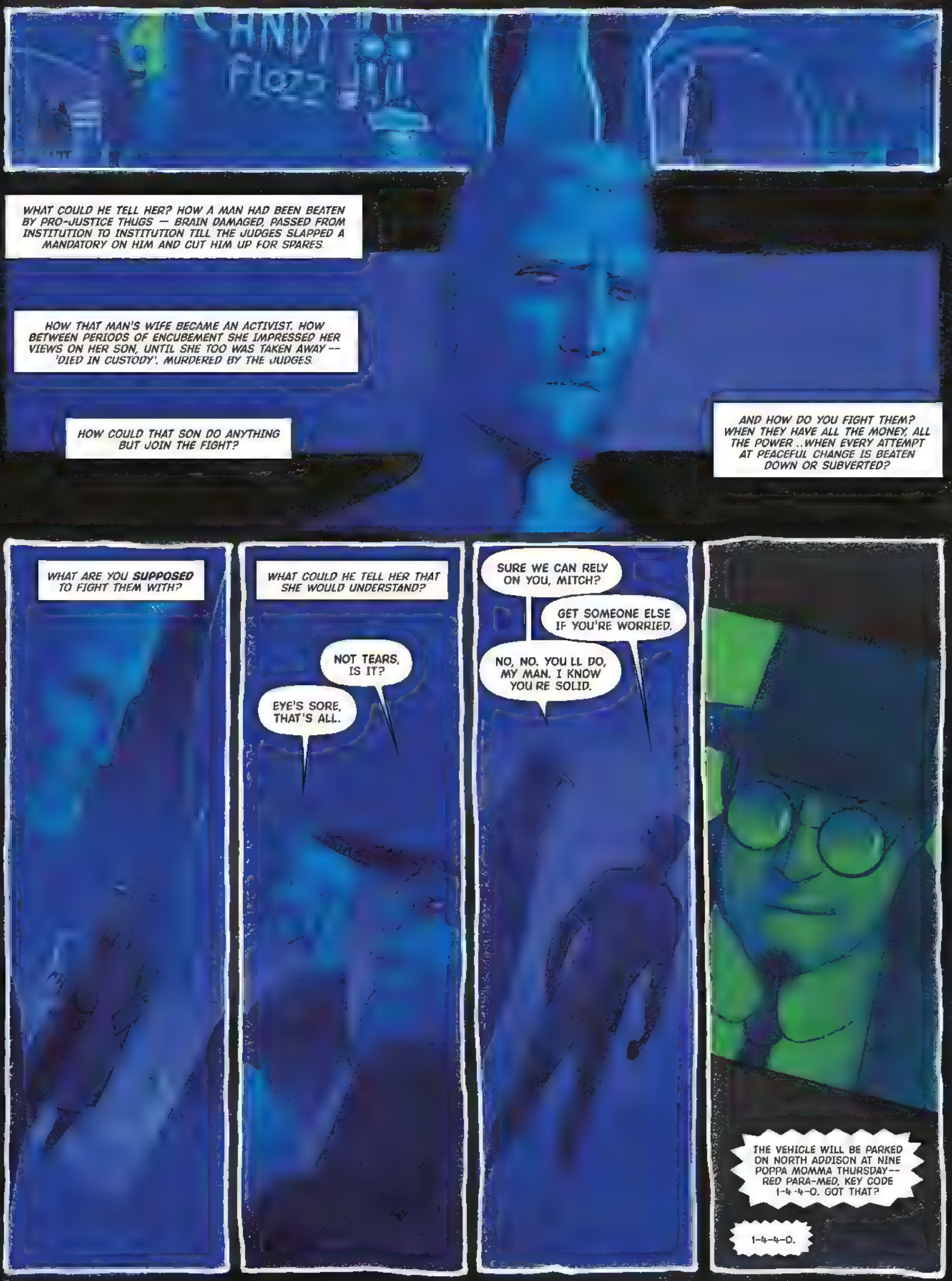

BUT FINALLY, THE CALL CAME.
TIME TO ROCK, MY MAN. ONE THREE O, RIO'S. DON'T BE LATE.
SAME NUMBER AS THE OTHER CALLS. VOICE PRINT IDENTIFIES HIM AS **MOSTYN, ARLO BAINE,** 25-11 ELI WALLACH BLOCK.
MOSTYN IS 44, UNEMPLOYED, NO PARTICULAR RECORD OF ACTIVISM OR ANTI-JUDICIAL SENTIMENTS.
THAT SUITS TOTAL WAR.
THE TRACER PLOTTED CASTINELLO'S ROUTE TO AN APARTMENT AT 3-89 PEDERSON...
AS YOU KNOW, **ANTARCTICA** JUST HANDED THREE OF OUR PEOPLE OVER TO THE SCUM. **HEAD OFFICE** FEELS WE NEED TO SEND A STRONG **MESSAGE** TO THE ANTARCTIC GOVERNMENT.
ANTARCTIC SOUTHERN CROSS ARRIVE NEXT WEEK TO MEET THE **METEORS** IN THE WORLDBOWL. WE KNOW THEIR TEAM HOTEL AND ARRIVAL TIME.
WE'LL BE SUPPLIED AN APPROPRIATE VEHICLE PACKED WITH 500 KILOS OF **DEMMEX** ON A MANUAL DETONATOR. OUR JOB IS TO GET IT CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE TEAM BUS TO DO **MAXIMUM DAMAGE.**
SUICIDE RUN
I'LL DO IT.
I APPRECIATE THE OFFER, RIO, BUT I'M GONNA NEED YOU FOR ANOTHER LITTLE TASK. IN THIS CASE HEAD OFFICE WAS **SPECIFIC.**
THEY WANT MITCH.
ME?
THEY WERE PLEASED WITH YOUR WORK AT ROCK BOTTOM. THEY...FEEL THEY CAN RELY ON YOU TO GET THE JOB DONE.
YOU ALL RIGHT WITH THAT, MY MAN?
MITCH - MUST BE SONNY'S CODENAME.
THEY'RE SENDING HIM ON A **SUICIDE** RUN.
SURE...
SURE, NO PROBLEM.

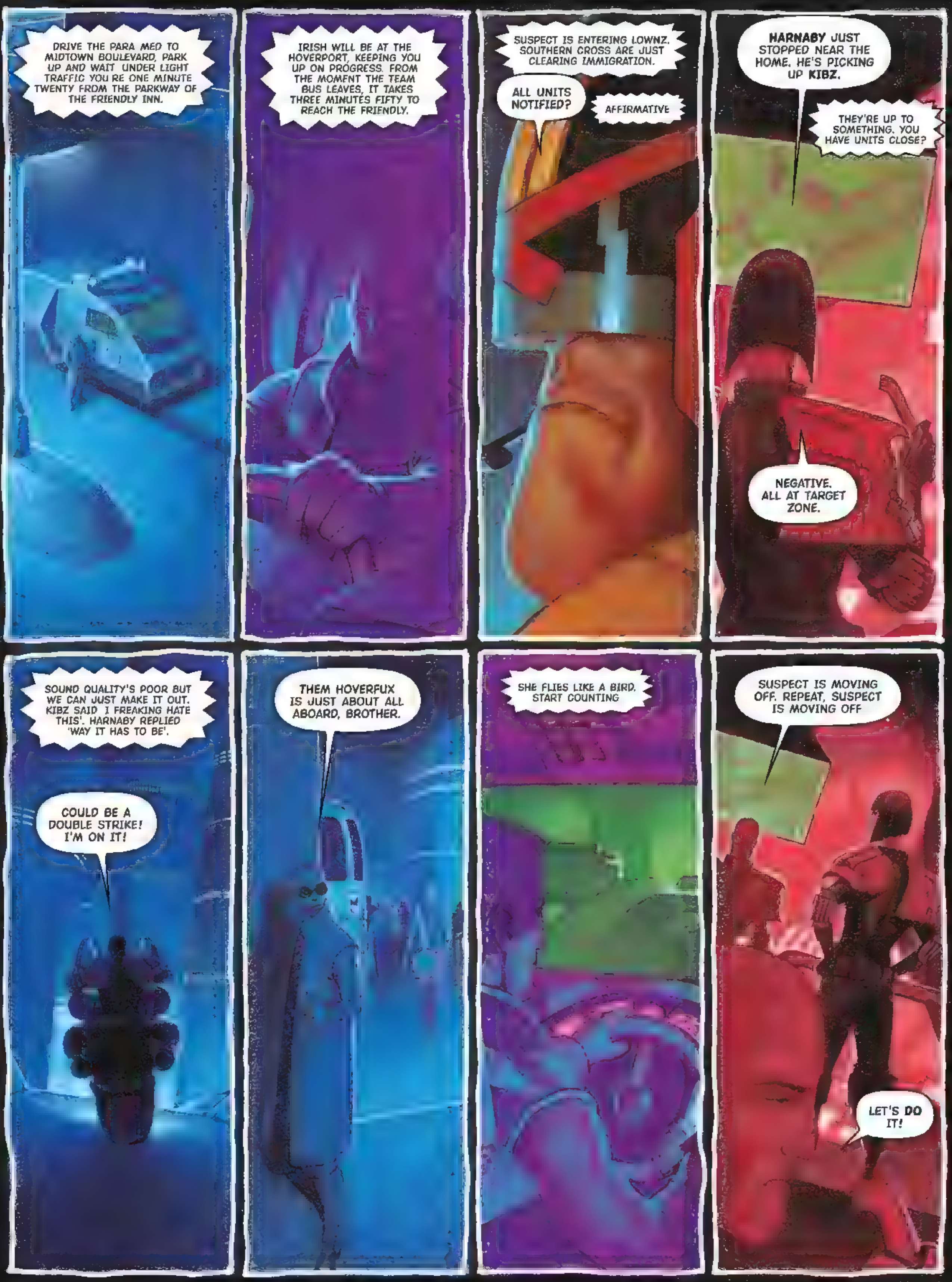

IT'S A HARD THING TO GIVE UP YOUR LIFE, SON. WE JUST HAVE TO KEEP IN MIND WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR
I NEVER FORGET, SIGMUND.
I'LL BE IN TOUCH ABOUT THE ARRANGEMENTS. MEANWHILE, TAKE THE TIME TO CLEAR UP YOUR AFFAIRS. PREPARE YOURSELF. VISIT YOUR CHURCH IF THAT'S YOUR THING.
WE NEED SURVEILLANCE ON ALL THOSE CREEPS.
WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT CASTINELLO?
SADLY, I'M AFRAID MITCH MAY HAVE BECOME SOMETHING OF A LIABILITY.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? ROCK BOTTOM WENT LIKE A DREAM.
HE'S BEEN SEEING A WOMAN. A **ZONDRA SMITH**, A LECTURER AT CENTRAL TEK.
STORY ROUND CENTRAL IS SHE WAS IN THE **ROCK BOTTOM LOUNGE** PRIOR TO THE EXPLOSION. **MITCH**, FOR REASONS KNOWN ONLY TO HIM BUT NO DOUBT NOT UNCONNECTED TO HIS PELVIS, INDUCED HER TO **LEAVE** WITH HIM.
NOT CONTENT WITH ONE ACT OF STUPIDITY, OUR BRIGHT BOY IS NOW **LIVIN'** IN THE WOMAN'S APARTMENT.
IS HE OUT OF HIS **MIND?**
MITCH AN' HIS DAMN **HORMONES!**
WHAT IF THE **SCUM** ARE WATCHING HER?
HEAD OFFICE ASSUMES THEY ARE NOT -- OTHERWISE MITCH WOULD BE SINGING LIKE A BIRD, AND SO WOULD WE. HOWEVER, THE SITUATION CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE.
AS THERE IS NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW MUCH MITCH HAS REVEALED TO HER, FOR EVERYONE'S PROTECTION **ZONDRA SMITH** WILL HAVE TO **JOIN** HIM IN THE HEREAFTER...

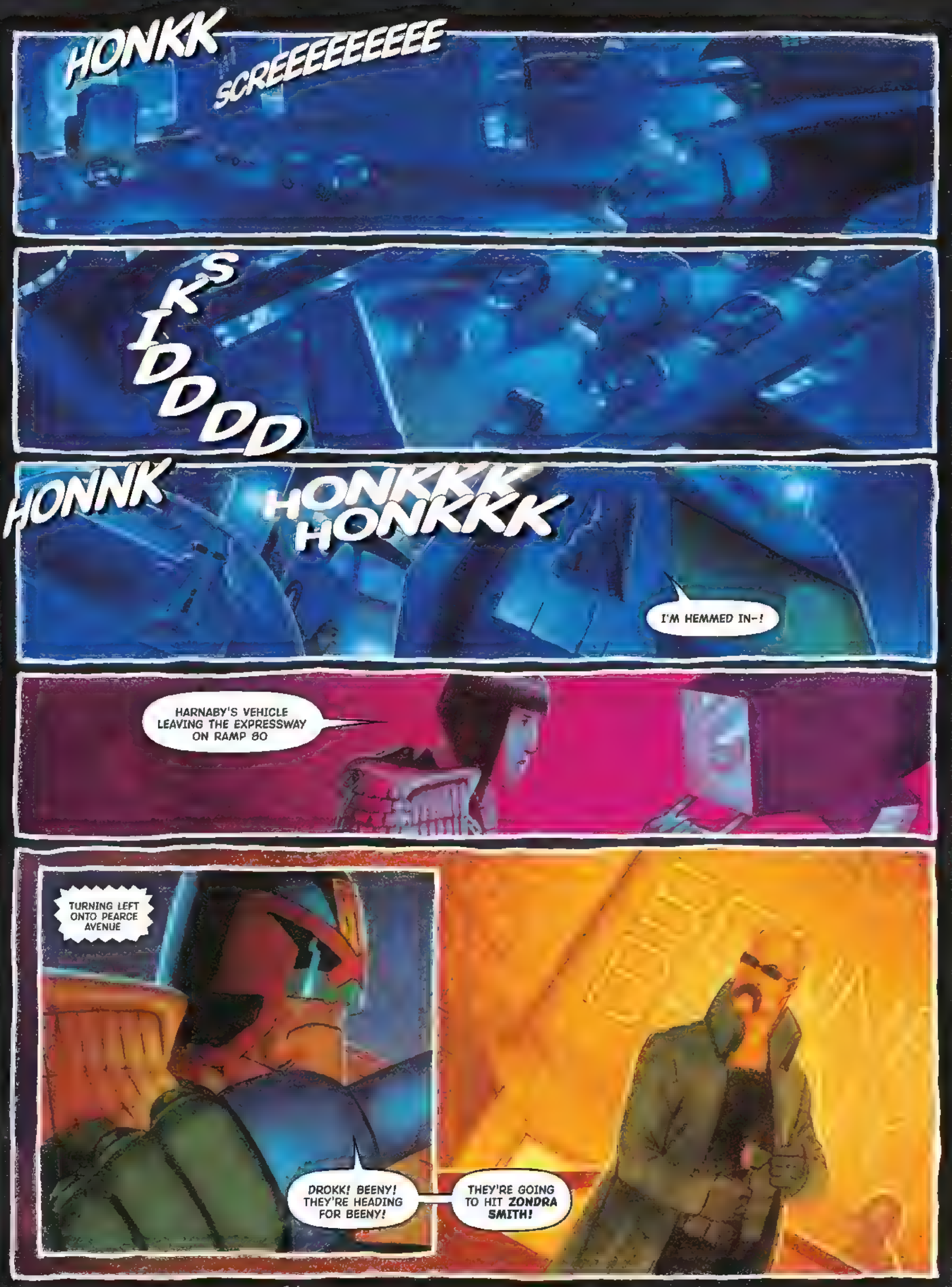

WE PUT A BUG IN LOOCUS'S LOAFERS -- THEY HAVE TO CHECK THEM IN EACH NIGHT AT THE STACKER.
LIKEWISE, KIBZ. WE MANAGED TO SEARCH HER ROOM AT THE REST HOME -- QUITE A LOT OF SUBVERSIVE LITERATURE BUT NOTHING THAT LEADS US ANY HIGHER IN THE ORGANISATION.
WE'RE USING MICRO-REMOTES TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE OTHERS' PREMISES.
MOSTYN IS TOP MAN. WITH YOUR PERMISSION I'D LIKE TO BRING HIM IN. COUPLA SPYCAMS HOOKED UP TO HIS EYEBALLS COULD TELL US A LOT.
TOO RISKY, EKINS. MOSTYN AND CASTINELLO MIGHT COMPARE STORIES -- DISCOVER THEY'VE HAD SIMILAR EXPERIENCES.
WE'VE GOT CASTINELLO WIRED. LET'S NOT GET GREEDY.
WHAT ABOUT ANTARCTICA SOUTHERN CROSS -- WE WARN THE TEAM COACH THEY'RE ON TOTAL WAR'S DEATH LIST?
BETTER THEY REMAIN UNAWARE. THERE MUST BE NO HINT THAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE PLANNED ATTACK.
THREE NIGHTS AFTER THE MEETING AT PEDERSON SONNY MOVED OUT OF ZONDRA'S APARTMENT.
HE'D BEEN TENSE, DISTRACTED. THEY'D ARGUED -- SOMETHING THEY'D NEVER DONE BEFORE.
-- THE CHARTER LINER, WITH THE COUNCIL DELEGATION ON BOARD, WAS STRUCK BY THE MISSILE AS IT TOUCHED DOWN. WITNESSES DESCRIBE A BALL OF FLAME THAT ENVELOPED THE LINER.
TERROR GROUP TOTAL WAR THIS EVENING CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ATTACK.
HARD TO BE YOUR CHEERFUL SELF WHEN YOU'RE SCHEDULED TO DRIVE 500 KILOS OF HIGH EX INTO A VISITING HOVERBALL TEAM.

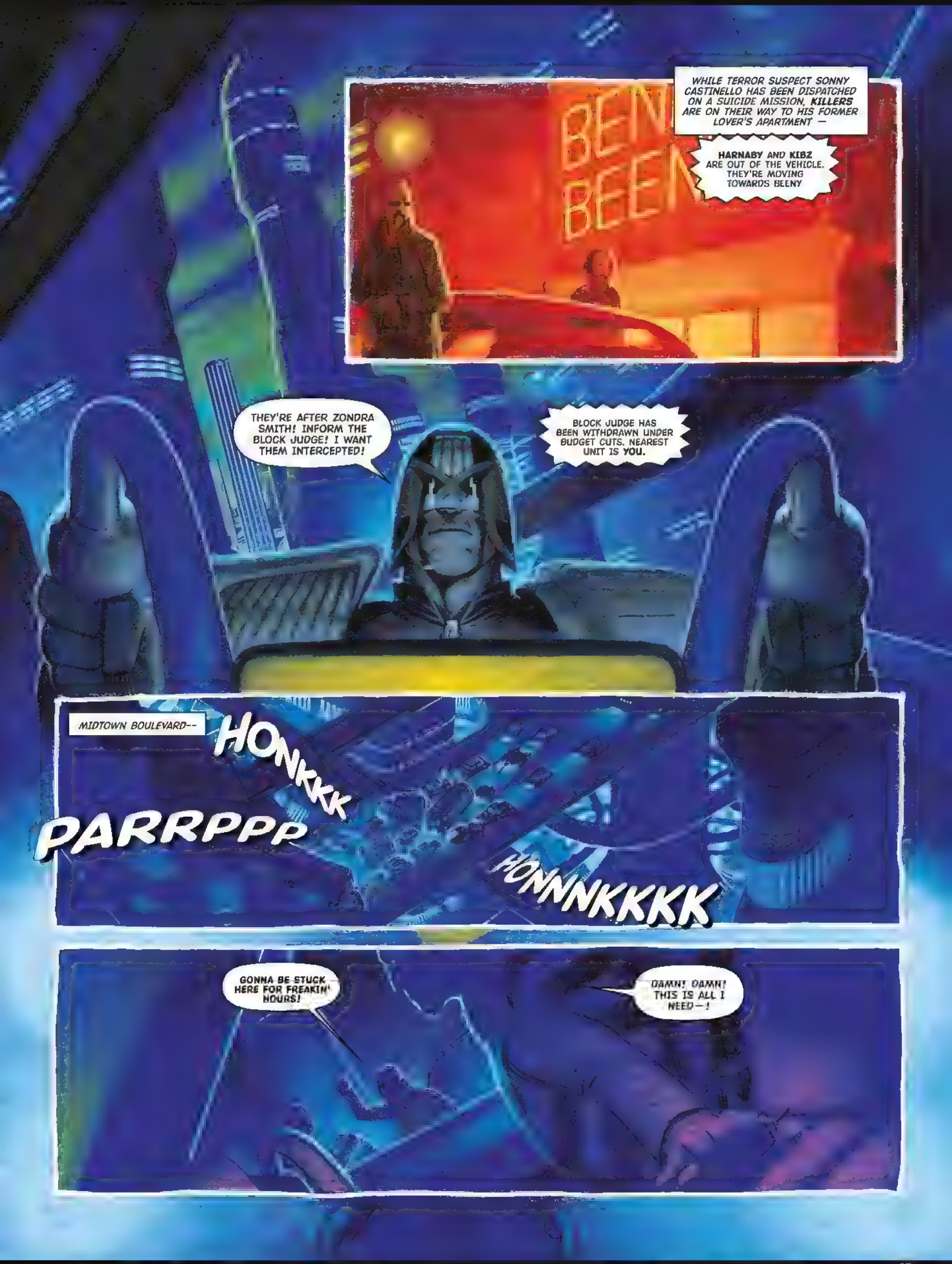

Zondra -
I'm sorry, I thought it could work
but it can't.
I'm not good enough for you.
Please don't be angry with me.
This is something I have to do.
Gil
HE FELT GUILTY ABOUT THE LIES. HE HAD AN URGE TO CONFESS EVERYTHING. BUT HE HAD MADE HIS PACT WITH TOTAL WAR .
WHEN SHE SAW IT ON THE NEWS, WHEN SHE HEARD ABOUT WHAT HE'D DONE, THEN SHE'D KNOW.
HE'D ALWAYS KNOWN THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE MIGHT BE REQUIRED. FUNNY IT SHOULD BE NOW, NOW WHEN HE HAD SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR ..
GIL . GIL, PLEASE CALL ME.
GIL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE PROBLEM IS BUT LET'S TALK ABOUT IT, OKAY.
beep
GIL, PLEASE, TALK TO ME
beep
MR CASTINELLO, THIS IS ACME ZIMBY SPARES. YOUR SKINS ARE READY.
beep
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME? I DON'T DESERVE THIS. THE LEAST YOU OWE ME IS AN EXPLANATION.
I LOVE YOU, GIL.

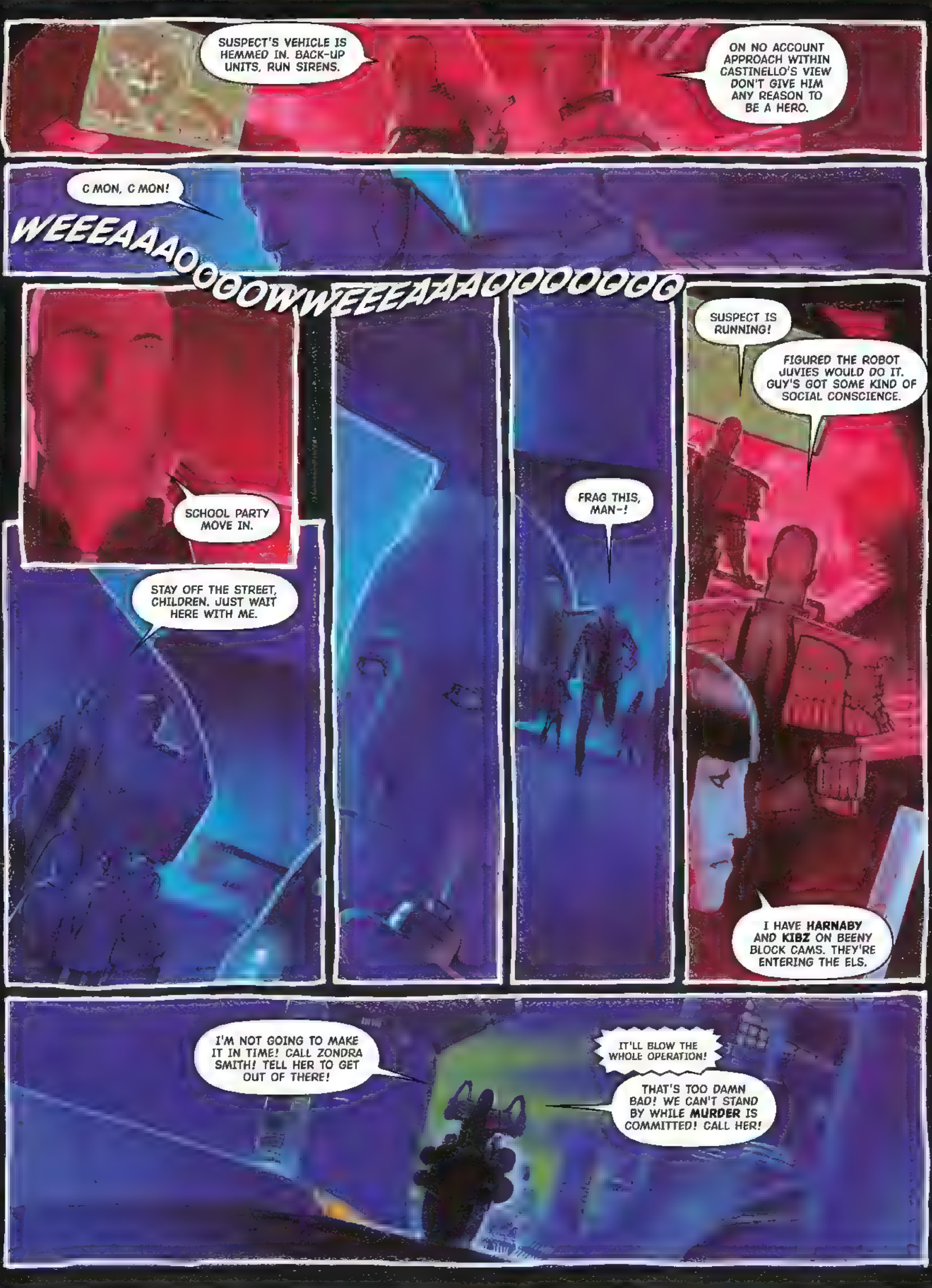

SONNY.
THAT'S YOUR REAL NAME, ISN'T IT? SONNY.
HEY, YOU GO TALK TO YOUR LADY, SONNY! I LOOK AFTER YOUR RIDE! SICKA YOU MOPIN' ROUND HERE!
WHAT IS IT YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME ABOUT? IS IT ME -- IS IT SOMETHING I'VE DONE?
IT CAN'T BE. YOU WERE HAPPY, I KNOW YOU WERE. I MADE YOU HAPPY.
IT'S NOT YOU.
IS IT THEM?
THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT? THERE CAN'T BE ANY OTHER REASON TO THROW AWAY WHAT WE HAD. YOU LIED TO ME. YOU NEVER QUIT, DID YOU?
ZONDRA...
HOW MANY **OTHER** LIES HAVE YOU TOLD? THAT BOMB — DID YOU PLANT THAT BOMB? **DID** YOU?
NO, I
HOW CAN I BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU SAY ANYMORE? WHY DID I EVER BELIEVE YOU?
ZONDRA, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND --
DON'T TOUCH ME!
DAMN YOU, YOU'VE GOT ME **IMPLICATED** IN THIS WHOLE MESS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO--
YOU LET ME DOWN -- YOU LET ME DOWN SO BADLY.
I'M SORRY.
I LOVED YOU. YOU'VE KILLED THAT TOO.

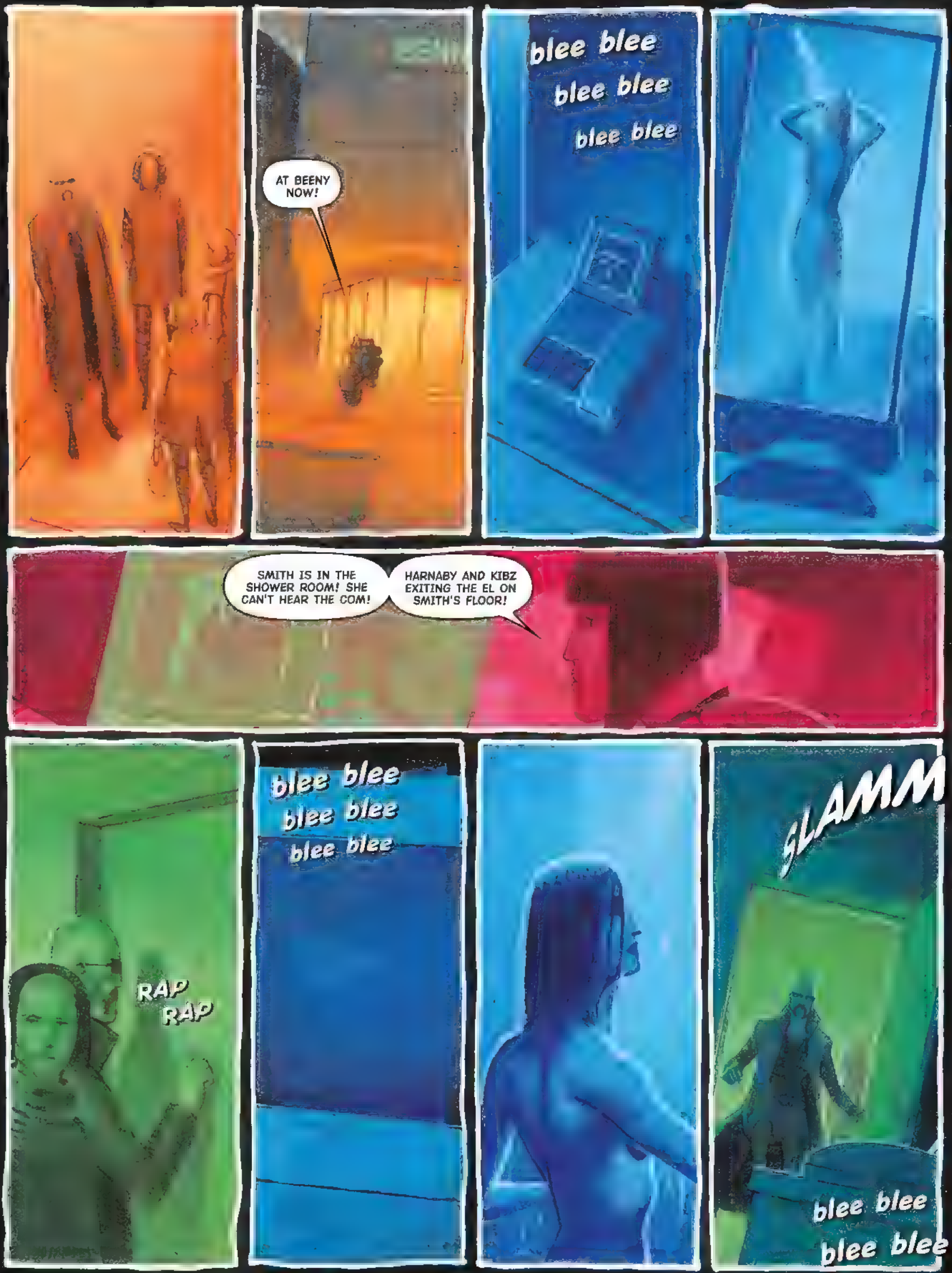

WHAT COULD HE TELL HER? HOW A MAN HAD BEEN BEATEN BY PRO-JUSTICE THUGS — BRAIN DAMAGED, PASSED FROM INSTITUTION TO INSTITUTION TILL THE JUDGES SLAPPED A MANDATORY ON HIM AND CUT HIM UP FOR SPARES.
HOW THAT MAN'S WIFE BECAME AN ACTIVIST. HOW BETWEEN PERIODS OF ENCUBEMENT SHE IMPRESSED HER VIEWS ON HER SON, UNTIL SHE TOO WAS TAKEN AWAY -- 'DIED IN CUSTODY'. MURDERED BY THE JUDGES.
HOW COULD THAT SON DO ANYTHING BUT JOIN THE FIGHT?
AND HOW DO YOU FIGHT THEM? WHEN THEY HAVE ALL THE MONEY, ALL THE POWER ..WHEN EVERY ATTEMPT AT PEACEFUL CHANGE IS BEATEN DOWN OR SUBVERTED?
WHAT ARE YOU *SUPPOSED* TO FIGHT THEM WITH?
WHAT COULD HE TELL HER THAT SHE WOULD UNDERSTAND?
NOT TEARS, IS IT?
EYE'S SORE, THAT'S ALL.
SURE WE CAN RELY ON YOU, MITCH?
GET SOMEONE ELSE IF YOU'RE WORRIED.
NO, NO. YOU'LL DO, MY MAN. I KNOW YOU'RE SOLID.
THE VEHICLE WILL BE PARKED ON NORTH ADDISON AT NINE POPPA MOMMA THURSDAY-- RED PARA-MED, KEY CODE 1-4-4-0. GOT THAT?
1-4-4-0.

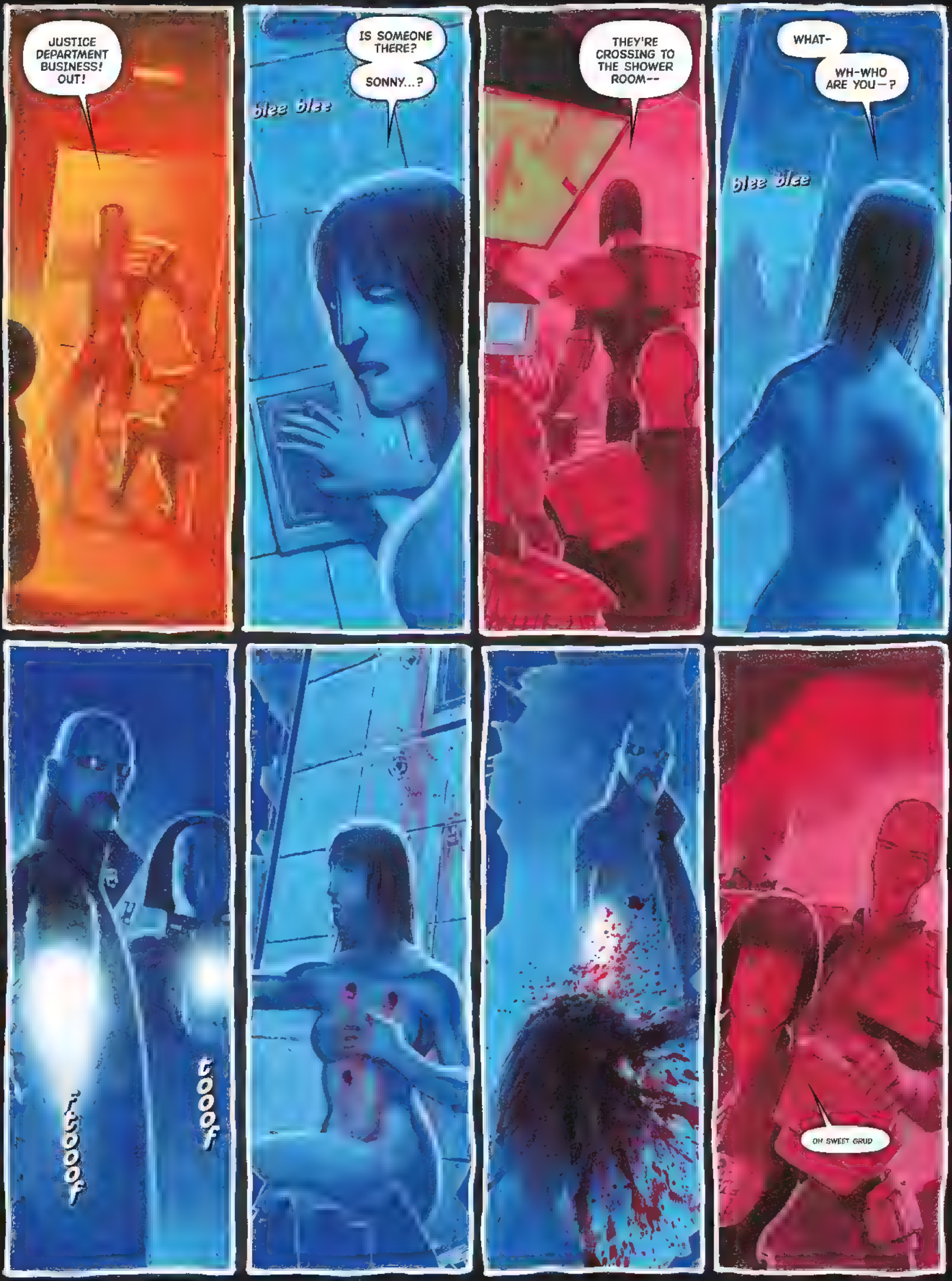

DRIVE THE PARA MED TO MIDTOWN BOULEVARD, PARK UP AND WAIT UNDER LIGHT TRAFFIC YOU'RE ONE MINUTE TWENTY FROM THE PARKWAY OF THE FRIENDLY INN.
IRISH WILL BE AT THE HOVERPORT, KEEPING YOU UP ON PROGRESS. FROM THE MOMENT THE TEAM BUS LEAVES, IT TAKES THREE MINUTES FIFTY TO REACH THE FRIENDLY.
SUSPECT IS ENTERING LOWNZ. SOUTHERN CROSS ARE JUST CLEARING IMMIGRATION.
ALL UNITS NOTIFIED?
AFFIRMATIVE
HARNABY JUST STOPPED NEAR THE HOME. HE'S PICKING UP **KIBZ**.
THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING. YOU HAVE UNITS CLOSE?
NEGATIVE. ALL AT TARGET ZONE.
SOUND QUALITY'S POOR BUT WE CAN JUST MAKE IT OUT. KIBZ SAID 'I FREAKING HATE THIS'. HARNABY REPLIED 'WAY IT HAS TO BE'.
COULD BE A DOUBLE STRIKE! I'M ON IT!
THEM HOVERFUX IS JUST ABOUT ALL ABOARD, BROTHER.
SHE FLIES LIKE A BIRD. START COUNTING
SUSPECT IS MOVING OFF. REPEAT, SUSPECT IS MOVING OFF
LET'S **DO** IT!

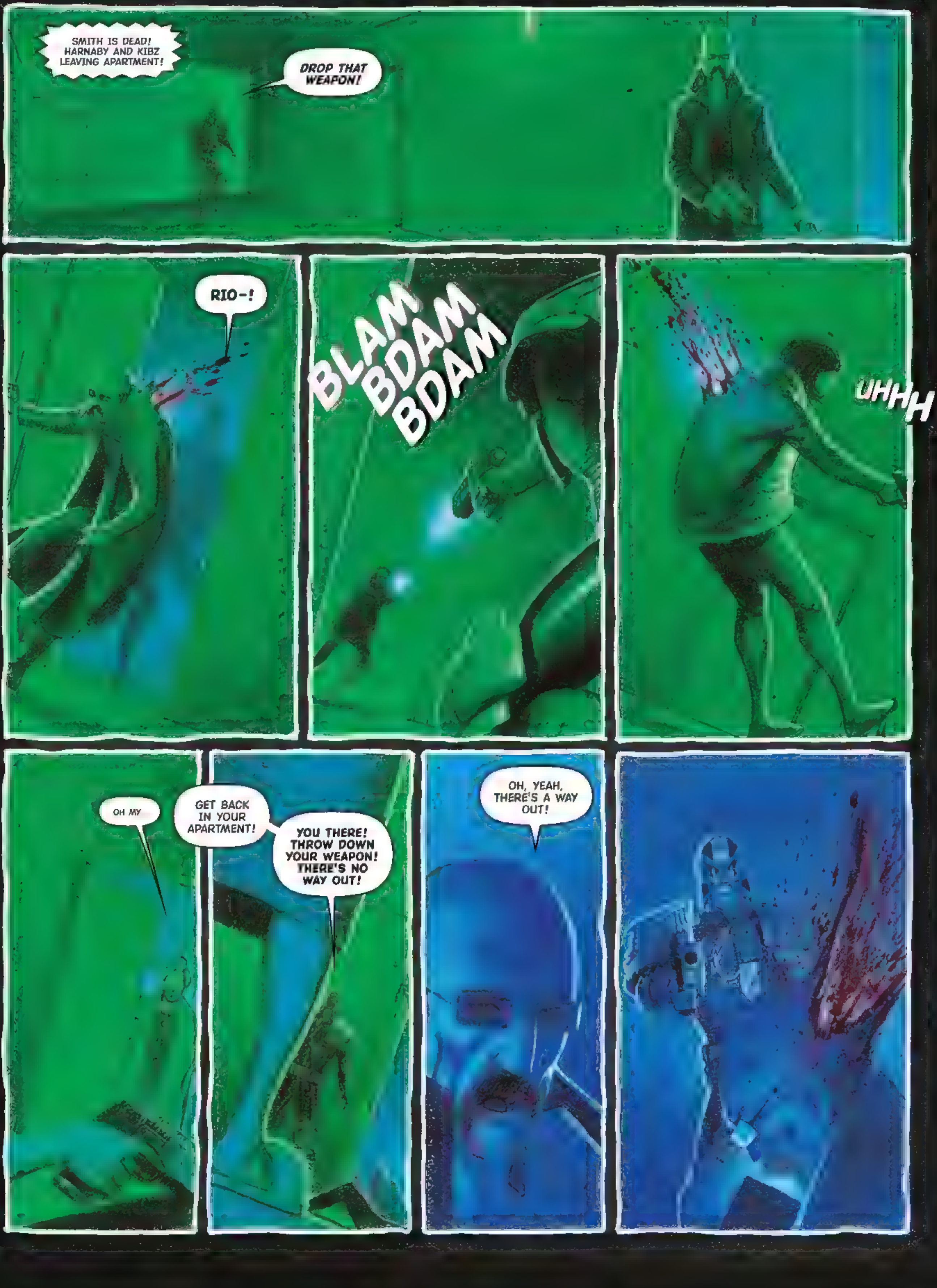

HONKK
SCREEEEEEEEEE
SKIDDDDD
HONNK
HONKKK
HONKKK
I'M HEMMED IN-!
HARNABY'S VEHICLE LEAVING THE EXPRESSWAY ON RAMP 80
TURNING LEFT ONTO PEARCE AVENUE
DROKK! BEENY! THEY'RE HEADING FOR BEENY!
THEY'RE GOING TO HIT **ZONDRA SMITH!**

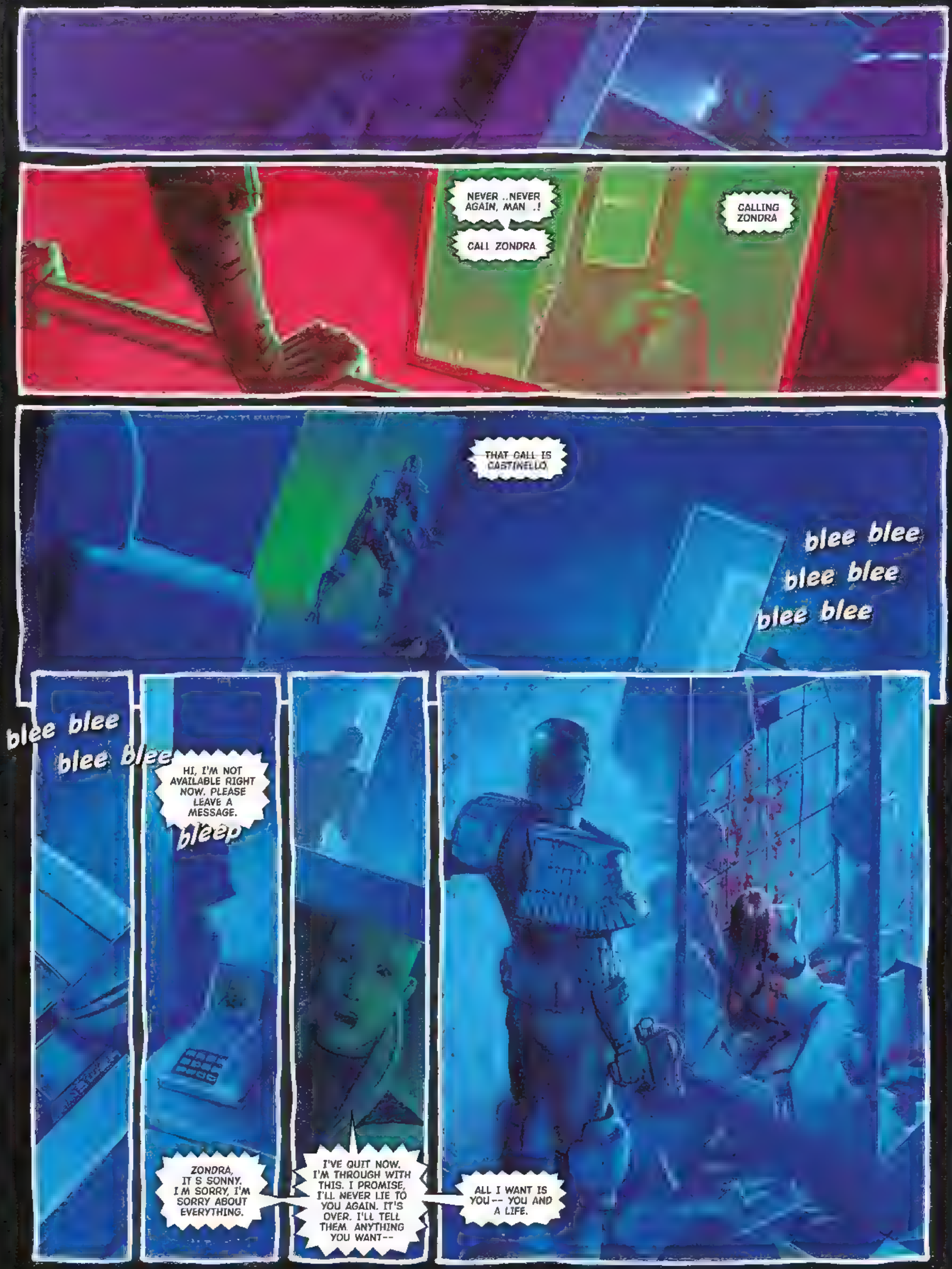

WHILE TERROR SUSPECT SONNY CASTINELLO HAS BEEN DISPATCHED ON A SUICIDE MISSION, **KILLERS** ARE ON THEIR WAY TO HIS FORMER LOVER'S APARTMENT —
HARNABY AND **KIBZ** ARE OUT OF THE VEHICLE. THEY'RE MOVING TOWARDS BEENY
BEEN
BEEN
THEY'RE AFTER ZONDRA SMITH! INFORM THE BLOCK JUDGE! I WANT THEM INTERCEPTED!
BLOCK JUDGE HAS BEEN WITHDRAWN UNDER BUDGET CUTS. NEAREST UNIT IS **YOU.**
MIDTOWN BOULEVARD--
HONKKK
PARRPPP
HONNNKKKK
GONNA BE STUCK HERE FOR FREAKIN' HOURS!
DAMN! DAMN! THIS IS ALL I NEED—!

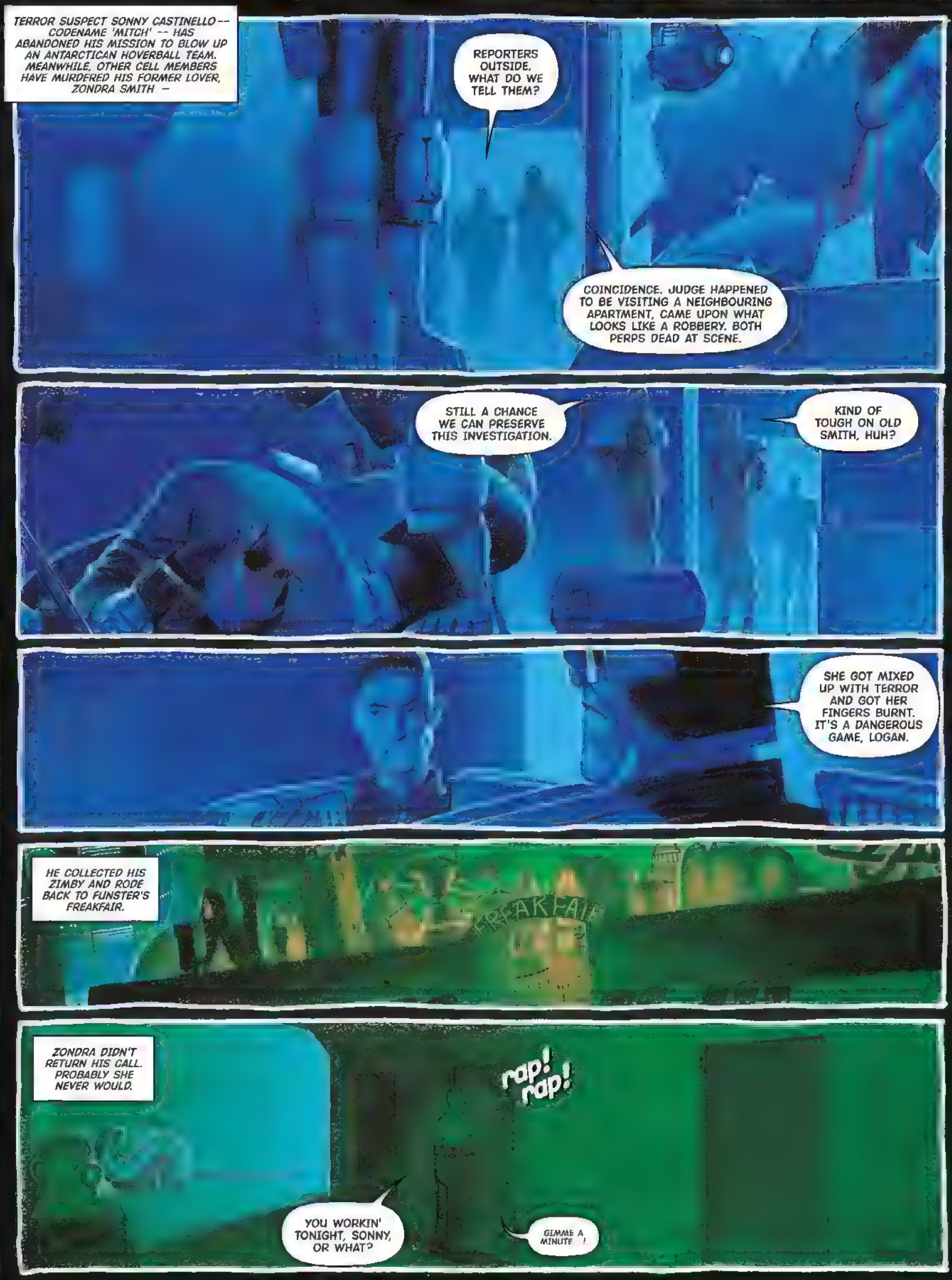

SUSPECT'S VEHICLE IS HEMMED IN. BACK-UP UNITS, RUN SIRENS.
ON NO ACCOUNT APPROACH WITHIN CASTINELLO'S VIEW DON'T GIVE HIM ANY REASON TO BE A HERO.
C'MON, C'MON!
WEEEAAAOOOOWWEEEAAAOOOOOOGG
SCHOOL PARTY MOVE IN.
STAY OFF THE STREET, CHILDREN. JUST WAIT HERE WITH ME.
FRAG THIS, MAN-!
SUSPECT IS RUNNING!
FIGURED THE ROBOT JUVIES WOULD DO IT. GUY'S GOT SOME KIND OF SOCIAL CONSCIENCE.
I HAVE HARNABY AND KIBZ ON BEENY BLOCK CAMS. THEY'RE ENTERING THE ELS.
I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE IT IN TIME! CALL ZONDRA SMITH! TELL HER TO GET OUT OF THERE!
IT'LL BLOW THE WHOLE OPERATION!
THAT'S TOO DAMN BAD! WE CAN'T STAND BY WHILE MURDER IS COMMITTED! CALL HER!

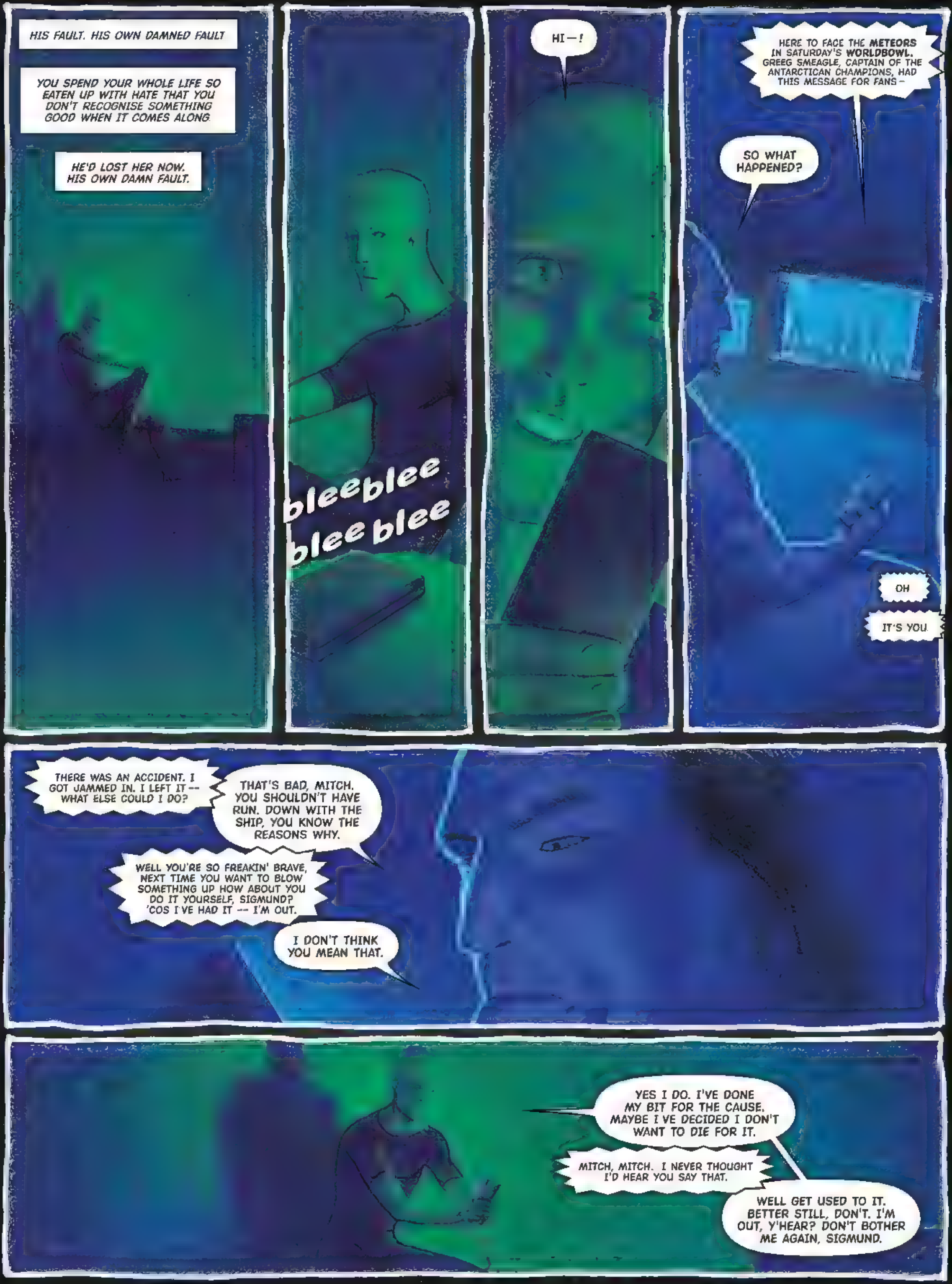

AT BEENY NOW!
blee blee
blee blee
blee blee
SMITH IS IN THE SHOWER ROOM! SHE CAN'T HEAR THE COM!
HARNABY AND KIBZ EXITING THE EL ON SMITH'S FLOOR!
RAP
RAP
blee blee
blee blee
blee blee
SLAMM
blee blee
blee blee

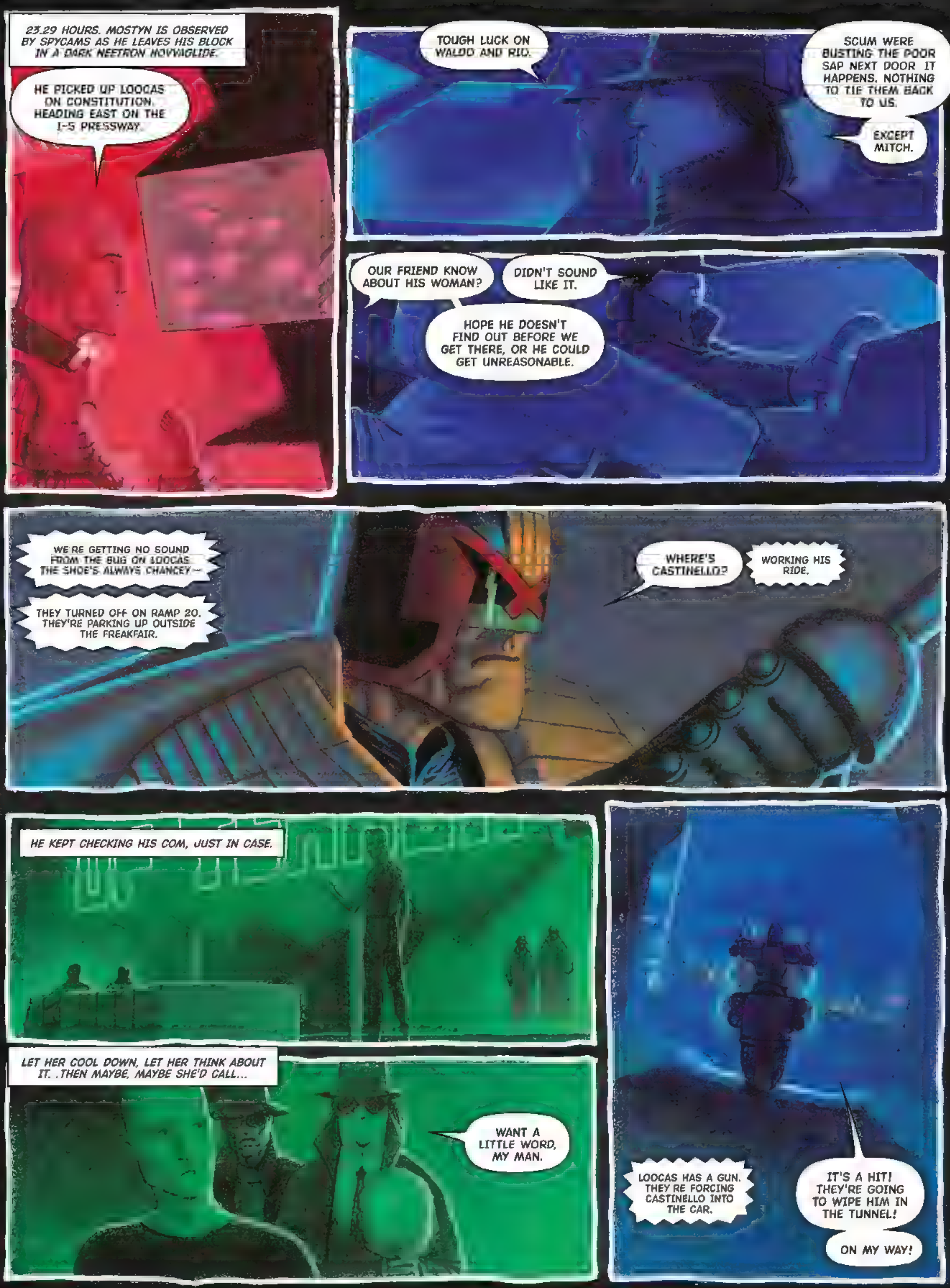

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT BUSINESS! OUT!
IS SOMEONE THERE?
SONNY...?
blee blee
THEY'RE CROSSING TO THE SHOWER ROOM--
WHAT-
WH-WHO ARE YOU—?
blee blee
tooof
tooof
OH SWEET GRUD

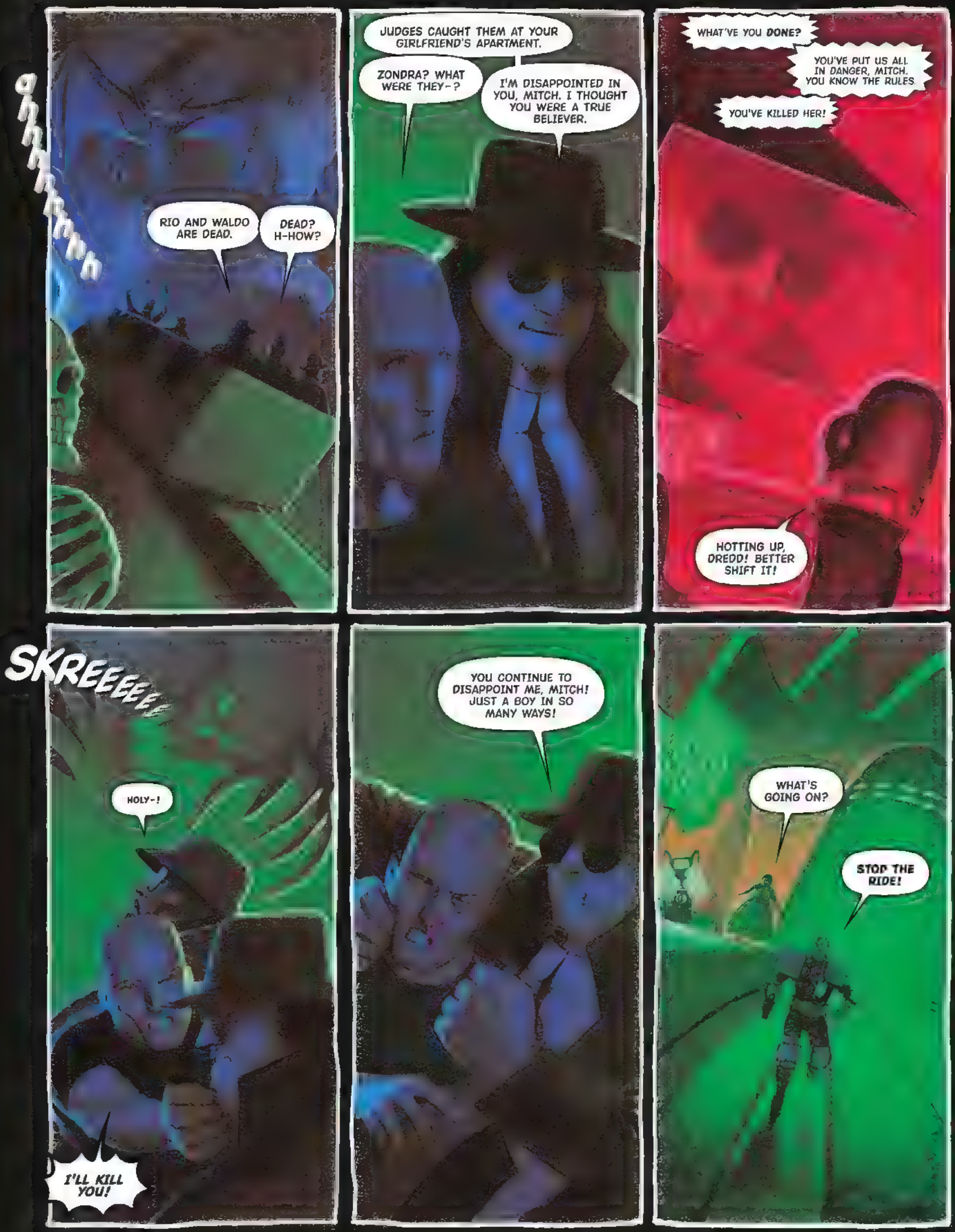

SMITH IS DEAD! HARNABY AND KIBZ LEAVING APARTMENT!
DROP THAT WEAPON!
RIO-!
BLAM BDAM BDAM
UHHH
OH MY
GET BACK IN YOUR APARTMENT!
YOU THERE! THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPON! THERE'S NO WAY OUT!
OH, YEAH, THERE'S A WAY OUT!

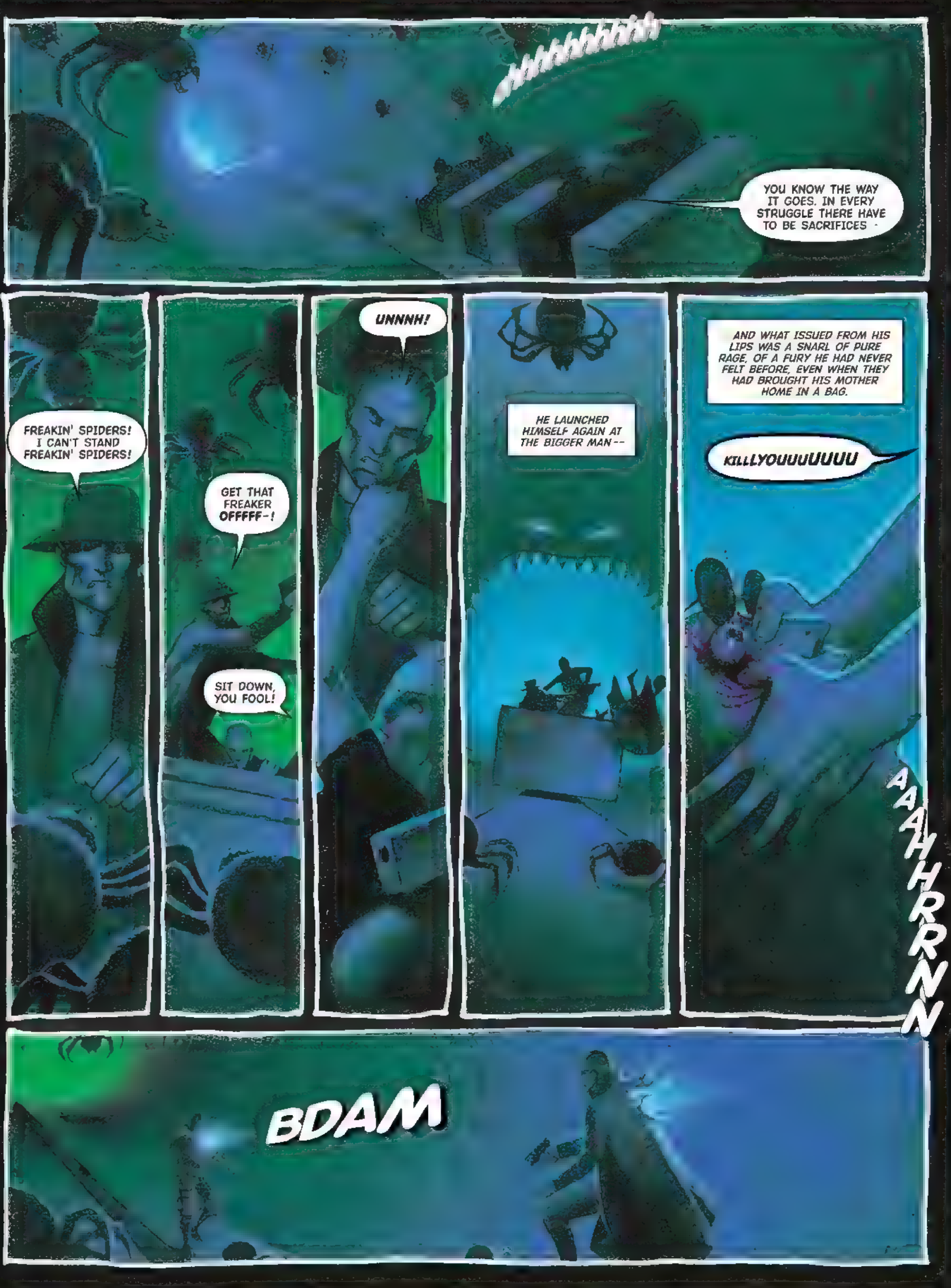

NEVER ..NEVER AGAIN, MAN ..!
CALL ZONDRA
CALLING ZONDRA
THAT CALL IS CASTINELLO
blee blee blee blee blee blee
blee blee blee blee
HI, I'M NOT AVAILABLE RIGHT NOW. PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE.
bleep
ZONDRA, IT'S SONNY. I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY ABOUT EVERYTHING.
I'VE QUIT NOW. I'M THROUGH WITH THIS. I PROMISE, I'LL NEVER LIE TO YOU AGAIN. IT'S OVER. I'LL TELL THEM ANYTHING YOU WANT--
ALL I WANT IS YOU-- YOU AND A LIFE.

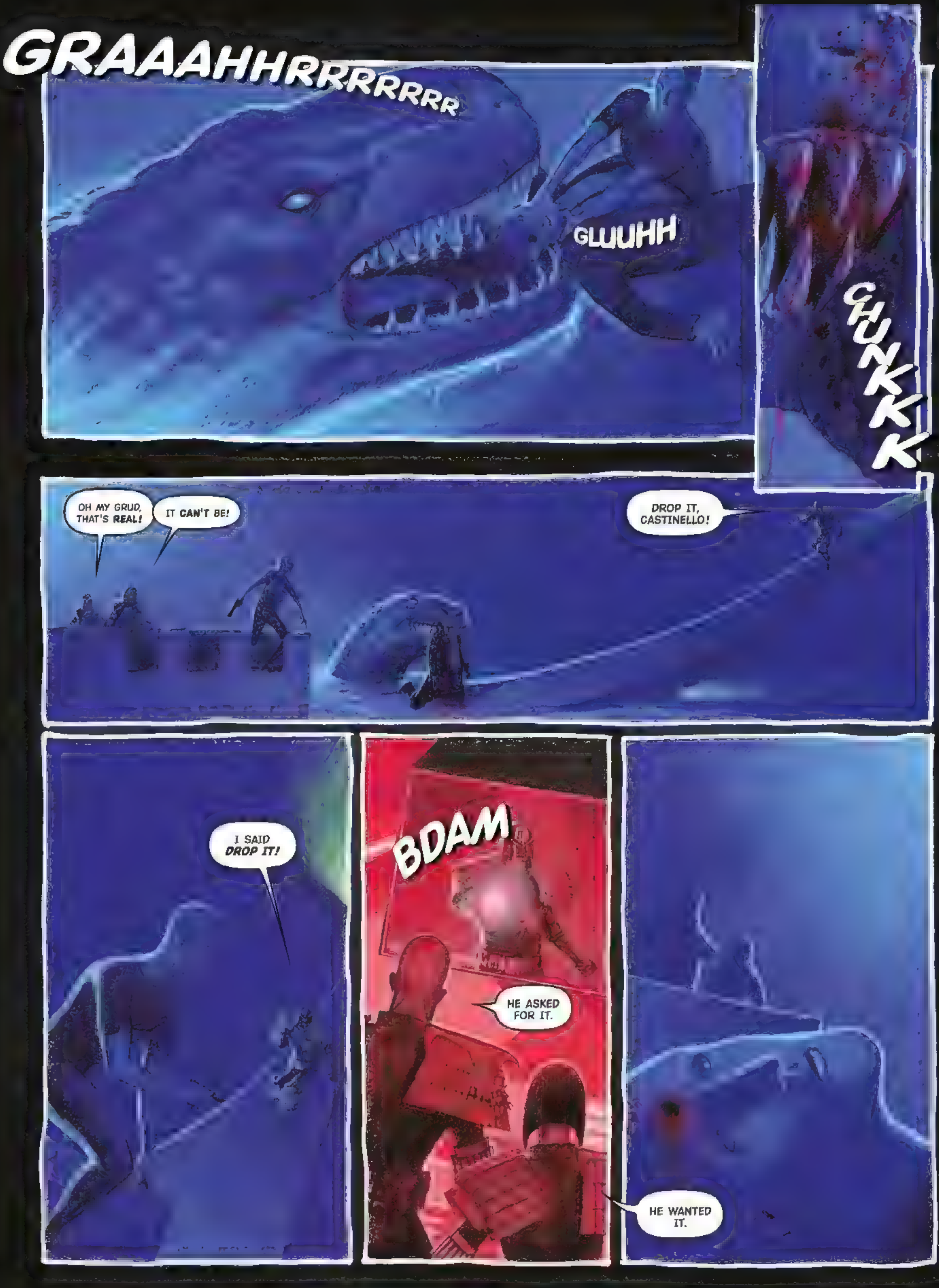

TERROR SUSPECT SONNY CASTINELLO-- CODENAME 'MITCH' -- HAS ABANDONED HIS MISSION TO BLOW UP AN ANTARCTICAN HOVERBALL TEAM. MEANWHILE, OTHER CELL MEMBERS HAVE MURDERED HIS FORMER LOVER, ZONDRA SMITH --
REPORTERS OUTSIDE. WHAT DO WE TELL THEM?
COINCIDENCE. JUDGE HAPPENED TO BE VISITING A NEIGHBOURING APARTMENT, CAME UPON WHAT LOOKS LIKE A ROBBERY. BOTH PERPS DEAD AT SCENE.
STILL A CHANCE WE CAN PRESERVE THIS INVESTIGATION.
KIND OF TOUGH ON OLD SMITH, HUH?
SHE GOT MIXED UP WITH TERROR AND GOT HER FINGERS BURNT. IT'S A DANGEROUS GAME, LOGAN.
HE COLLECTED HIS ZIMBY AND RODE BACK TO FUNSTER'S FREAKFAIR.
FREAKFAIR
ZONDRA DIDN'T RETURN HIS CALL. PROBABLY SHE NEVER WOULD.
rap! rap!
YOU WORKIN' TONIGHT, SONNY, OR WHAT?
GIMME A MINUTE !

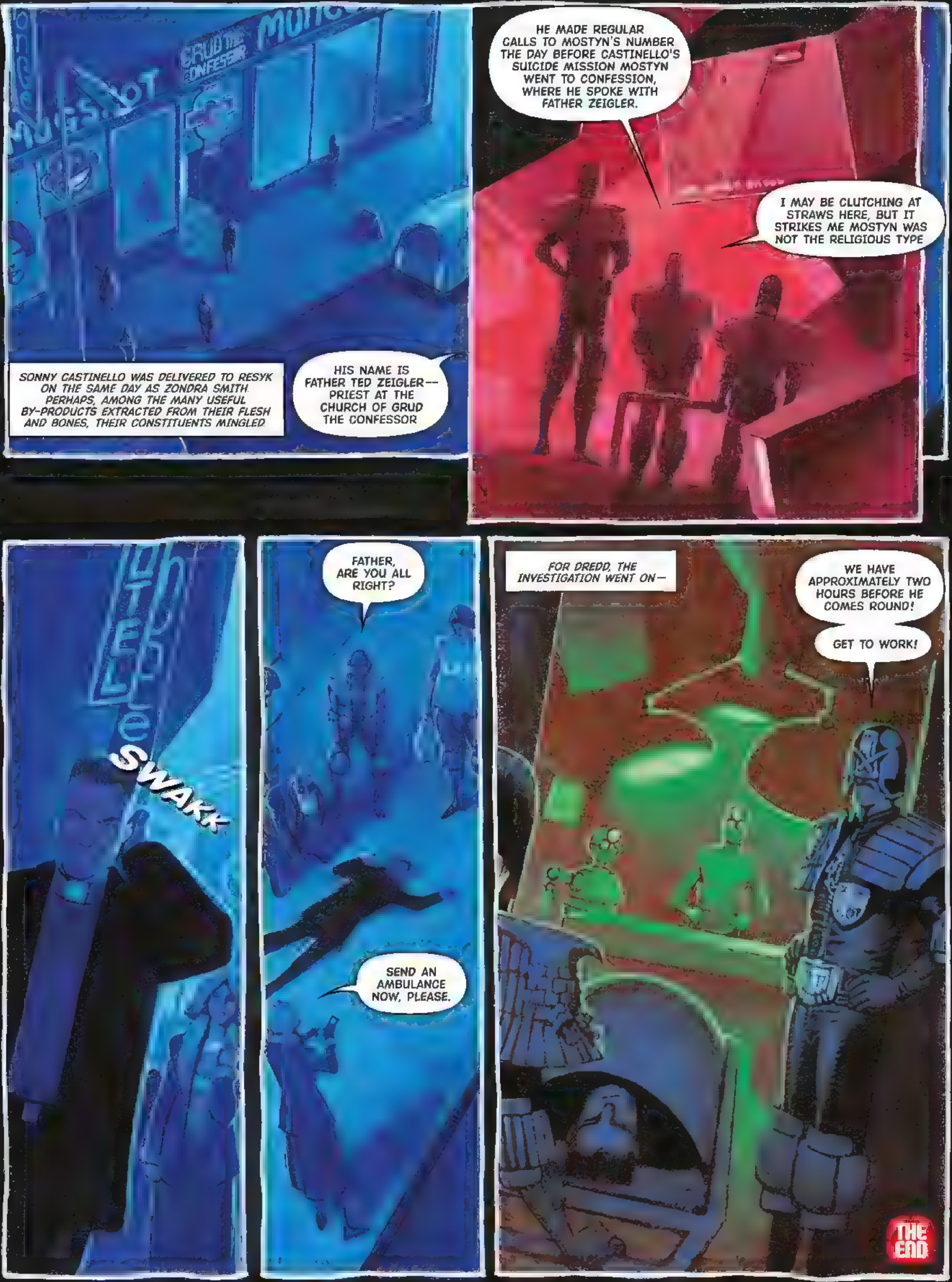

HIS FAULT. HIS OWN DAMNED FAULT
YOU SPEND YOUR WHOLE LIFE SO EATEN UP WITH HATE THAT YOU DON'T RECOGNISE SOMETHING GOOD WHEN IT COMES ALONG
HE'D LOST HER NOW. HIS OWN DAMN FAULT.
bleeblee bleeblee
HI — !
HERE TO FACE THE METEORS IN SATURDAY'S WORLDBOWL. GREEG SMEAGLE, CAPTAIN OF THE ANTARCTICAN CHAMPIONS, HAD THIS MESSAGE FOR FANS —
SO WHAT HAPPENED?
OH
IT'S YOU.
THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT. I GOT JAMMED IN. I LEFT IT -- WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?
THAT'S BAD, MITCH. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN. DOWN WITH THE SHIP, YOU KNOW THE REASONS WHY.
WELL YOU'RE SO FREAKIN' BRAVE, NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO BLOW SOMETHING UP HOW ABOUT YOU DO IT YOURSELF, SIGMUND? 'COS I'VE HAD IT -- I'M OUT.
I DON'T THINK YOU MEAN THAT.
YES I DO. I'VE DONE MY BIT FOR THE CAUSE. MAYBE I'VE DECIDED I DON'T WANT TO DIE FOR IT.
MITCH, MITCH. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HEAR YOU SAY THAT.
WELL GET USED TO IT. BETTER STILL, DON'T. I'M OUT, Y'HEAR? DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN, SIGMUND.

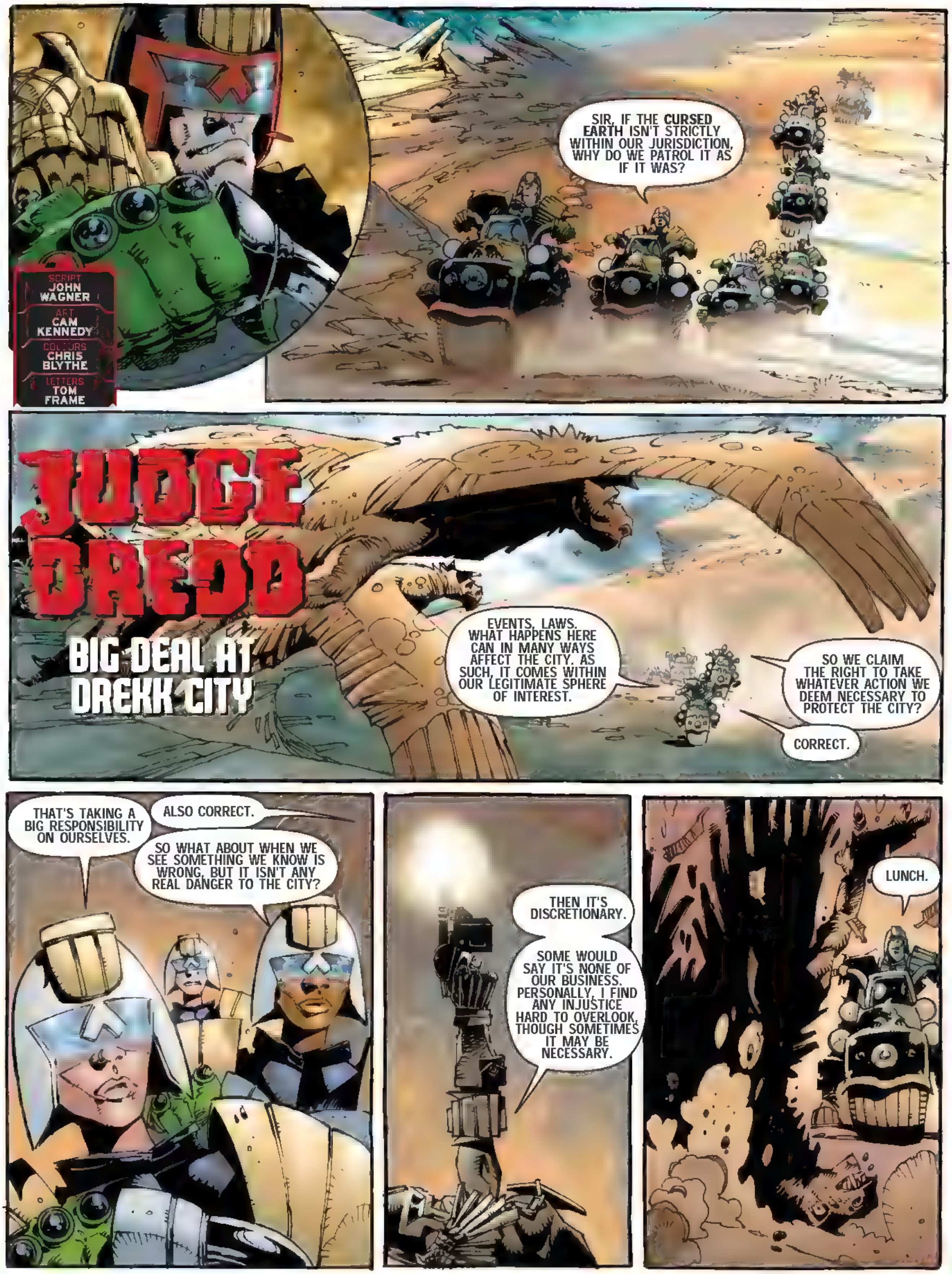

23.29 HOURS. MOSTYN IS OBSERVED BY SPYCAMS AS HE LEAVES HIS BLOCK IN A DARK NEETRON HOVVAGLIDE.
HE PICKED UP LOOCAS ON CONSTITUTION, HEADING EAST ON THE I-5 PRESSWAY.
TOUGH LUCK ON WALDO AND RIO.
SCUM WERE BUSTING THE POOR SAP NEXT DOOR. IT HAPPENS. NOTHING TO TIE THEM BACK TO US.
EXCEPT MITCH.
OUR FRIEND KNOW ABOUT HIS WOMAN?
DIDN'T SOUND LIKE IT.
HOPE HE DOESN'T FIND OUT BEFORE WE GET THERE, OR HE COULD GET UNREASONABLE.
WE'RE GETTING NO SOUND FROM THE BUG ON LOOCAS. THE SHOE'S ALWAYS CHANCEY—
THEY TURNED OFF ON RAMP 20. THEY'RE PARKING UP OUTSIDE THE FREAKFAIR.
WHERE'S CASTINELLO?
WORKING HIS RIDE.
HE KEPT CHECKING HIS COM, JUST IN CASE.
LET HER COOL DOWN, LET HER THINK ABOUT IT. .THEN MAYBE, MAYBE SHE'D CALL...
WANT A LITTLE WORD, MY MAN.
LOOCAS HAS A GUN. THEY'RE FORCING CASTINELLO INTO THE CAR.
IT'S A HIT! THEY'RE GOING TO WIPE HIM IN THE TUNNEL!
ON MY WAY!

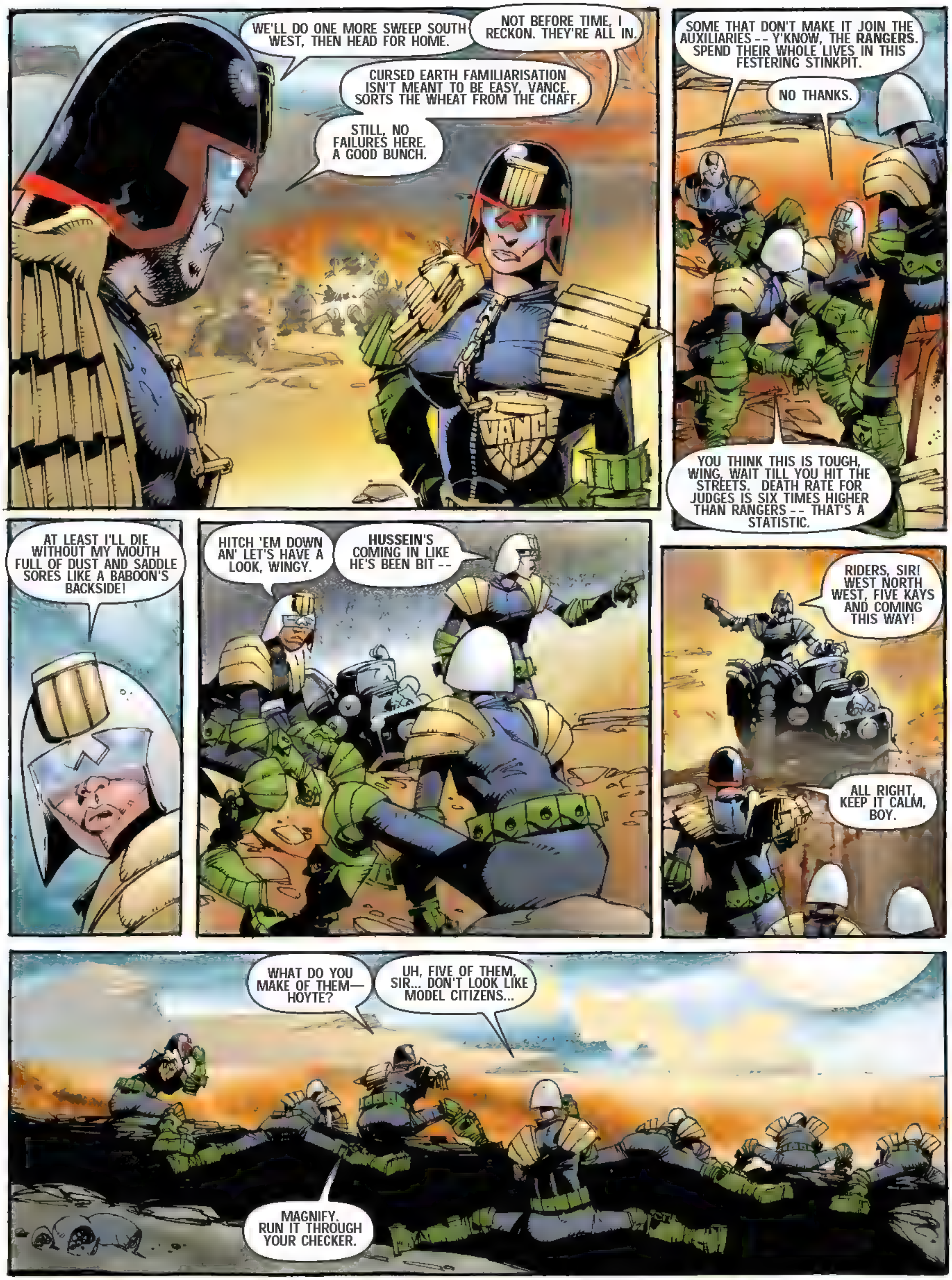

ahhhhhhh
RIO AND WALDO ARE DEAD.
DEAD? H-HOW?
JUDGES CAUGHT THEM AT YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S APARTMENT.
ZONDRA? WHAT WERE THEY-?
I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, MITCH. I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TRUE BELIEVER.
WHAT'VE YOU **DONE**?
YOU'VE PUT US ALL IN DANGER, MITCH. YOU KNOW THE RULES.
YOU'VE KILLED HER!
HOTTING UP, DREDD! BETTER SHIFT IT!
SKREEEEEE
HOLY-!
I'LL KILL YOU!
YOU CONTINUE TO DISAPPOINT ME, MITCH! JUST A BOY IN SO MANY WAYS!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
STOP THE RIDE!

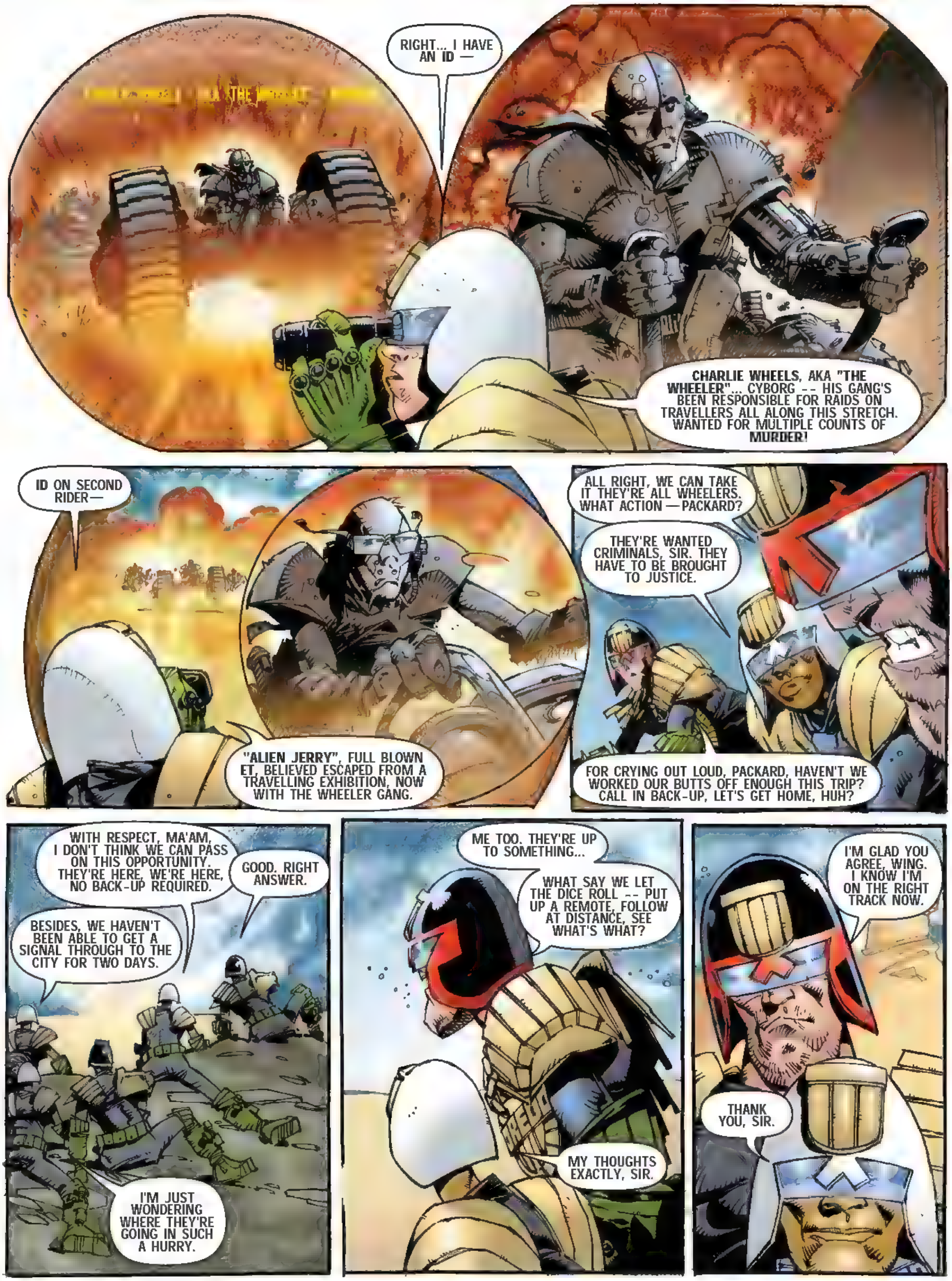

YOU KNOW THE WAY IT GOES. IN EVERY STRUGGLE THERE HAVE TO BE SACRIFICES -
FREAKIN' SPIDERS! I CAN'T STAND FREAKIN' SPIDERS!
GET THAT FREAKER OFFFFF-!
SIT DOWN, YOU FOOL!
UNNNH!
HE LAUNCHED HIMSELF AGAIN AT THE BIGGER MAN--
AND WHAT ISSUED FROM HIS LIPS WAS A SNARL OF PURE RAGE, OF A FURY HE HAD NEVER FELT BEFORE, EVEN WHEN THEY HAD BROUGHT HIS MOTHER HOME IN A BAG.
KILLLYOUUUUUUU
AAAHHRRNN
BDAM

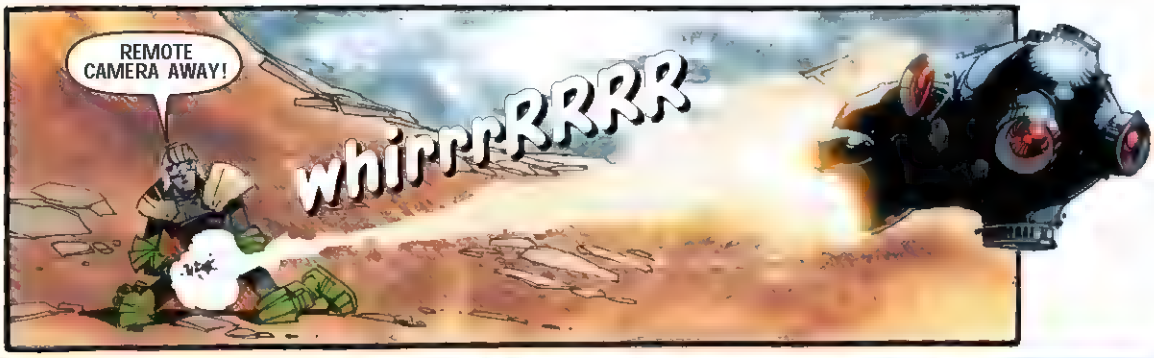

GRAAAHHRRRRRRR
GLUUHH
CHUNKKK
OH MY GRUD, THAT'S REAL!
IT CAN'T BE!
DROP IT, CASTINELLO!
I SAID DROP IT!
BDAM
HE ASKED FOR IT.
HE WANTED IT.

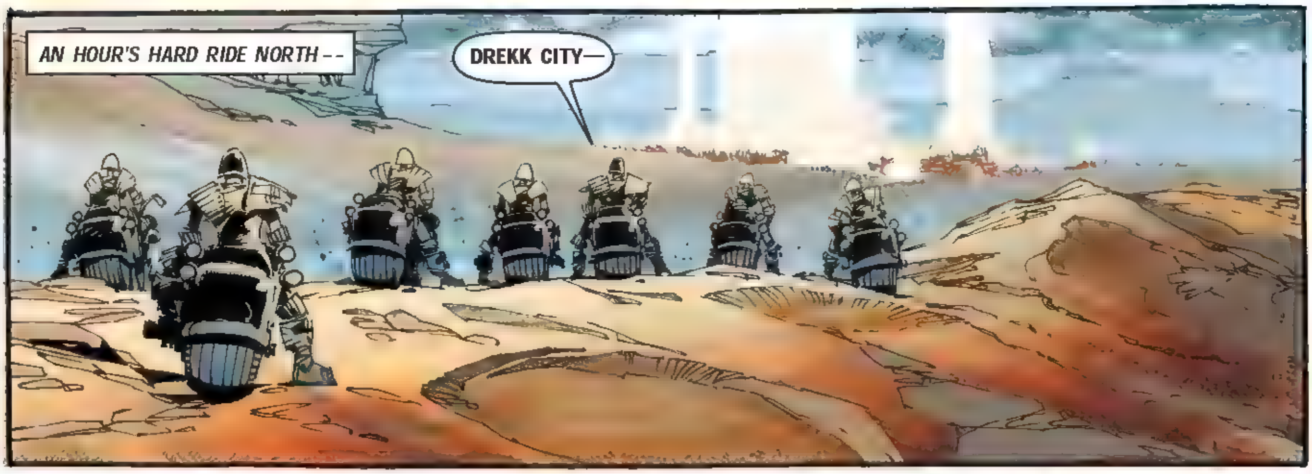

GRUD THE CONFESSOR
SONNY CASTINELLO WAS DELIVERED TO RESYK ON THE SAME DAY AS ZONDRA SMITH. PERHAPS, AMONG THE MANY USEFUL BY-PRODUCTS EXTRACTED FROM THEIR FLESH AND BONES, THEIR CONSTITUENTS MINGLED.
HIS NAME IS FATHER TED ZEIGLER-- PRIEST AT THE CHURCH OF GRUD THE CONFESSOR
HE MADE REGULAR CALLS TO MOSTYN'S NUMBER. THE DAY BEFORE CASTINELLO'S SUICIDE MISSION MOSTYN WENT TO CONFESSION, WHERE HE SPOKE WITH FATHER ZEIGLER.
I MAY BE CLUTCHING AT STRAWS HERE, BUT IT STRIKES ME MOSTYN WAS NOT THE RELIGIOUS TYPE
SWAKK
FATHER, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
SEND AN AMBULANCE NOW, PLEASE.
FOR DREDD, THE INVESTIGATION WENT ON—
WE HAVE APPROXIMATELY TWO HOURS BEFORE HE COMES ROUND!
GET TO WORK!
THE END

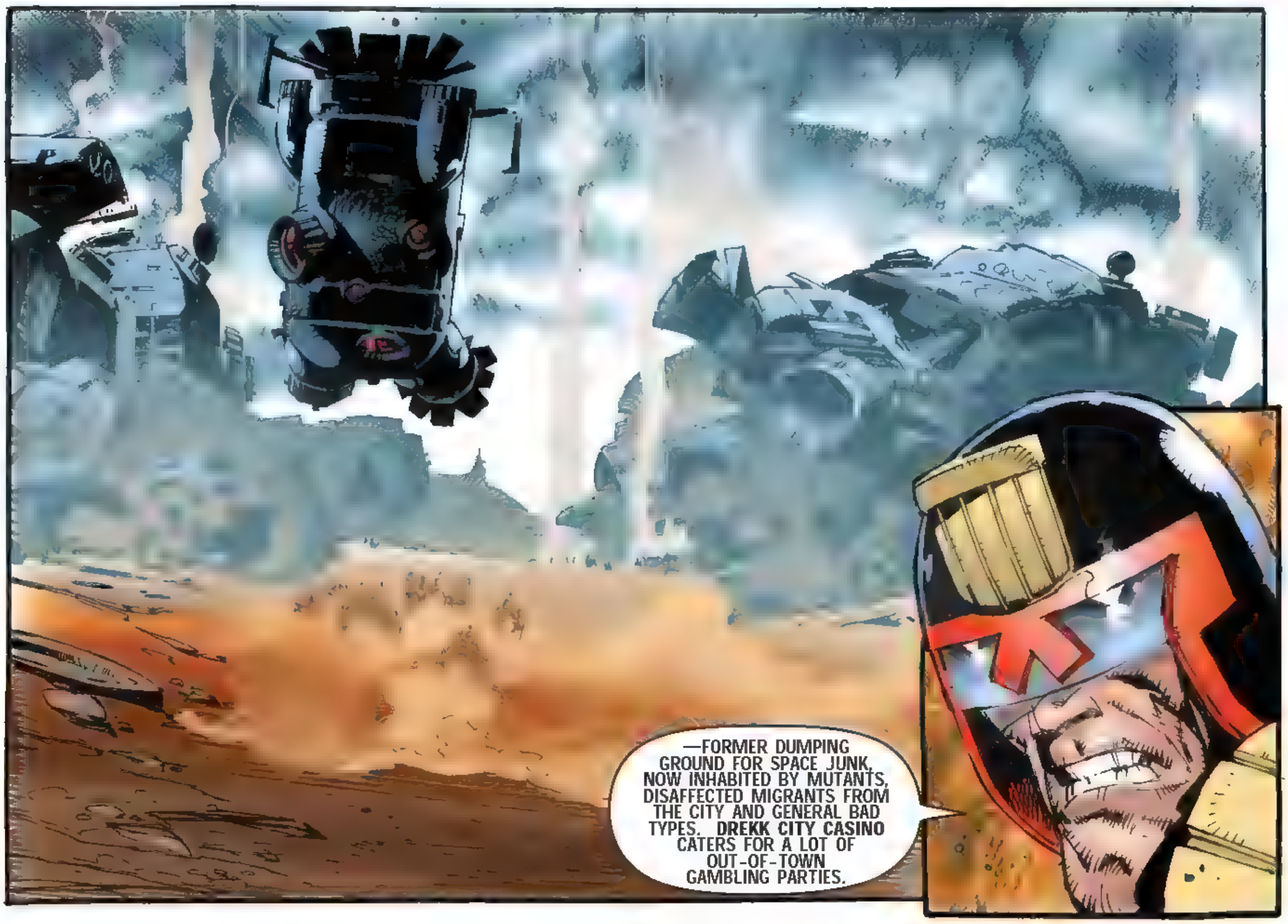

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART CAM KENNEDY
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS TOM FRAME
SIR, IF THE CURSED EARTH ISN'T STRICTLY WITHIN OUR JURISDICTION, WHY DO WE PATROL IT AS IF IT WAS?
JUDGE DREDD
BIG DEAL AT DREKK CITY
EVENTS, LAWS. WHAT HAPPENS HERE CAN IN MANY WAYS AFFECT THE CITY. AS SUCH, IT COMES WITHIN OUR LEGITIMATE SPHERE OF INTEREST.
SO WE CLAIM THE RIGHT TO TAKE WHATEVER ACTION WE DEEM NECESSARY TO PROTECT THE CITY?
CORRECT.
THAT'S TAKING A BIG RESPONSIBILITY ON OURSELVES.
ALSO CORRECT.
SO WHAT ABOUT WHEN WE SEE SOMETHING WE KNOW IS WRONG, BUT IT ISN'T ANY REAL DANGER TO THE CITY?
THEN IT'S DISCRETIONARY.
SOME WOULD SAY IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS. PERSONALLY, I FIND ANY INJUSTICE HARD TO OVERLOOK, THOUGH SOMETIMES IT MAY BE NECESSARY.
LUNCH.

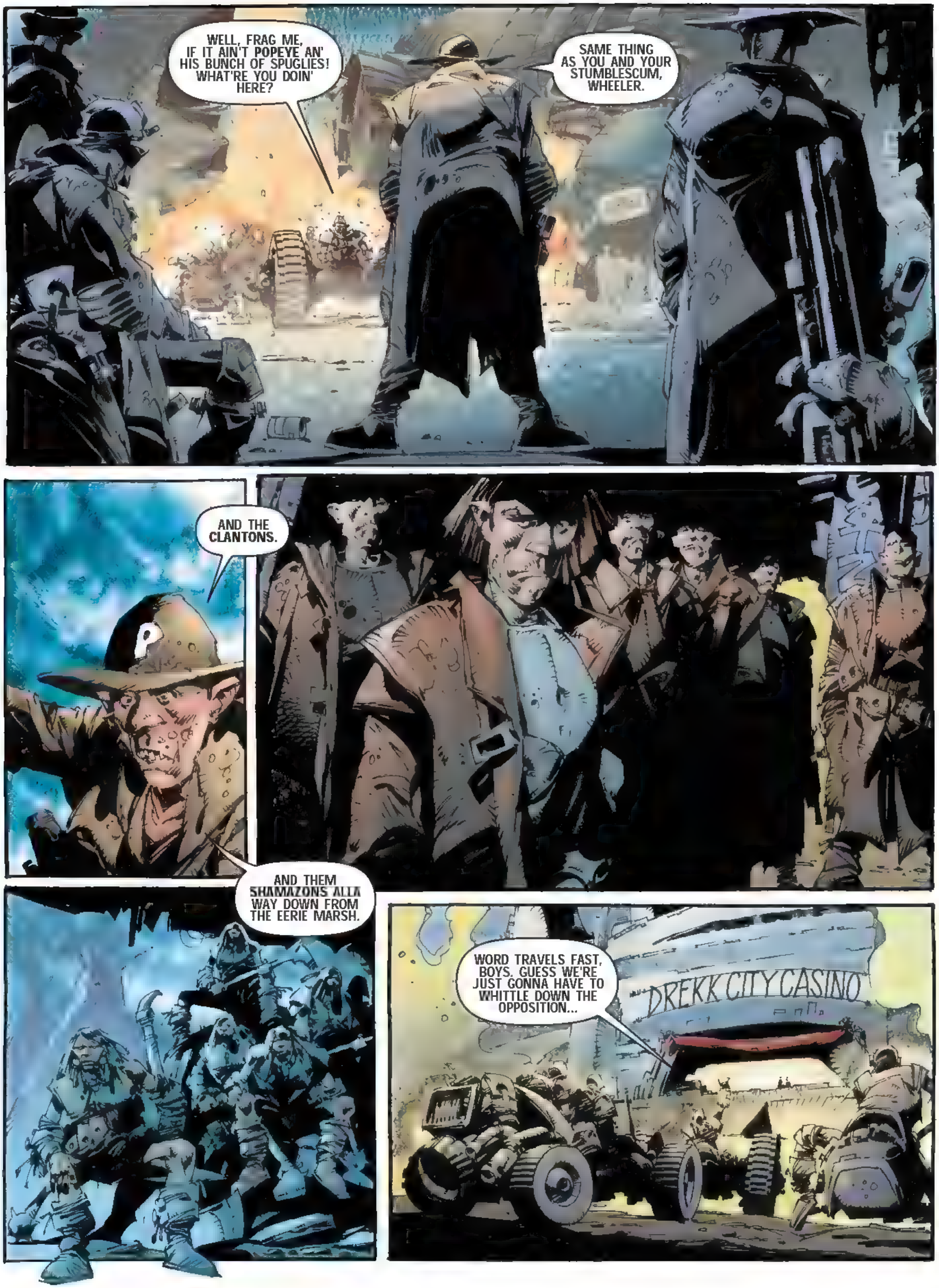

WE'LL DO ONE MORE SWEEP SOUTH WEST, THEN HEAD FOR HOME.
NOT BEFORE TIME, I RECKON. THEY'RE ALL IN.
CURSED EARTH FAMILIARISATION ISN'T MEANT TO BE EASY, VANCE. SORTS THE WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF.
STILL, NO FAILURES HERE. A GOOD BUNCH.
VANCE
SOME THAT DON'T MAKE IT JOIN THE AUXILIARIES -- Y'KNOW, THE **RANGERS**. SPEND THEIR WHOLE LIVES IN THIS FESTERING STINKPIT.
NO THANKS.
YOU THINK THIS IS TOUGH, WING, WAIT TILL YOU HIT THE STREETS. DEATH RATE FOR JUDGES IS SIX TIMES HIGHER THAN RANGERS -- THAT'S A STATISTIC.
AT LEAST I'LL DIE WITHOUT MY MOUTH FULL OF DUST AND SADDLE SORES LIKE A BABOON'S BACKSIDE!
HITCH 'EM DOWN AN' LET'S HAVE A LOOK, WINGY.
HUSSEIN'S COMING IN LIKE HE'S BEEN BIT --
RIDERS, SIR! WEST NORTH WEST, FIVE KAYS AND COMING THIS WAY!
ALL RIGHT, KEEP IT CALM, BOY.
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THEM— HOYTE?
UH, FIVE OF THEM, SIR... DON'T LOOK LIKE MODEL CITIZENS...
MAGNIFY. RUN IT THROUGH YOUR CHECKER.

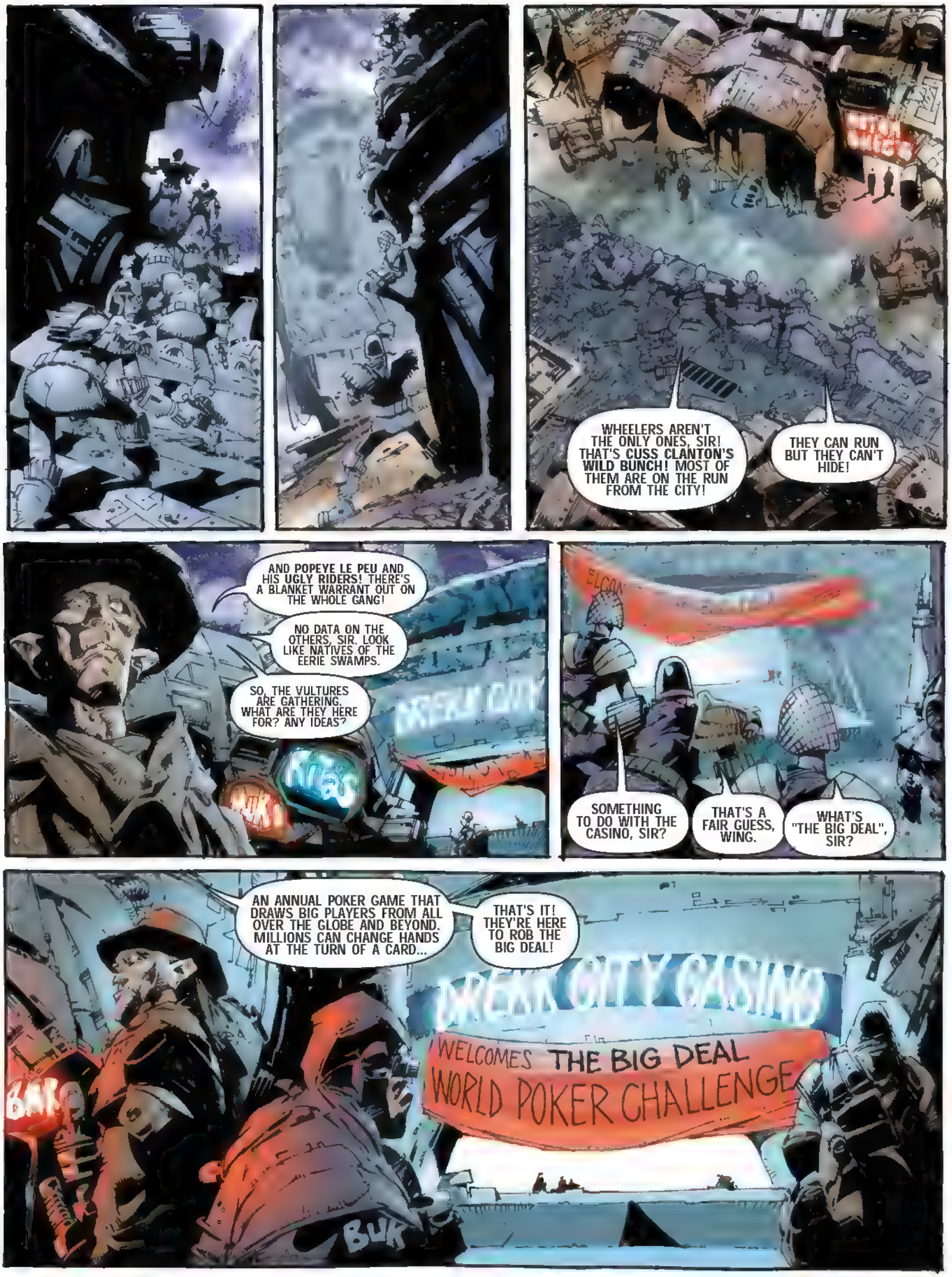

RIGHT... I HAVE AN ID —
CHARLIE WHEELS, AKA "THE WHEELER"... CYBORG -- HIS GANG'S BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR RAIDS ON TRAVELLERS ALL ALONG THIS STRETCH. WANTED FOR MULTIPLE COUNTS OF **MURDER!**
ID ON SECOND RIDER—
"ALIEN JERRY", FULL BLOWN **ET**, BELIEVED ESCAPED FROM A TRAVELLING EXHIBITION, NOW WITH THE WHEELER GANG.
ALL RIGHT, WE CAN TAKE IT THEY'RE ALL WHEELERS. WHAT ACTION —PACKARD?
THEY'RE WANTED CRIMINALS, SIR. THEY HAVE TO BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, PACKARD, HAVEN'T WE WORKED OUR BUTTS OFF ENOUGH THIS TRIP? CALL IN BACK-UP, LET'S GET HOME, HUH?
WITH RESPECT, MA'AM, I DON'T THINK WE CAN PASS ON THIS OPPORTUNITY. THEY'RE HERE, WE'RE HERE, NO BACK-UP REQUIRED.
GOOD. RIGHT ANSWER.
BESIDES, WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A SIGNAL THROUGH TO THE CITY FOR TWO DAYS.
I'M JUST WONDERING WHERE THEY'RE GOING IN SUCH A HURRY.
ME TOO. THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING...
WHAT SAY WE LET THE DICE ROLL -- PUT UP A REMOTE, FOLLOW AT DISTANCE, SEE WHAT'S WHAT?
MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, SIR.
I'M GLAD YOU AGREE, WING. I KNOW I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK NOW.
THANK YOU, SIR.

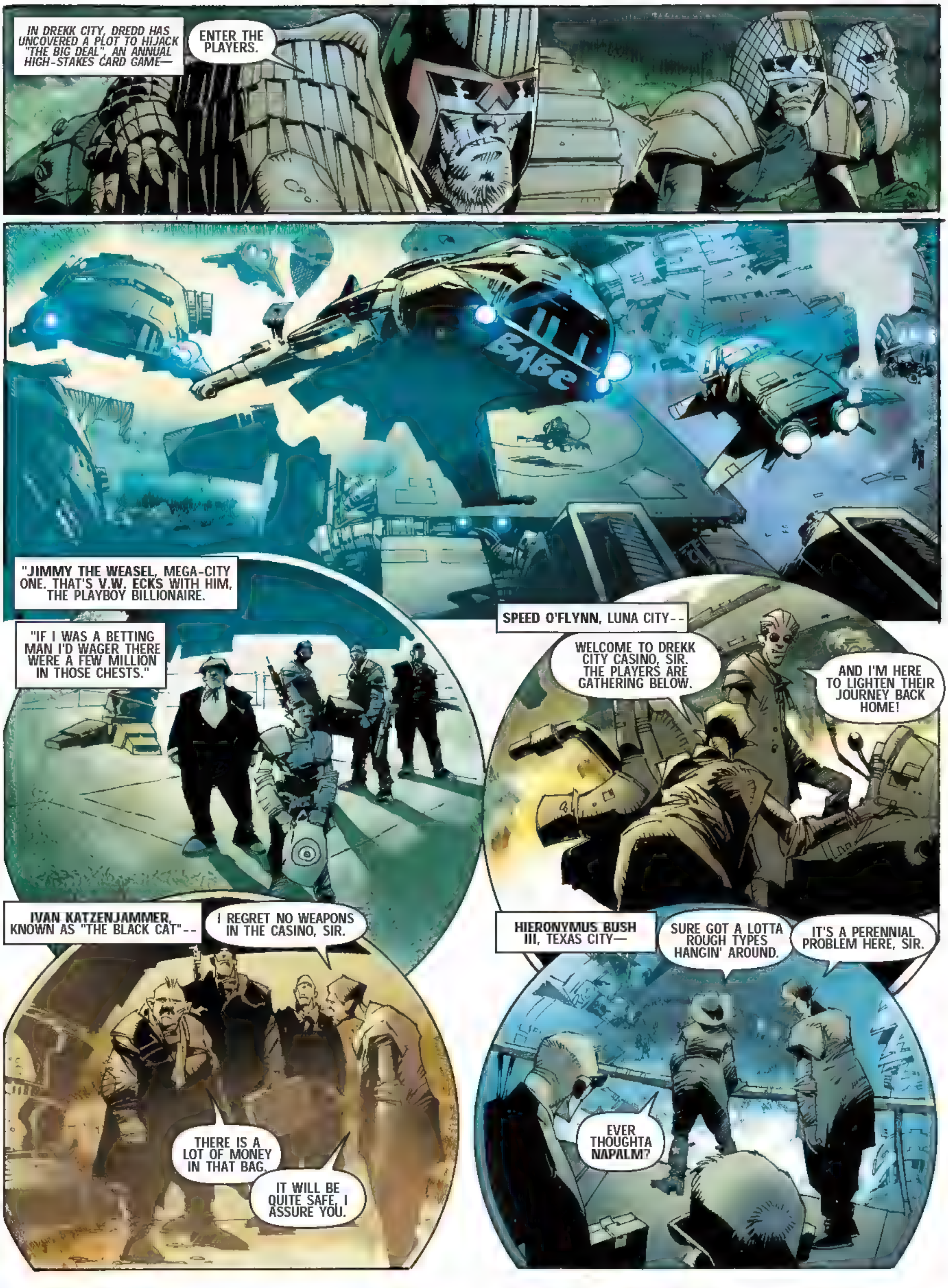

REMOTE CAMERA AWAY!
whirrrRRRR

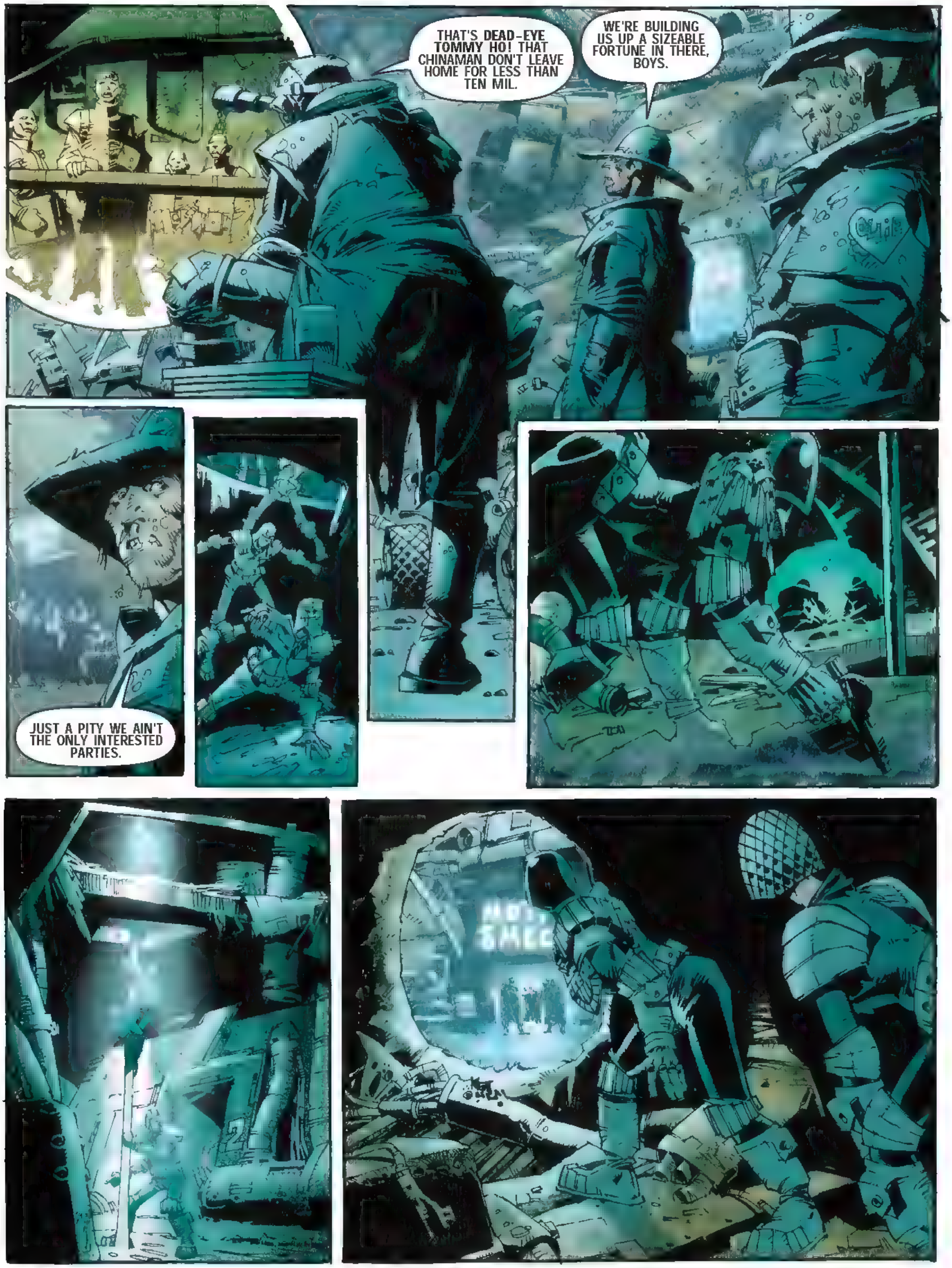

AN HOUR'S HARD RIDE NORTH--
DREKK CITY—

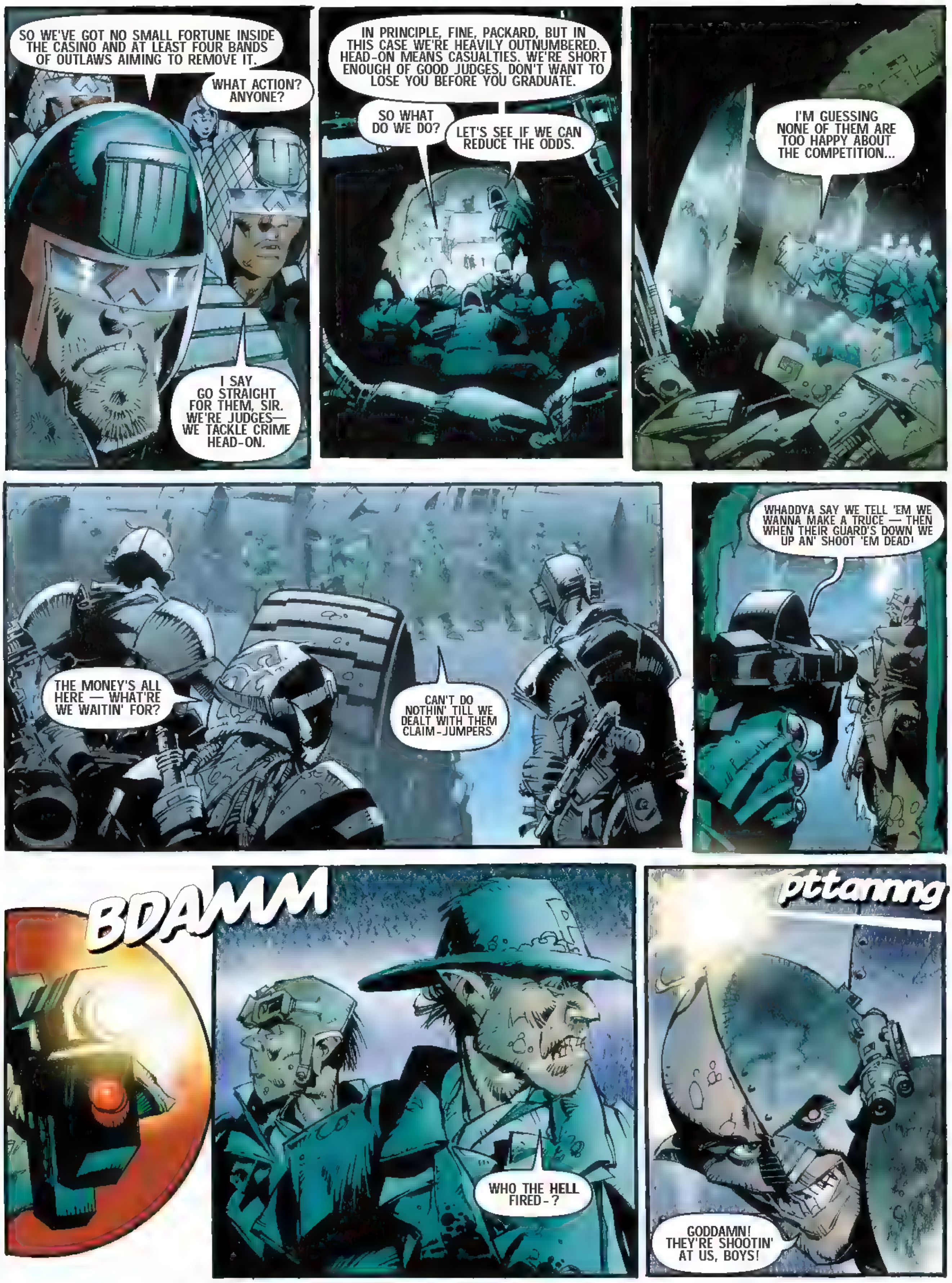

—FORMER DUMPING GROUND FOR SPACE JUNK, NOW INHABITED BY MUTANTS, DISAFFECTED MIGRANTS FROM THE CITY AND GENERAL BAD TYPES. DREKK CITY CASINO CATERS FOR A LOT OF OUT-OF-TOWN GAMBLING PARTIES.

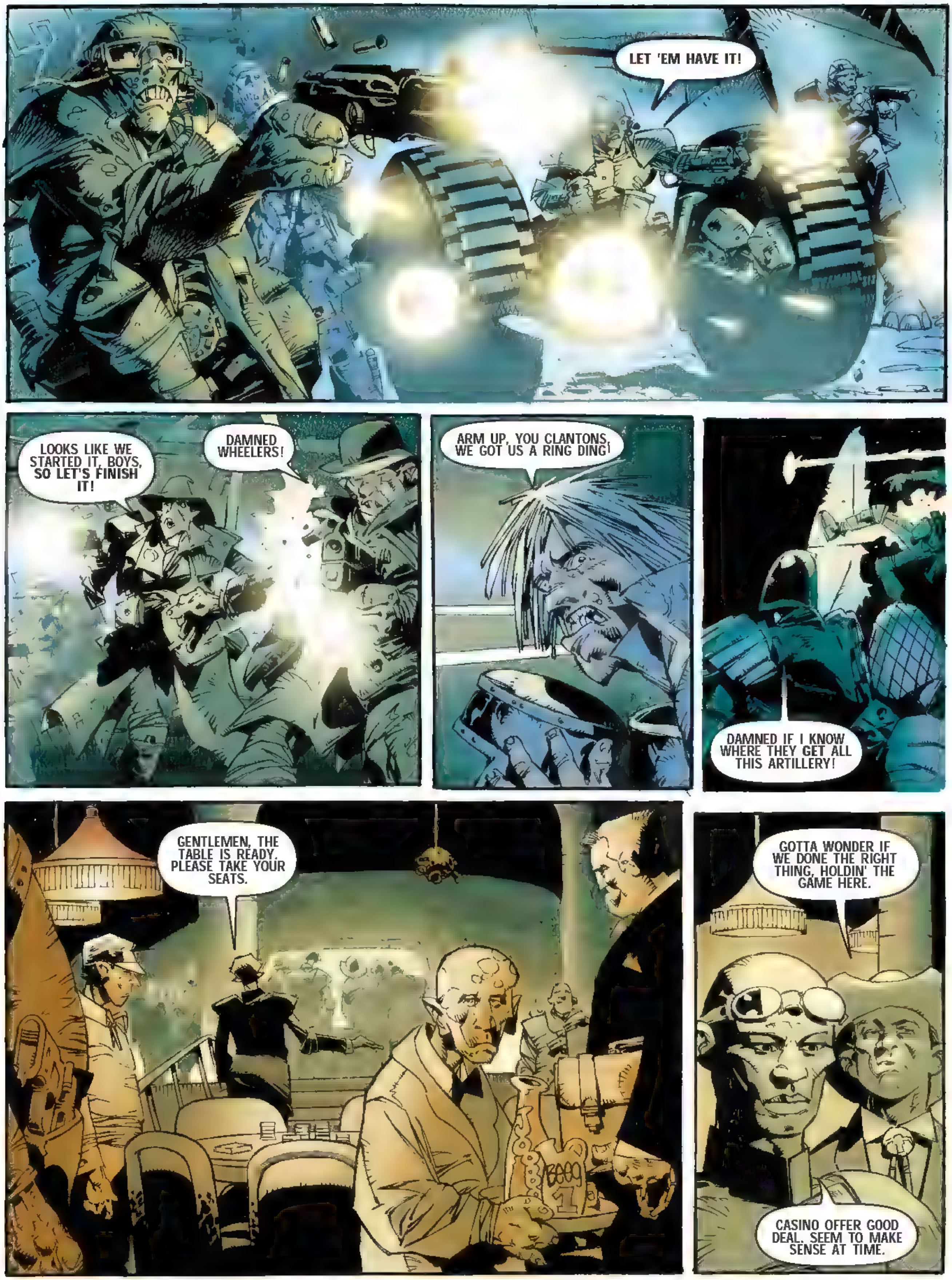

WELL, FRAG ME, IF IT AIN'T POPEYE AN' HIS BUNCH OF SPUGLIES! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?
SAME THING AS YOU AND YOUR STUMBLESCUM, WHEELER.
AND THE CLANTONS.
AND THEM SHAMAZONS ALLA WAY DOWN FROM THE EERIE MARSH.
WORD TRAVELS FAST, BOYS. GUESS WE'RE JUST GONNA HAVE TO WHITTLE DOWN THE OPPOSITION...
DREKK CITY CASINO

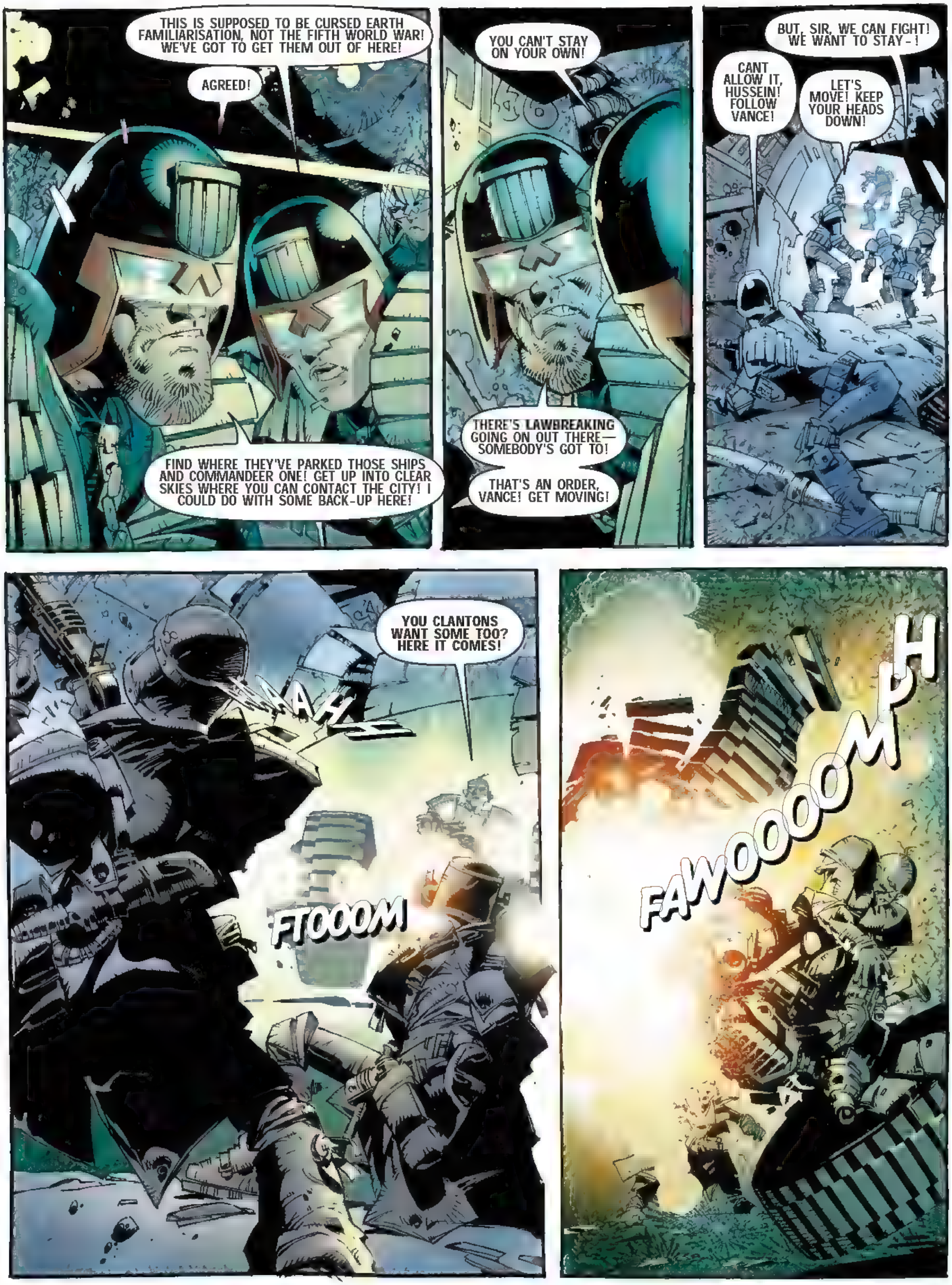

WHEELERS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES, SIR! THAT'S CUSS CLANTON'S WILD BUNCH! MOST OF THEM ARE ON THE RUN FROM THE CITY!
THEY CAN RUN BUT THEY CAN'T HIDE!
AND POPEYE LE PEU AND HIS UGLY RIDERS! THERE'S A BLANKET WARRANT OUT ON THE WHOLE GANG!
NO DATA ON THE OTHERS, SIR. LOOK LIKE NATIVES OF THE EERIE SWAMPS.
SO, THE VULTURES ARE GATHERING. WHAT ARE THEY HERE FOR? ANY IDEAS?
SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE CASINO, SIR?
THAT'S A FAIR GUESS, WING.
WHAT'S "THE BIG DEAL", SIR?
AN ANNUAL POKER GAME THAT DRAWS BIG PLAYERS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE AND BEYOND. MILLIONS CAN CHANGE HANDS AT THE TURN OF A CARD...
THAT'S IT! THEY'RE HERE TO ROB THE BIG DEAL!
DREKK CITY CASINO
WELCOMES THE BIG DEAL
WORLD POKER CHALLENGE
BUK

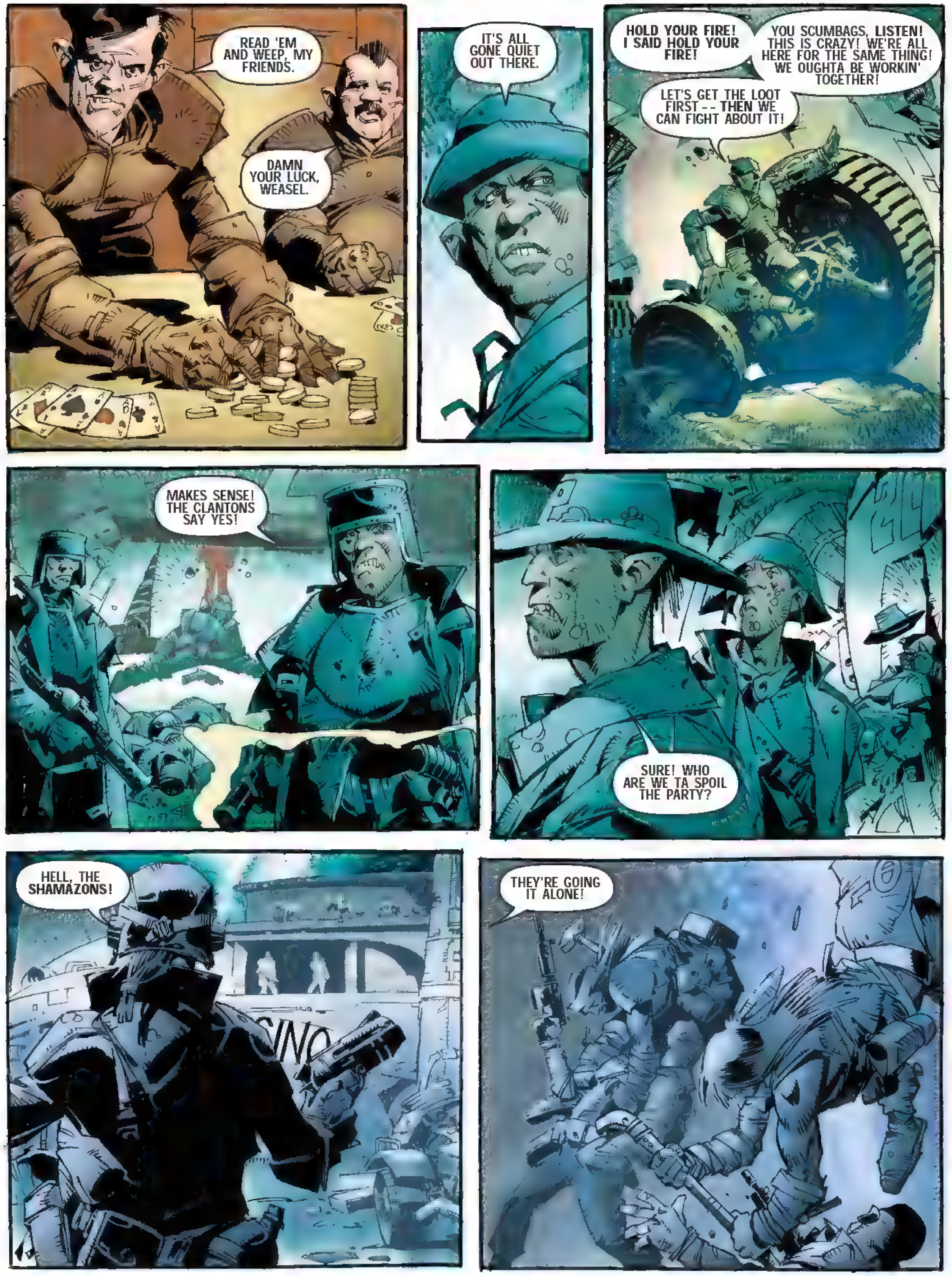

IN DREKK CITY, DREDD HAS UNCOVERED A PLOT TO HIJACK "THE BIG DEAL", AN ANNUAL HIGH-STAKES CARD GAME—
ENTER THE PLAYERS.
BABE
"JIMMY THE WEASEL, MEGA-CITY ONE. THAT'S V.W. ECKS WITH HIM, THE PLAYBOY BILLIONAIRE.
"IF I WAS A BETTING MAN I'D WAGER THERE WERE A FEW MILLION IN THOSE CHESTS."
SPEED O'FLYNN, LUNA CITY--
WELCOME TO DREKK CITY CASINO, SIR. THE PLAYERS ARE GATHERING BELOW.
AND I'M HERE TO LIGHTEN THEIR JOURNEY BACK HOME!
IVAN KATZENJAMMER, KNOWN AS "THE BLACK CAT"--
I REGRET NO WEAPONS IN THE CASINO, SIR.
THERE IS A LOT OF MONEY IN THAT BAG.
IT WILL BE QUITE SAFE, I ASSURE YOU.
HIERONYMUS BUSH III, TEXAS CITY—
SURE GOT A LOTTA ROUGH TYPES HANGIN' AROUND.
IT'S A PERENNIAL PROBLEM HERE, SIR.
EVER THOUGHTA NAPALM?

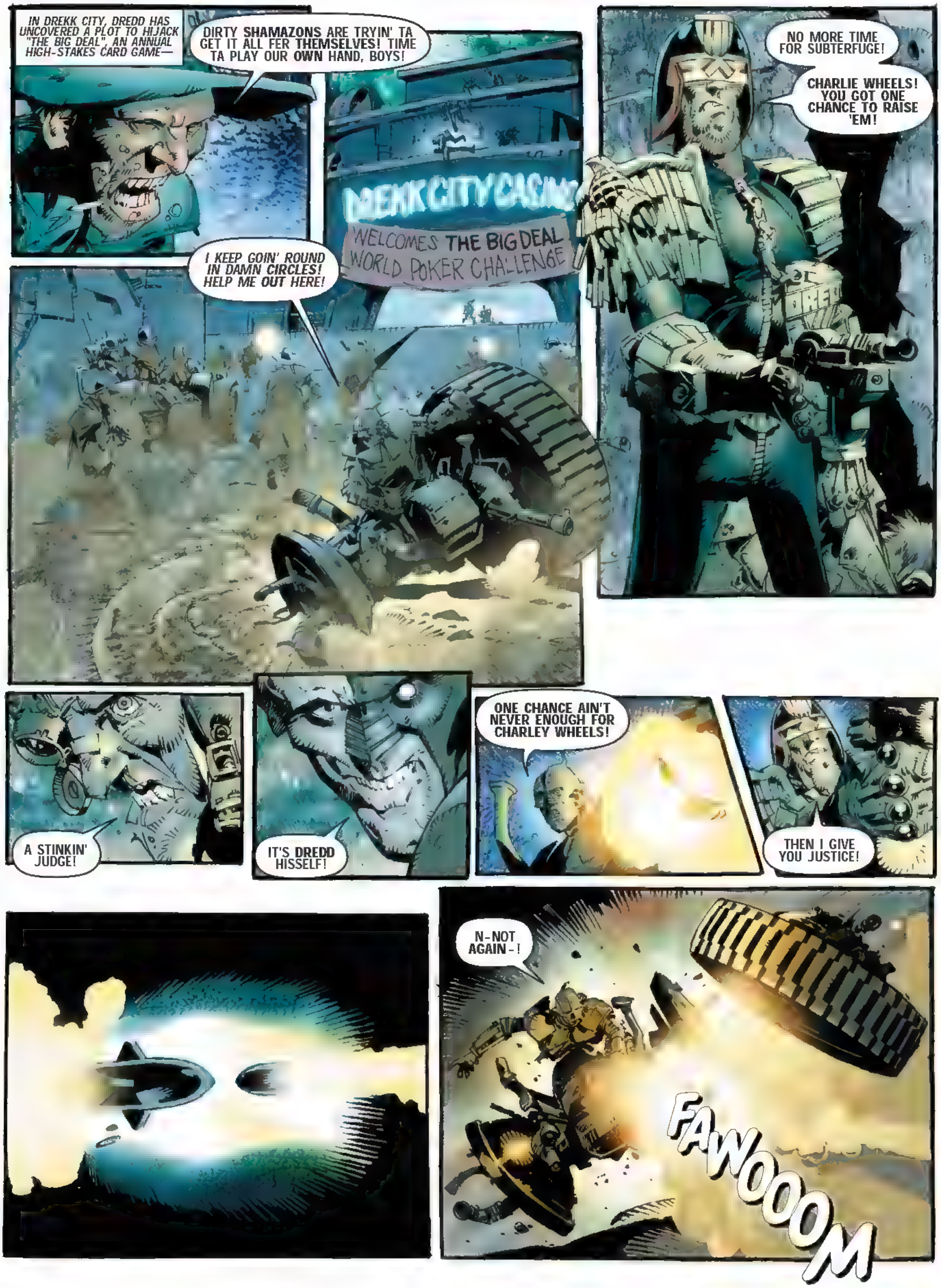

THAT'S DEAD-EYE TOMMY HO! THAT CHINAMAN DON'T LEAVE HOME FOR LESS THAN TEN MIL.
WE'RE BUILDING US UP A SIZEABLE FORTUNE IN THERE, BOYS.
JUST A PITY WE AIN'T THE ONLY INTERESTED PARTIES.

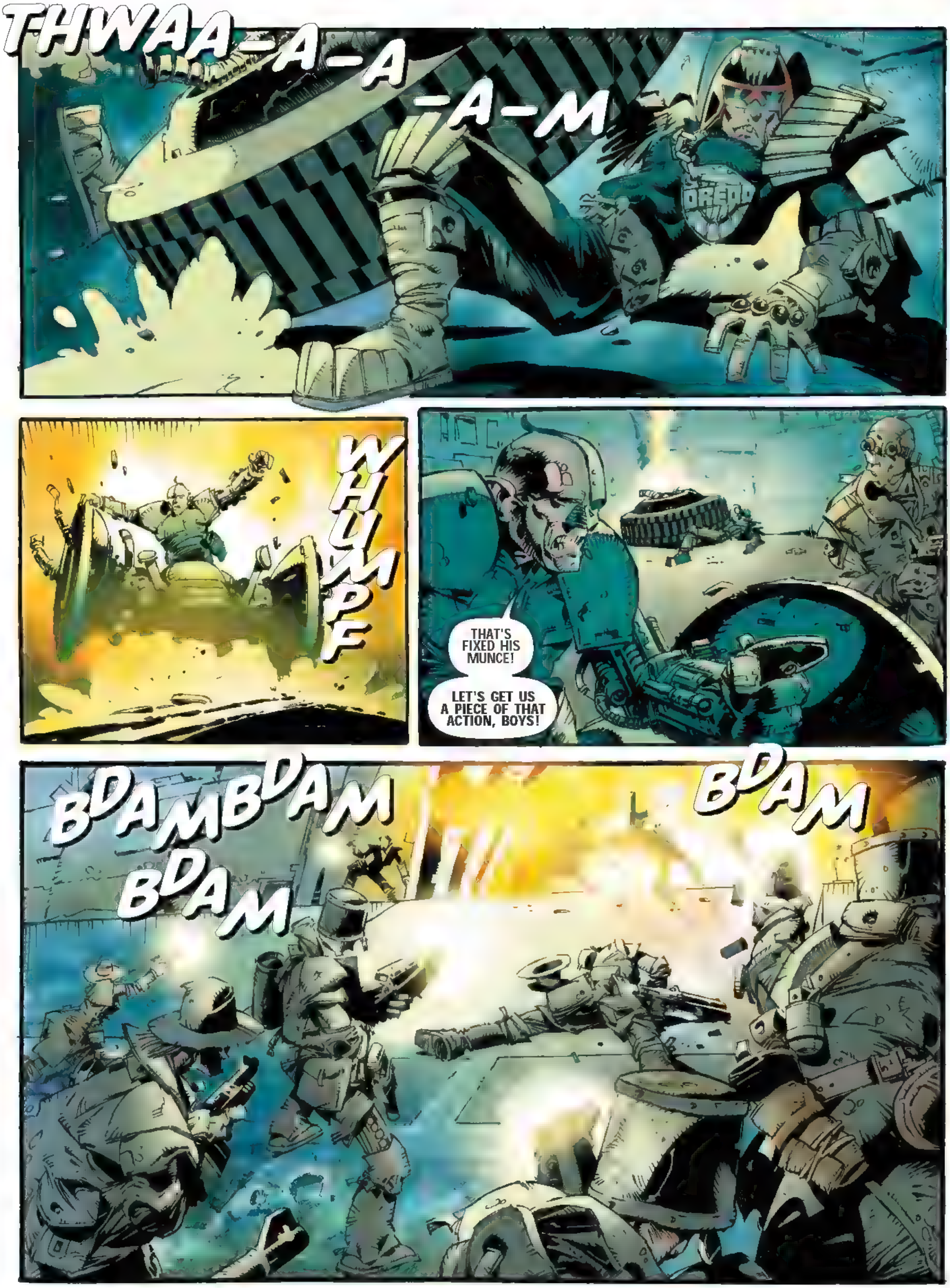

SO WE'VE GOT NO SMALL FORTUNE INSIDE THE CASINO AND AT LEAST FOUR BANDS OF OUTLAWS AIMING TO REMOVE IT.
WHAT ACTION? ANYONE?
I SAY GO STRAIGHT FOR THEM, SIR. WE'RE JUDGES— WE TACKLE CRIME HEAD-ON.
IN PRINCIPLE, FINE, PACKARD, BUT IN THIS CASE WE'RE HEAVILY OUTNUMBERED. HEAD-ON MEANS CASUALTIES. WE'RE SHORT ENOUGH OF GOOD JUDGES, DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU BEFORE YOU GRADUATE.
SO WHAT DO WE DO?
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN REDUCE THE ODDS.
I'M GUESSING NONE OF THEM ARE TOO HAPPY ABOUT THE COMPETITION...
THE MONEY'S ALL HERE — WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR?
CAN'T DO NOTHIN' TILL WE DEALT WITH THEM CLAIM-JUMPERS.
WHADDYA SAY WE TELL 'EM WE WANNA MAKE A TRUCE — THEN WHEN THEIR GUARD'S DOWN WE UP AN' SHOOT 'EM DEAD!
BDAMM
WHO THE HELL FIRED-?
pttannng
GODDAMN! THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT US, BOYS!

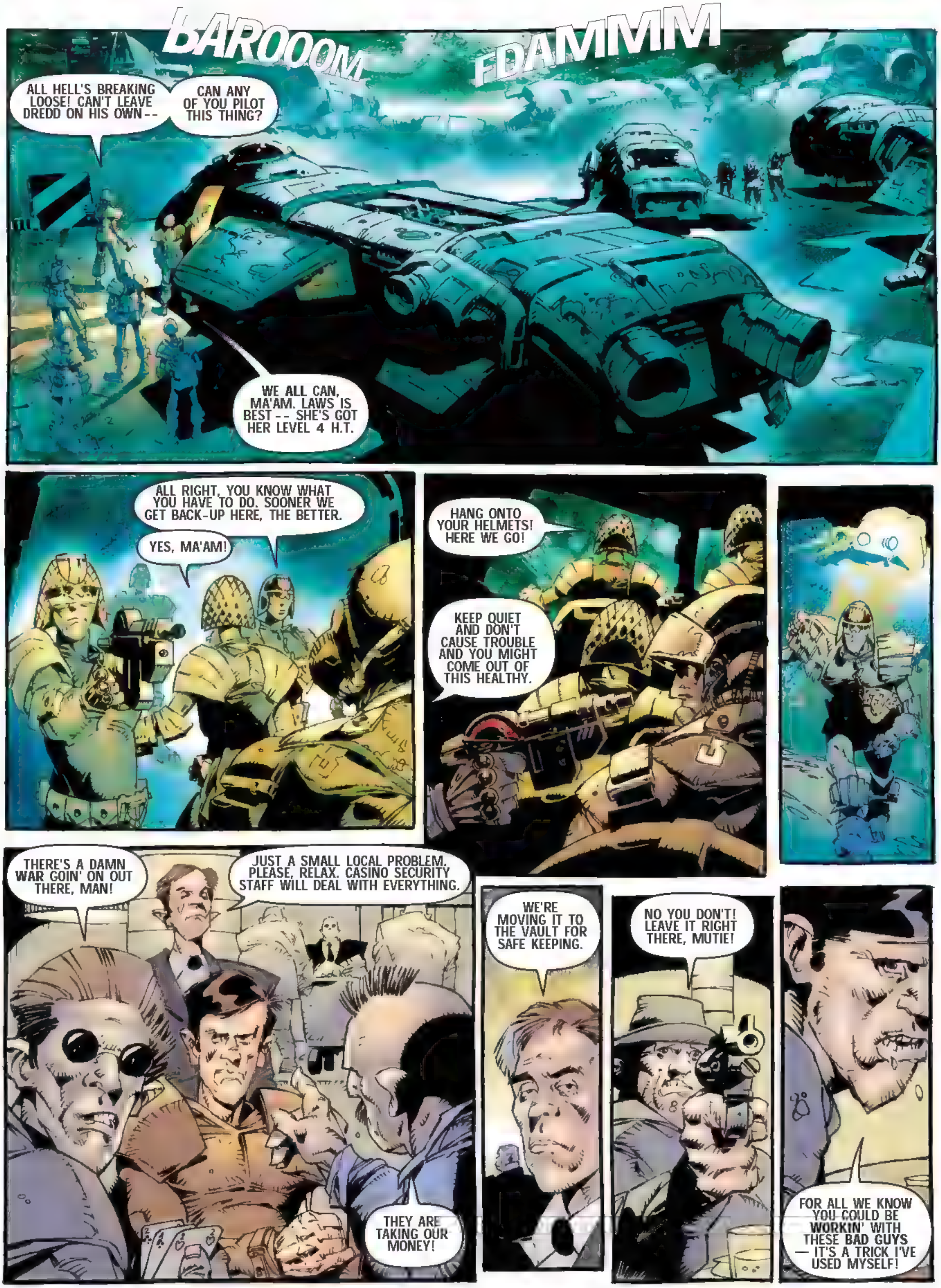

LET 'EM HAVE IT!
LOOKS LIKE WE STARTED IT, BOYS, SO LET'S FINISH IT!
DAMNED WHEELERS!
ARM UP, YOU CLANTONS, WE GOT US A RING DING!
DAMNED IF I KNOW WHERE THEY GET ALL THIS ARTILLERY!
GENTLEMEN, THE TABLE IS READY. PLEASE TAKE YOUR SEATS.
GOTTA WONDER IF WE DONE THE RIGHT THING, HOLDIN' THE GAME HERE.
CASINO OFFER GOOD DEAL. SEEM TO MAKE SENSE AT TIME.

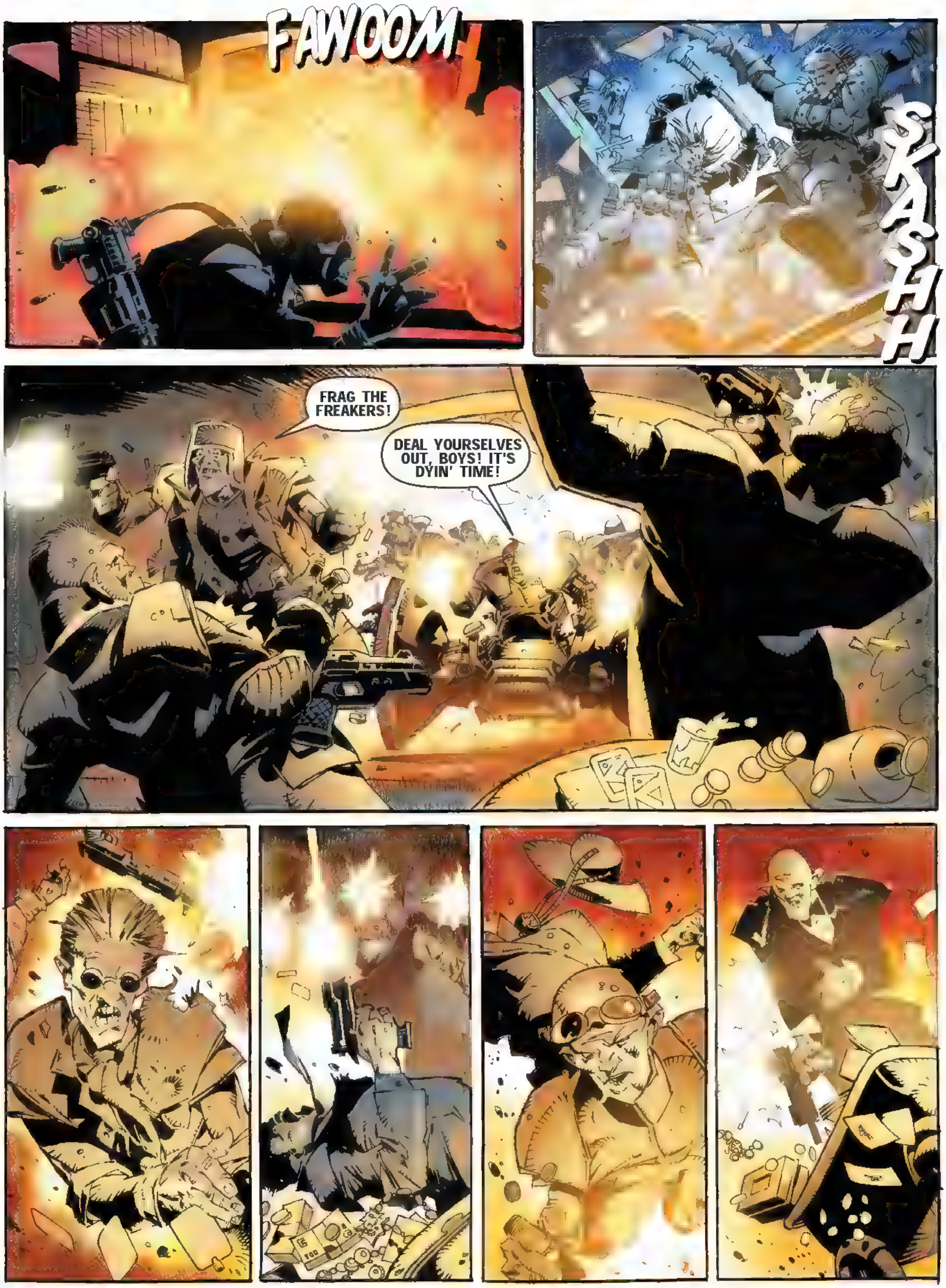

THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE CURSED EARTH FAMILIARISATION, NOT THE FIFTH WORLD WAR! WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE!
AGREED!
FIND WHERE THEY'VE PARKED THOSE SHIPS AND COMMANDEER ONE! GET UP INTO CLEAR SKIES WHERE YOU CAN CONTACT THE CITY! I COULD DO WITH SOME BACK-UP HERE!
YOU CAN'T STAY ON YOUR OWN!
THERE'S LAWBREAKING GOING ON OUT THERE— SOMEBODY'S GOT TO!
THAT'S AN ORDER, VANCE! GET MOVING!
BUT, SIR, WE CAN FIGHT! WE WANT TO STAY-!
CANT ALLOW IT, HUSSEIN! FOLLOW VANCE!
LET'S MOVE! KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN!
YOU CLANTONS WANT SOME TOO? HERE IT COMES!
AAHH
FTOOOM
FAWOOOOOMPH

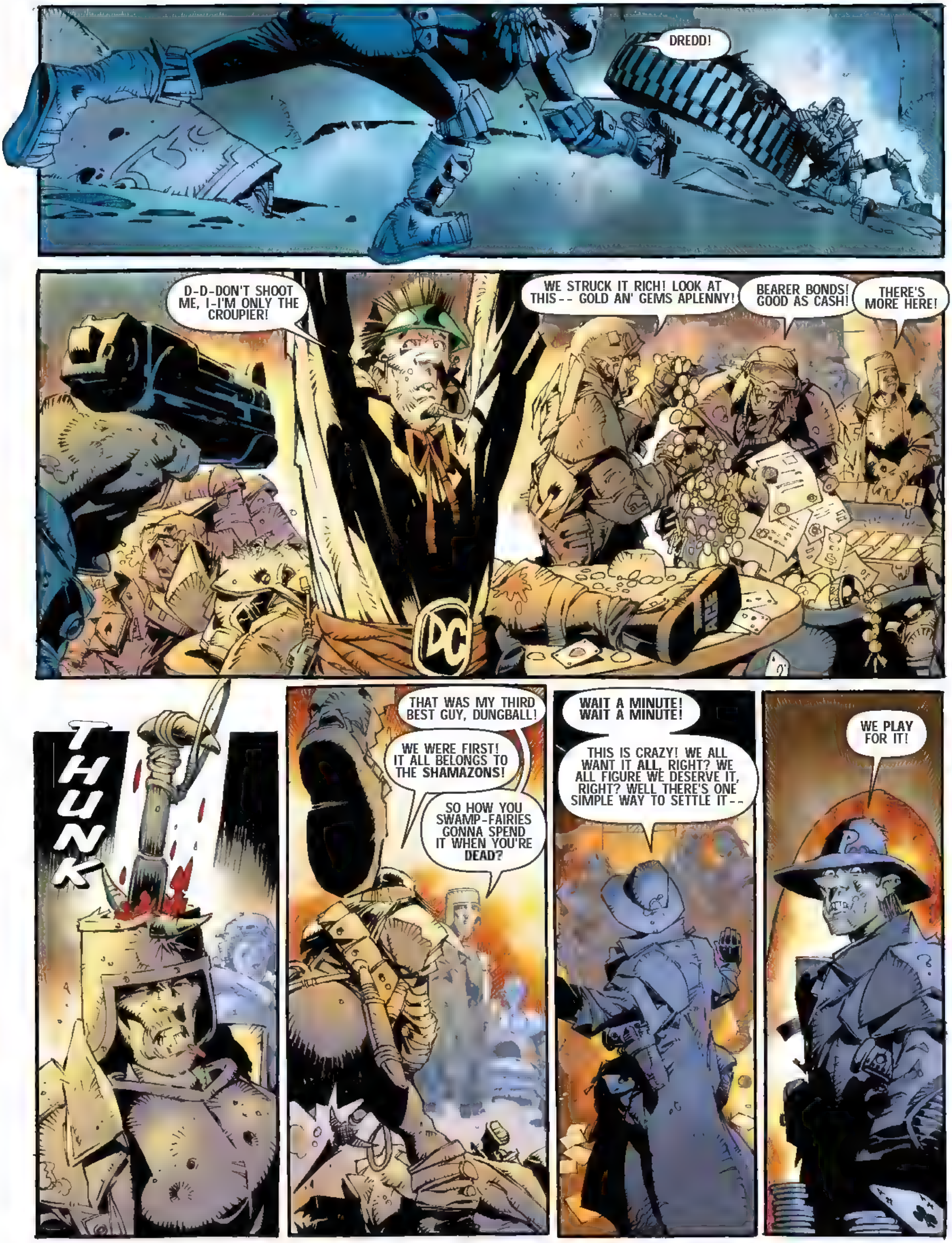

READ 'EM AND WEEP, MY FRIENDS.
DAMN YOUR LUCK, WEASEL.
IT'S ALL GONE QUIET OUT THERE.
HOLD YOUR FIRE! I SAID HOLD YOUR FIRE!
YOU SCUMBAGS, LISTEN! THIS IS CRAZY! WE'RE ALL HERE FOR THE SAME THING! WE OUGHTA BE WORKIN' TOGETHER!
LET'S GET THE LOOT FIRST -- THEN WE CAN FIGHT ABOUT IT!
MAKES SENSE! THE CLANTONS SAY YES!
SURE! WHO ARE WE TA SPOIL THE PARTY?
HELL, THE SHAMAZONS!
SINO
THEY'RE GOING IT ALONE!

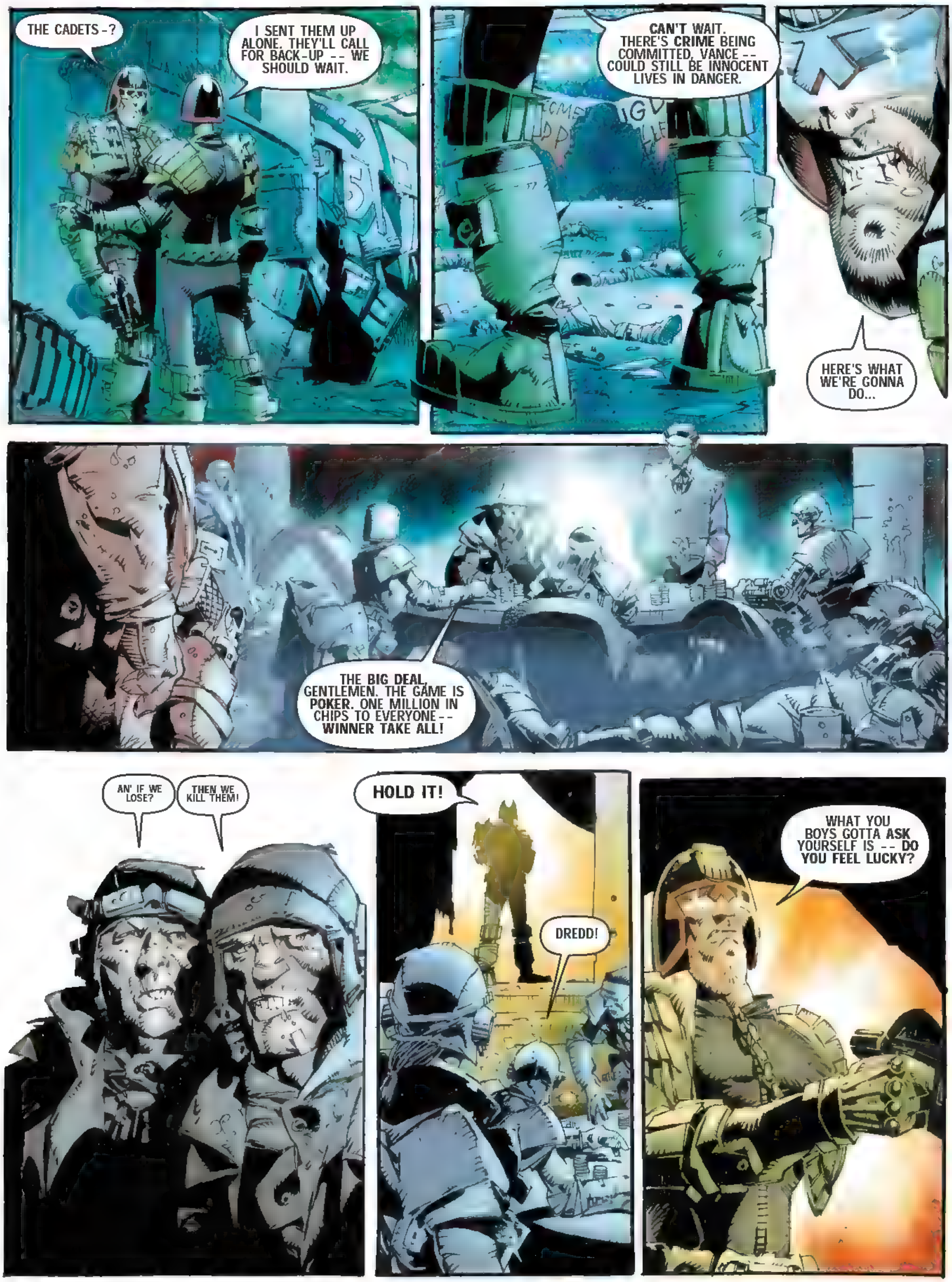

IN DREKK CITY, DREDD HAS UNCOVERED A PLOT TO HIJACK "THE BIG DEAL", AN ANNUAL HIGH-STAKES CARD GAME—
DIRTY SHAMAZONS ARE TRYIN' TA GET IT ALL FER THEMSELVES! TIME TA PLAY OUR OWN HAND, BOYS!
DREKK CITY CASIN
WELCOMES THE BIG DEAL WORLD POKER CHALLENGE
I KEEP GOIN' ROUND IN DAMN CIRCLES! HELP ME OUT HERE!
NO MORE TIME FOR SUBTERFUGE!
CHARLIE WHEELS! YOU GOT ONE CHANCE TO RAISE 'EM!
A STINKIN' JUDGE!
IT'S DREDD HISSELF!
ONE CHANCE AIN'T NEVER ENOUGH FOR CHARLEY WHEELS!
THEN I GIVE YOU JUSTICE!
N-NOT AGAIN-!
FAWOOOM

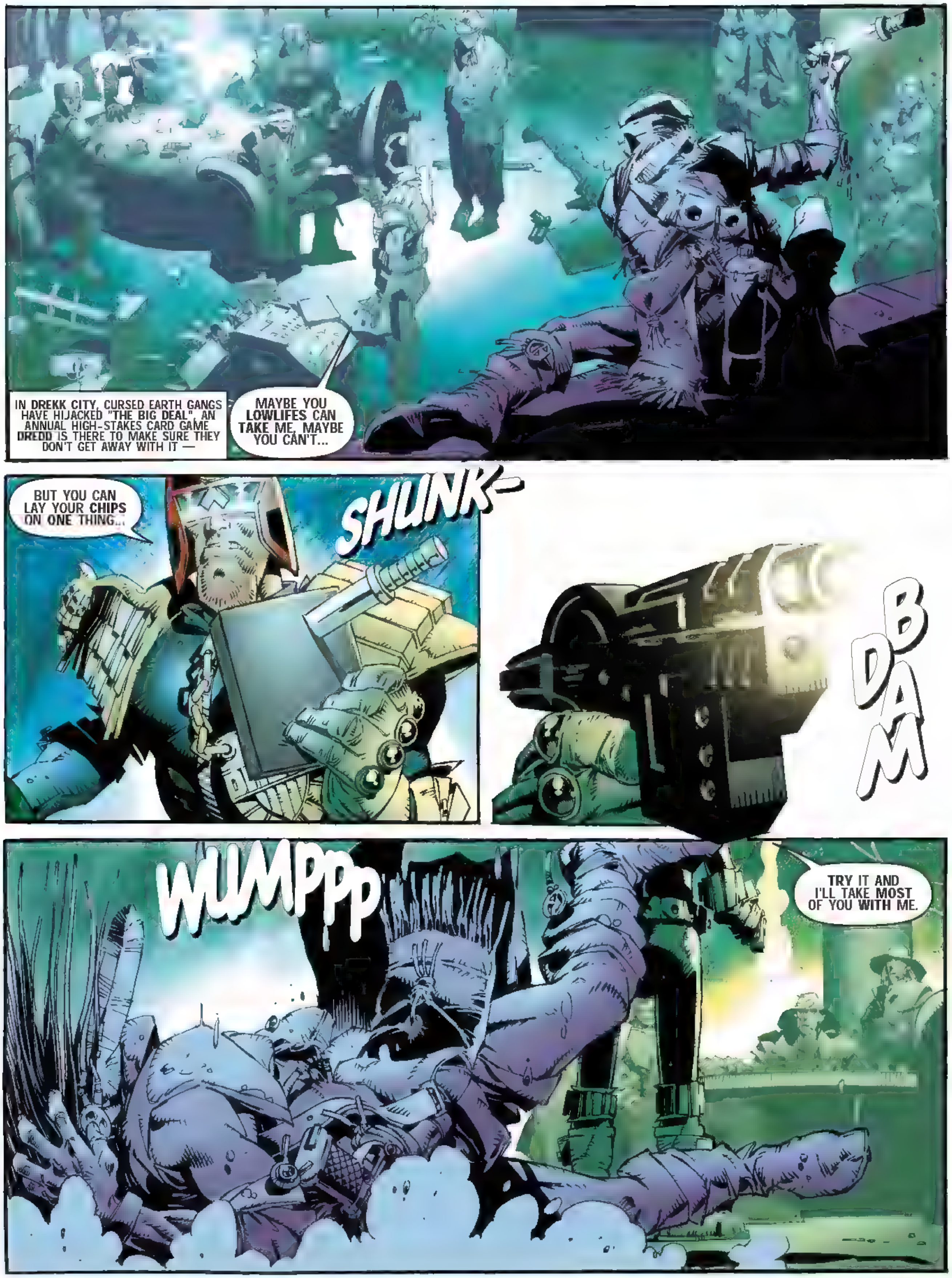

THWAA-A-A-A-M
DREDD
WHUMPF
THAT'S FIXED HIS MUNCE!
LET'S GET US A PIECE OF THAT ACTION, BOYS!
BDAMBDAM
BDAM
BDAM

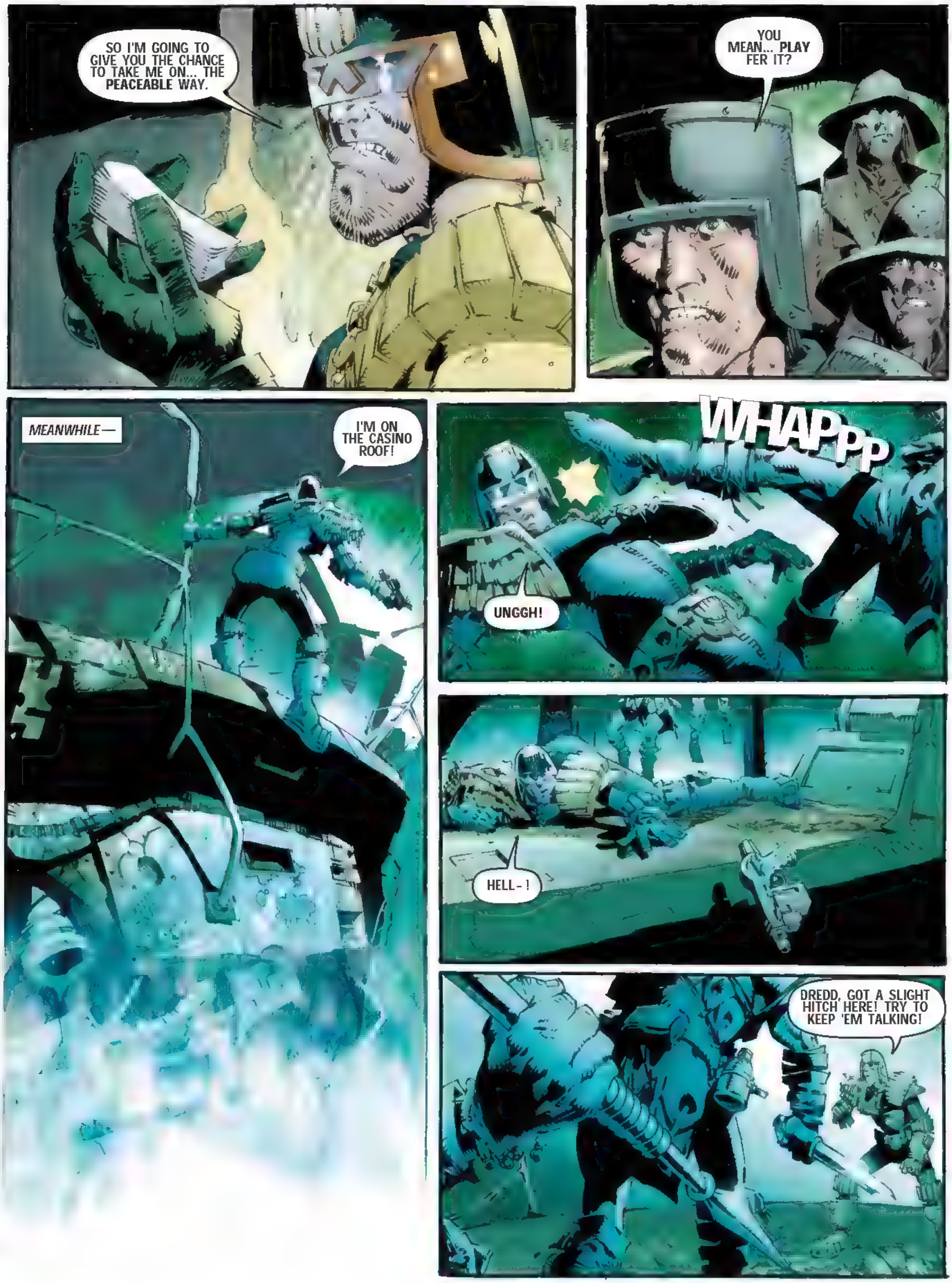

BAROOOM
FDAMMMM
ALL HELL'S BREAKING LOOSE! CAN'T LEAVE DREDD ON HIS OWN--
CAN ANY OF YOU PILOT THIS THING?
WE ALL CAN, MA'AM. LAWS IS BEST -- SHE'S GOT HER LEVEL 4 H.T.
ALL RIGHT, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. SOONER WE GET BACK-UP HERE, THE BETTER.
YES, MA'AM!
HANG ONTO YOUR HELMETS! HERE WE GO!
KEEP QUIET AND DON'T CAUSE TROUBLE AND YOU MIGHT COME OUT OF THIS HEALTHY.
THERE'S A DAMN WAR GOIN' ON OUT THERE, MAN!
JUST A SMALL LOCAL PROBLEM. PLEASE, RELAX. CASINO SECURITY STAFF WILL DEAL WITH EVERYTHING.
THEY ARE TAKING OUR MONEY!
WE'RE MOVING IT TO THE VAULT FOR SAFE KEEPING.
NO YOU DON'T! LEAVE IT RIGHT THERE, MUTIE!
FOR ALL WE KNOW YOU COULD BE WORKIN' WITH THESE BAD GUYS — IT'S A TRICK I'VE USED MYSELF!

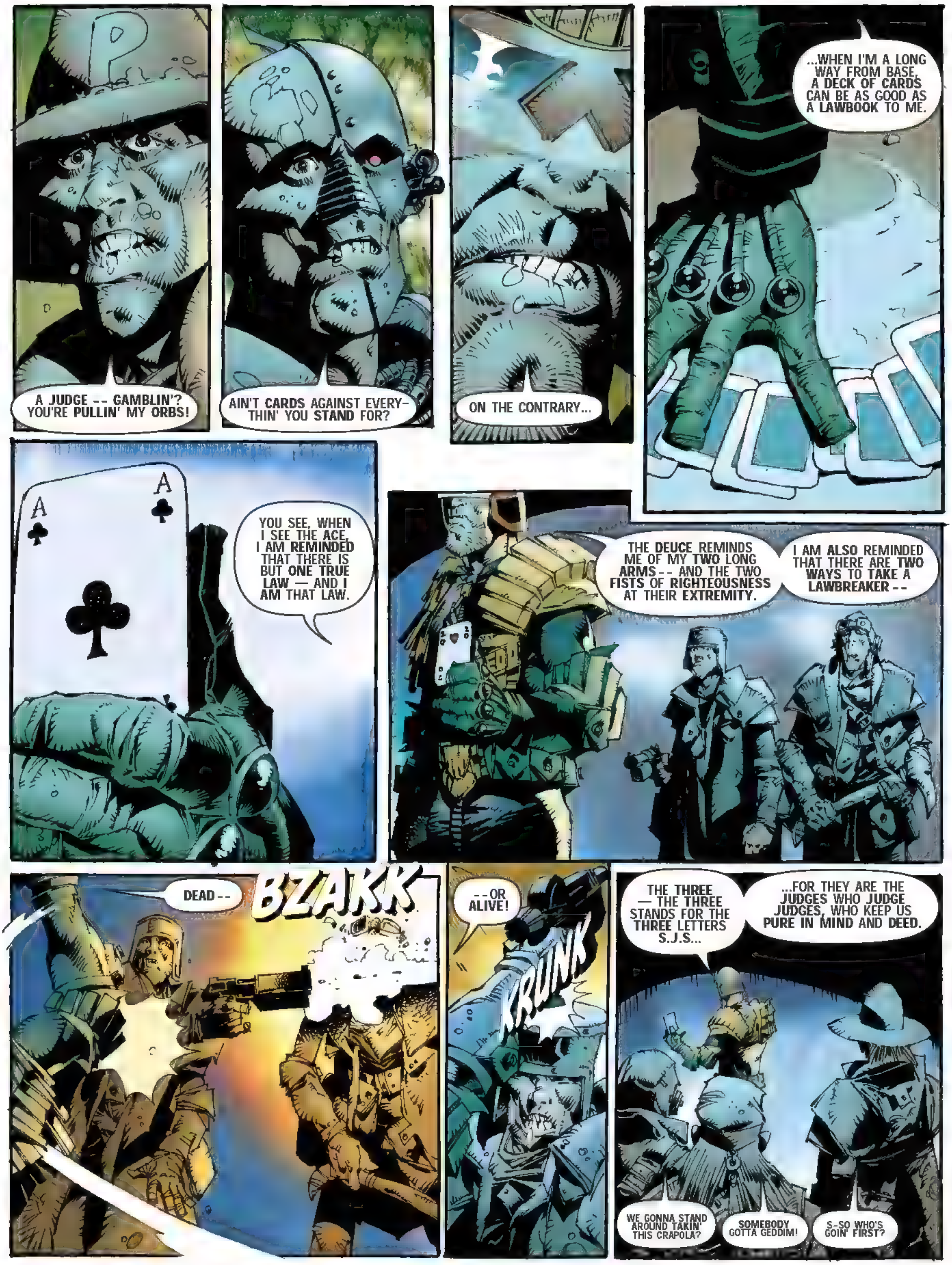

FAWOOM
SKASHH
FRAG THE FREAKERS!
DEAL YOURSELVES OUT, BOYS! IT'S DYIN' TIME!

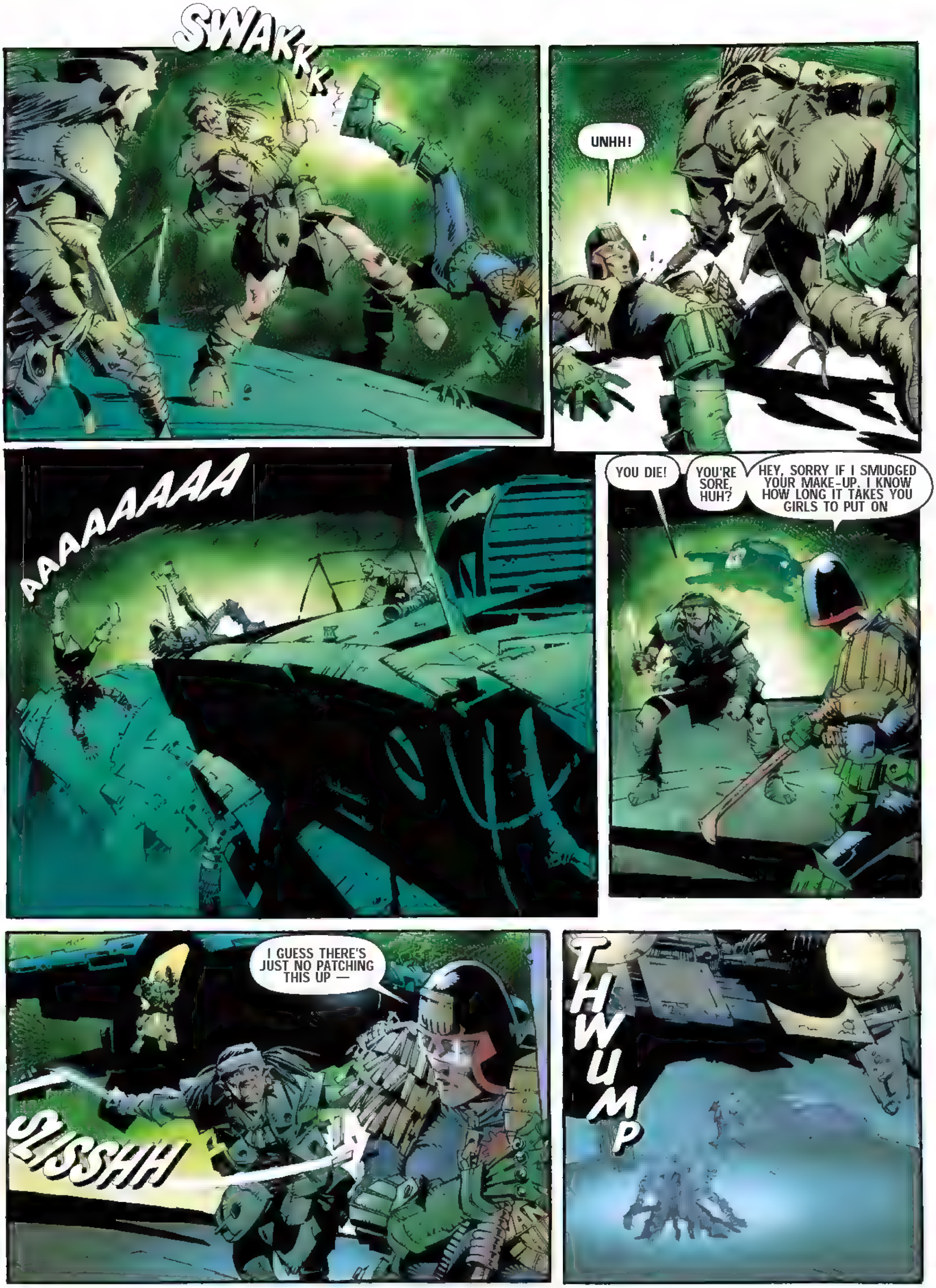

DREDD!
D-D-DON'T SHOOT ME, I-I'M ONLY THE CROUPIER!
WE STRUCK IT RICH! LOOK AT THIS-- GOLD AN' GEMS APLENNY!
BEARER BONDS! GOOD AS CASH!
THERE'S MORE HERE!
THUNK
THAT WAS MY THIRD BEST GUY, DUNGBALL!
WE WERE FIRST! IT ALL BELONGS TO THE **SHAMAZONS!**
SO HOW YOU SWAMP-FAIRIES GONNA SPEND IT WHEN YOU'RE **DEAD?**
WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A MINUTE!
THIS IS CRAZY! WE ALL WANT IT **ALL**, RIGHT? WE ALL FIGURE WE DESERVE IT, RIGHT? WELL THERE'S ONE SIMPLE WAY TO SETTLE IT--
WE PLAY FOR IT!

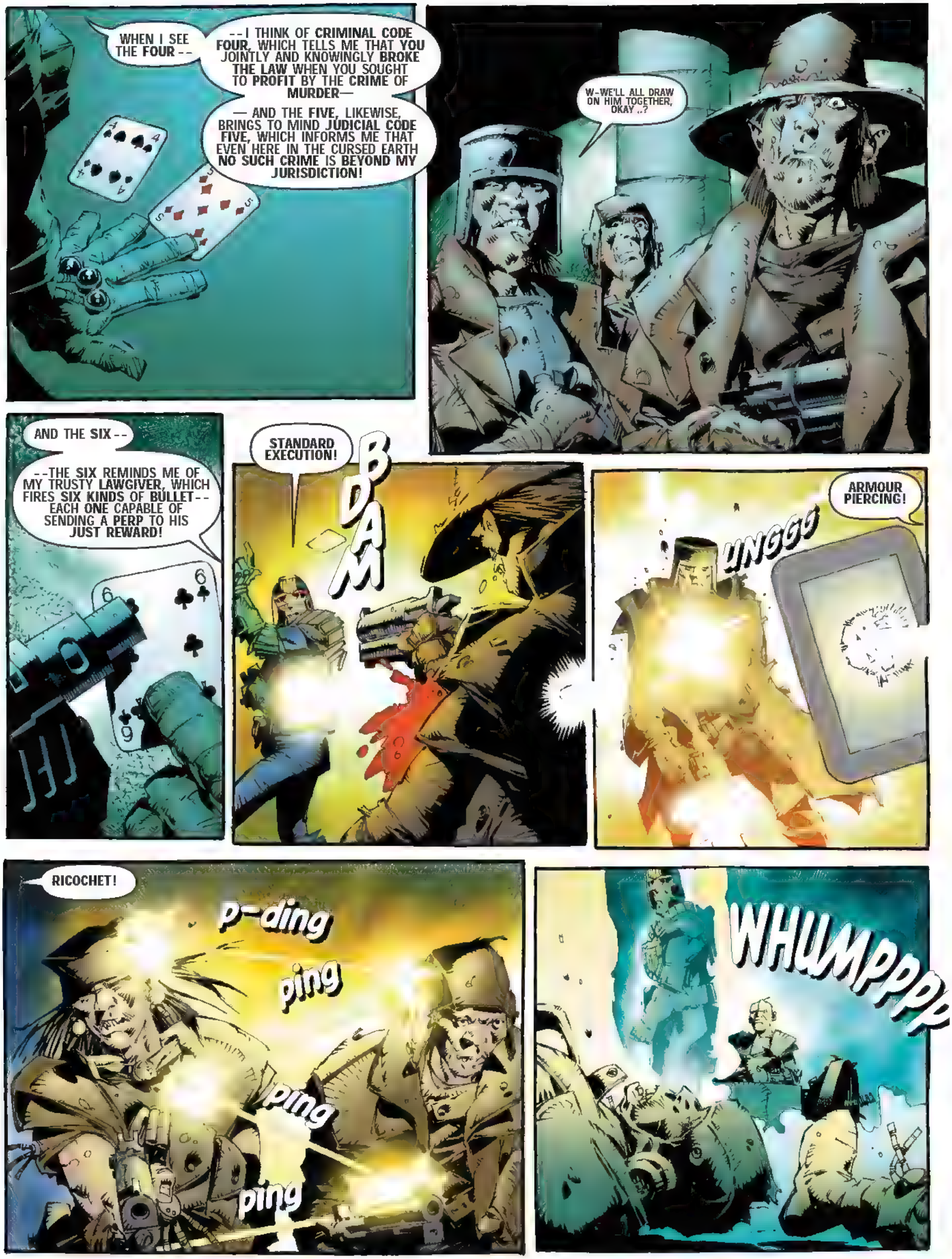

THE CADETS-?
I SENT THEM UP ALONE. THEY'LL CALL FOR BACK-UP -- WE SHOULD WAIT.
CAN'T WAIT. THERE'S CRIME BEING COMMITTED, VANCE -- COULD STILL BE INNOCENT LIVES IN DANGER.
HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO...
THE BIG DEAL, GENTLEMEN. THE GAME IS POKER. ONE MILLION IN CHIPS TO EVERYONE -- WINNER TAKE ALL!
AN' IF WE LOSE?
THEN WE KILL THEM!
HOLD IT!
DREDD!
WHAT YOU BOYS GOTTA ASK YOURSELF IS -- DO YOU FEEL LUCKY?

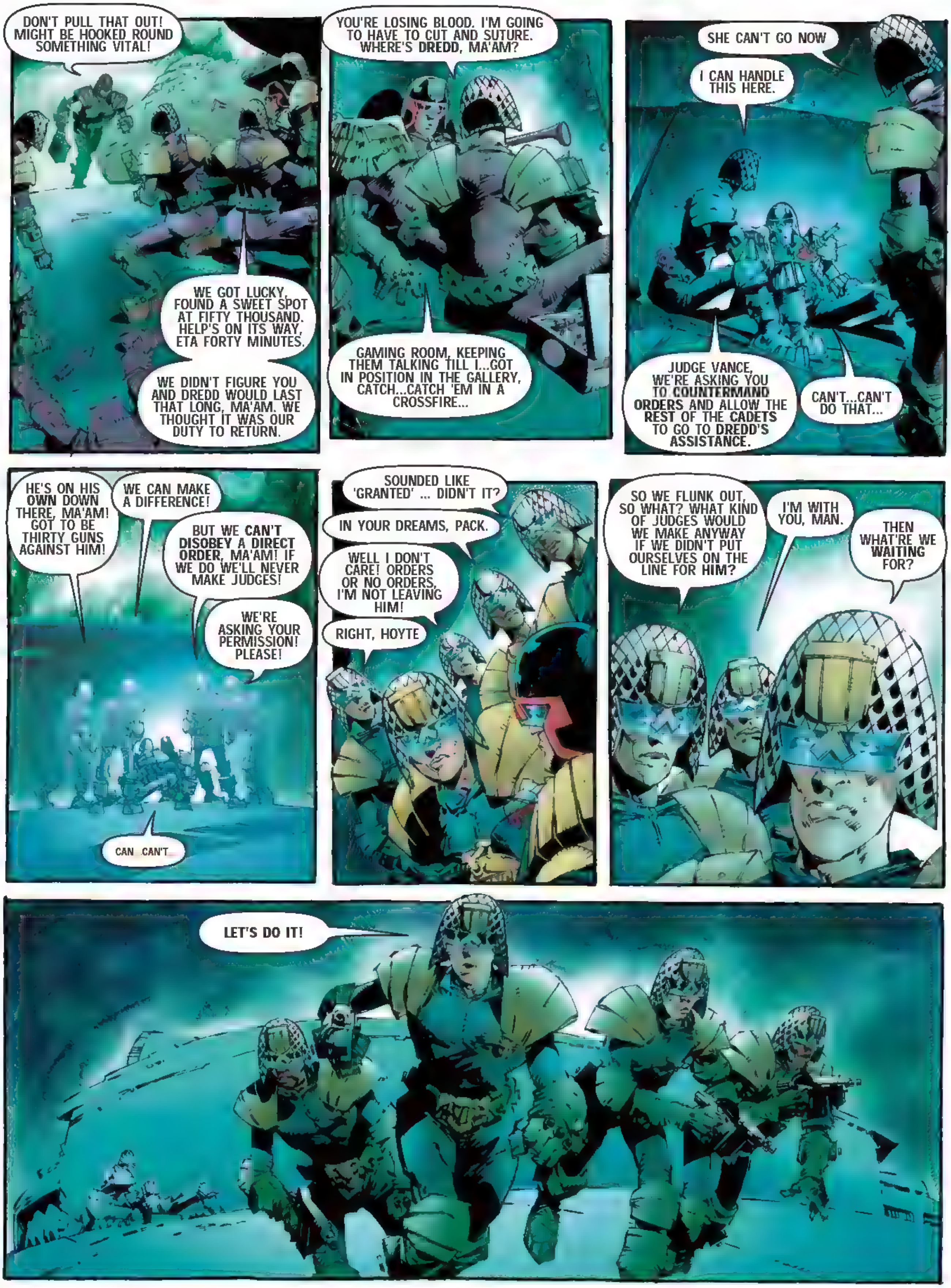

IN DREKK CITY, CURSED EARTH GANGS HAVE HIJACKED "THE BIG DEAL", AN ANNUAL HIGH-STAKES CARD GAME. DREDD IS THERE TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T GET AWAY WITH IT —
MAYBE YOU LOWLIFES CAN TAKE ME, MAYBE YOU CAN'T...
BUT YOU CAN LAY YOUR CHIPS ON ONE THING...
SHUNK-
BDAM
WUMPPP
TRY IT AND I'LL TAKE MOST OF YOU WITH ME.

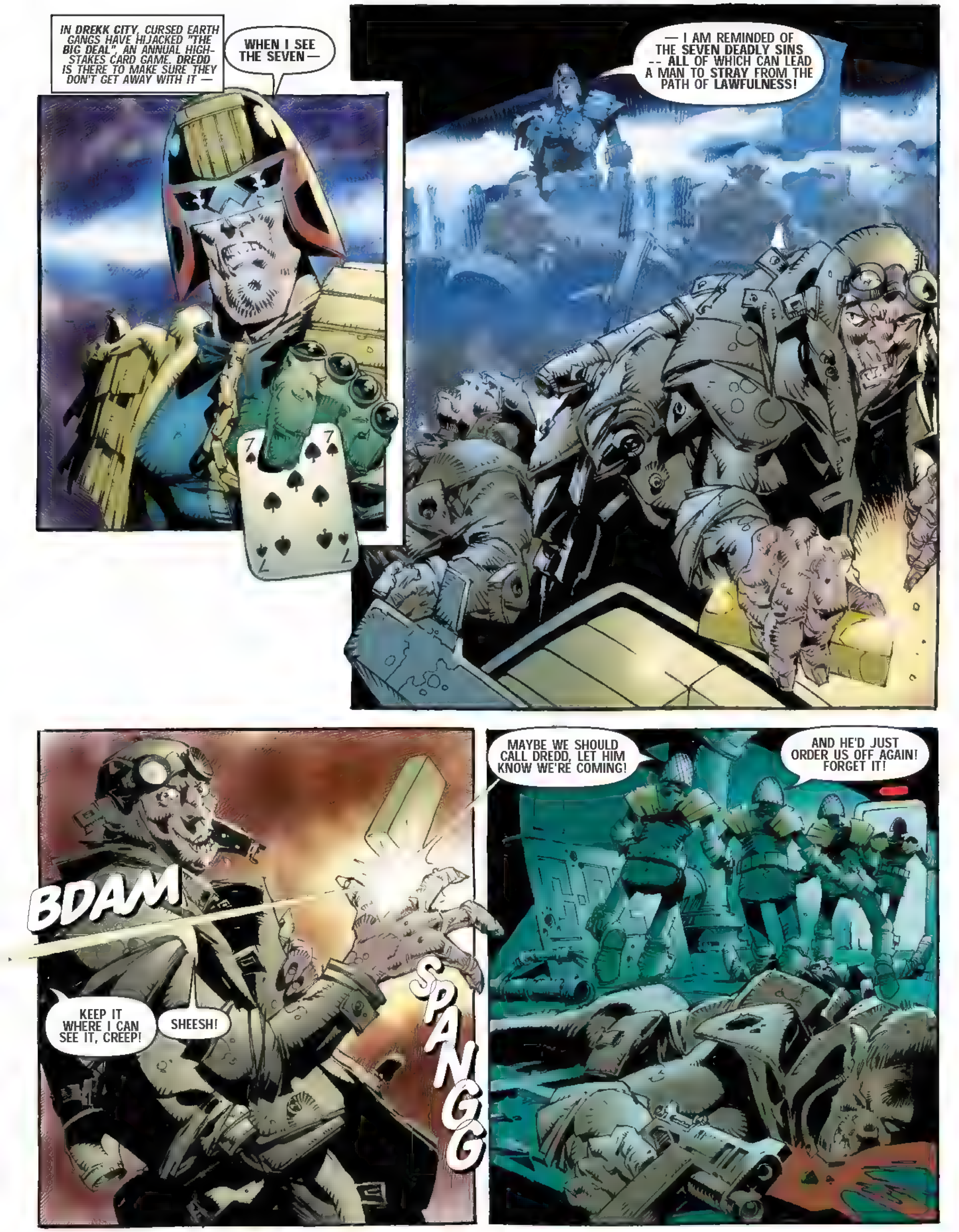

SO I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE CHANCE TO TAKE ME ON... THE **PEACEABLE** WAY.
YOU MEAN... **PLAY** FER IT?
MEANWHILE—
I'M ON THE CASINO ROOF!
WHAPPP
UNGGH!
HELL- !
DREDD, GOT A SLIGHT HITCH HERE! TRY TO KEEP 'EM TALKING!

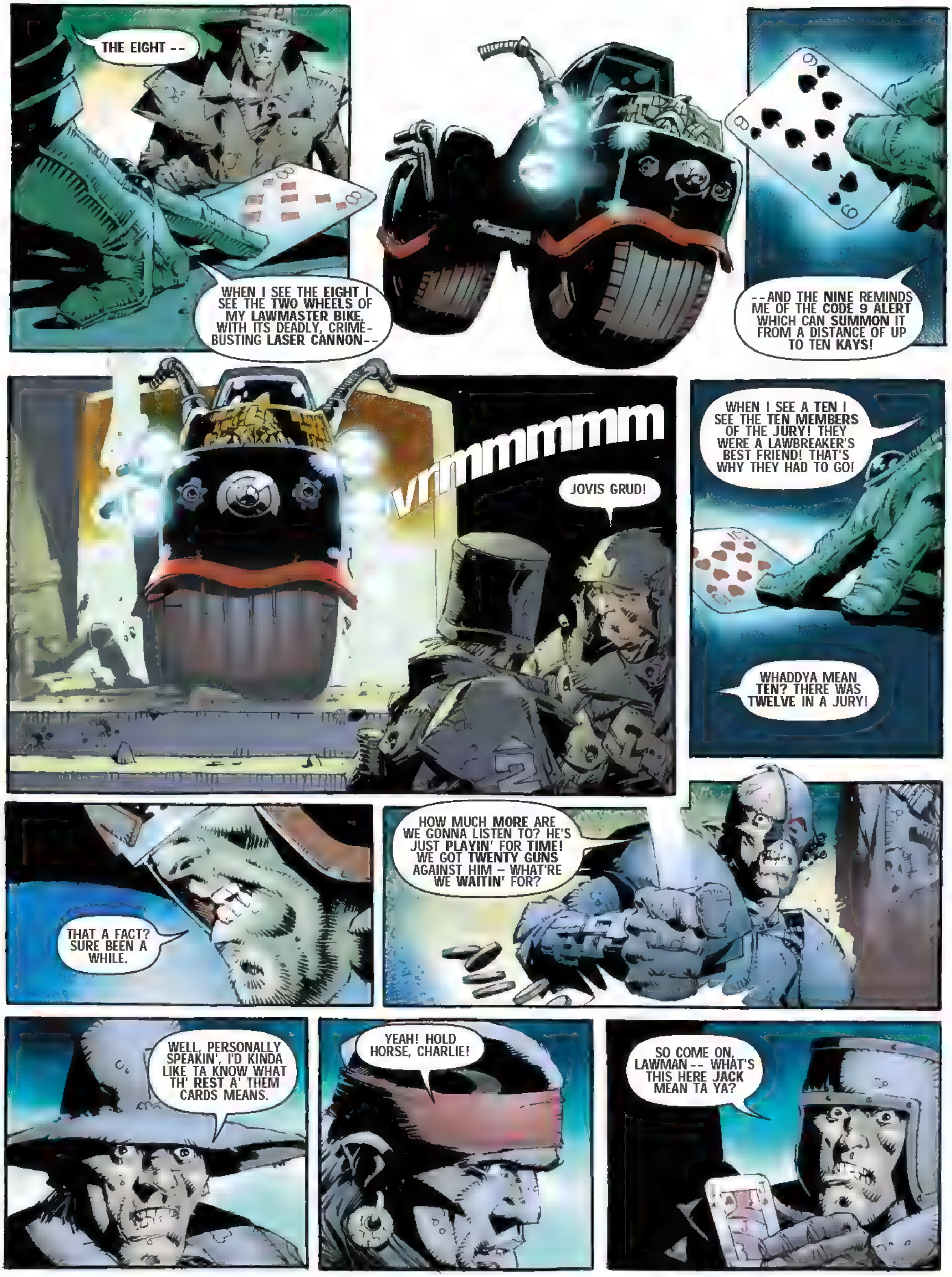

A JUDGE -- GAMBLIN'? YOU'RE PULLIN' MY ORBS!
AIN'T CARDS AGAINST EVERYTHIN' YOU STAND FOR?
ON THE CONTRARY...
...WHEN I'M A LONG WAY FROM BASE, A DECK OF CARDS CAN BE AS GOOD AS A LAWBOOK TO ME.
A
A
YOU SEE, WHEN I SEE THE ACE, I AM REMINDED THAT THERE IS BUT ONE TRUE LAW — AND I AM THAT LAW.
THE DEUCE REMINDS ME OF MY TWO LONG ARMS -- AND THE TWO FISTS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AT THEIR EXTREMITY.
I AM ALSO REMINDED THAT THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO TAKE A LAWBREAKER --
DEAD --
BZAKK
-- OR ALIVE!
KRUNK
THE THREE — THE THREE STANDS FOR THE THREE LETTERS S.J.S...
...FOR THEY ARE THE JUDGES WHO JUDGE JUDGES, WHO KEEP US PURE IN MIND AND DEED.
WE GONNA STAND AROUND TAKIN' THIS CRAPOLA?
SOMEBODY GOTTA GEDDIM!
S-SO WHO'S GOIN' FIRST?

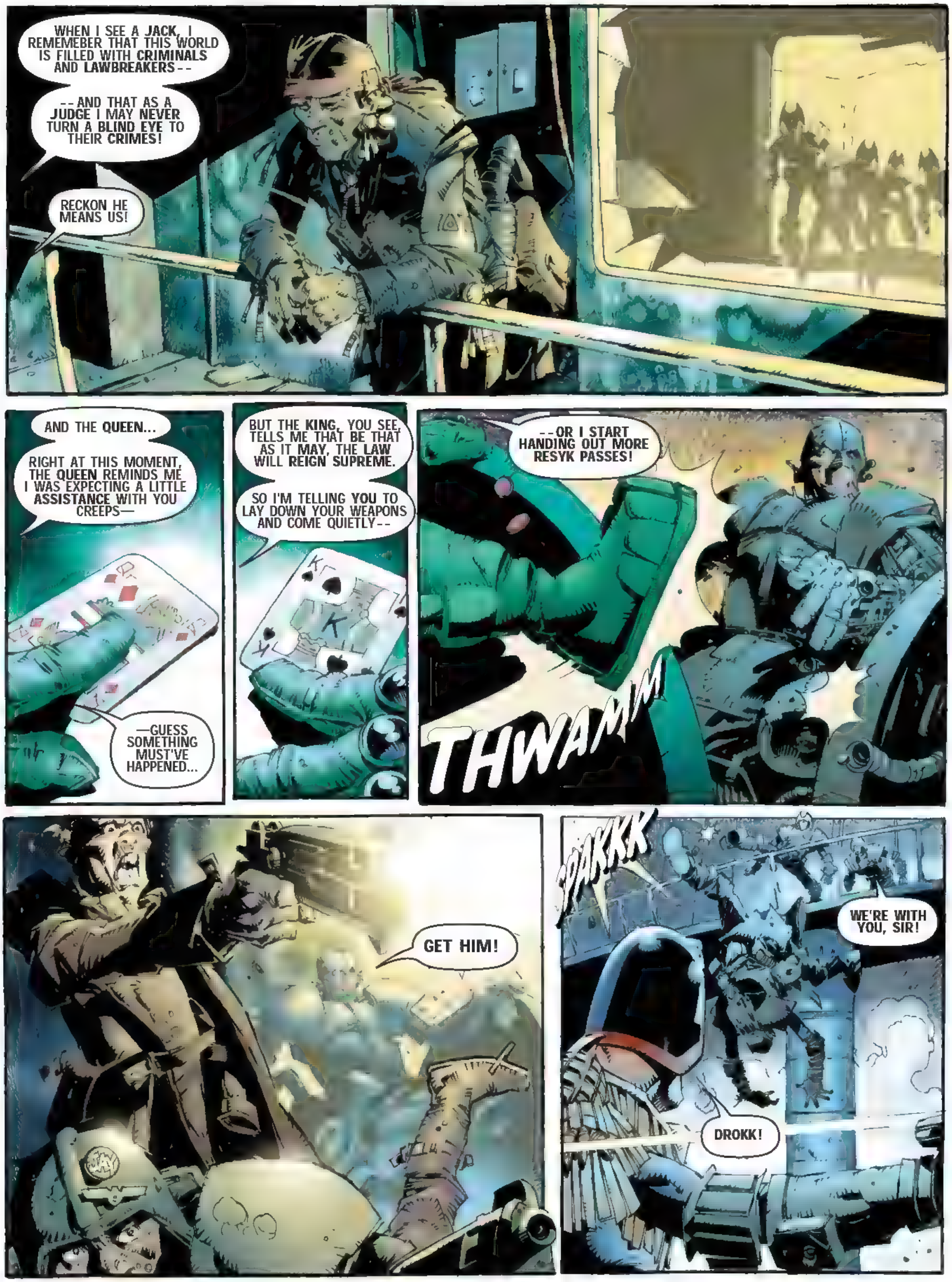

SWAKKK
UNHH!
AAAAAAAAA
YOU DIE!
YOU'RE SORE, HUH?
HEY, SORRY IF I SMUDGED YOUR MAKE-UP. I KNOW HOW LONG IT TAKES YOU GIRLS TO PUT ON
I GUESS THERE'S JUST NO PATCHING THIS UP —
SLISSHH
THWUMP

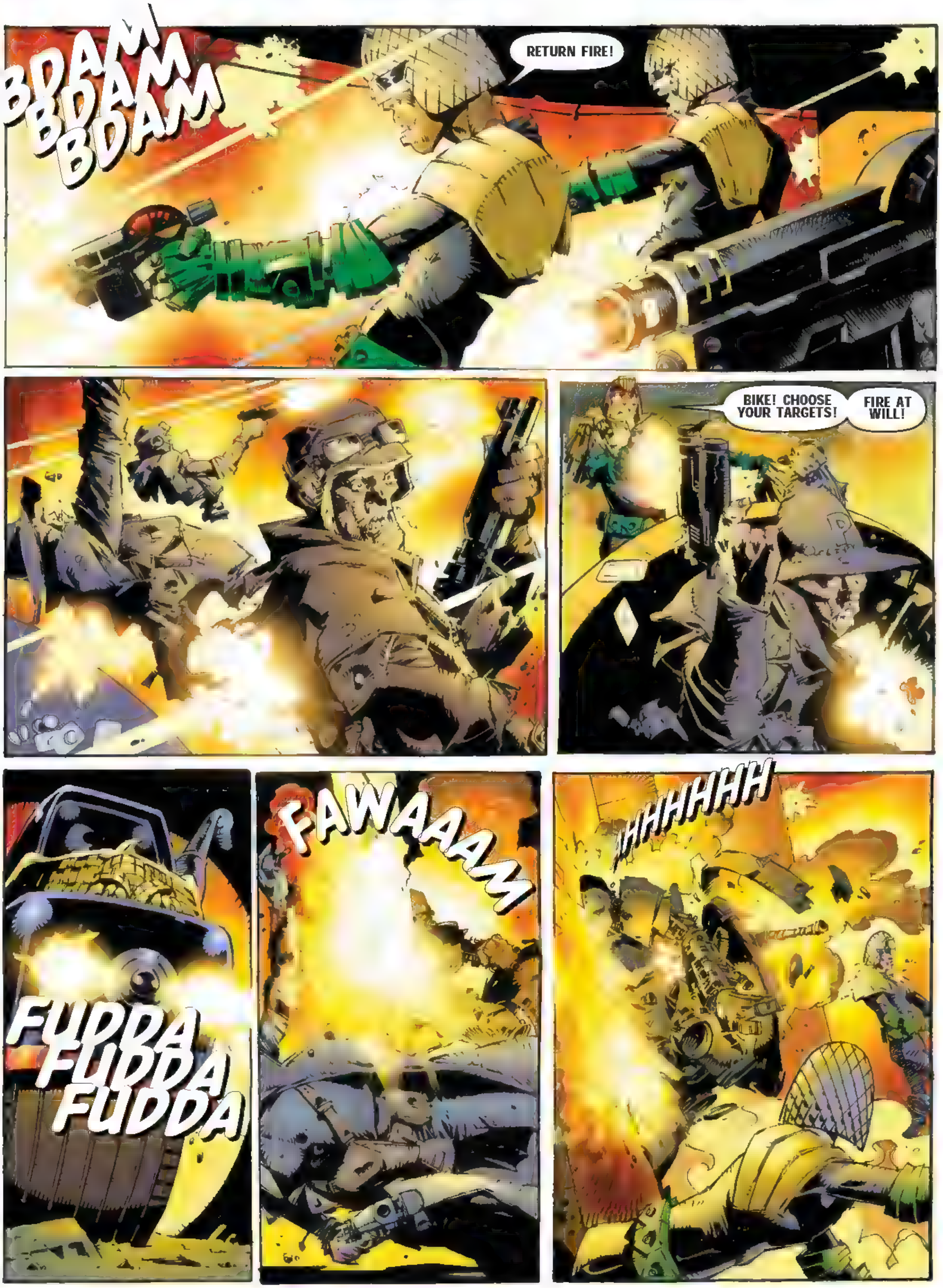

WHEN I SEE THE FOUR --
--I THINK OF CRIMINAL CODE FOUR, WHICH TELLS ME THAT YOU JOINTLY AND KNOWINGLY BROKE THE LAW WHEN YOU SOUGHT TO PROFIT BY THE CRIME OF MURDER—
— AND THE FIVE, LIKEWISE, BRINGS TO MIND JUDICIAL CODE FIVE, WHICH INFORMS ME THAT EVEN HERE IN THE CURSED EARTH NO SUCH CRIME IS BEYOND MY JURISDICTION!
W-WE'LL ALL DRAW ON HIM TOGETHER, OKAY ..?
AND THE SIX --
--THE SIX REMINDS ME OF MY TRUSTY LAWGIVER, WHICH FIRES SIX KINDS OF BULLET-- EACH ONE CAPABLE OF SENDING A PERP TO HIS JUST REWARD!
STANDARD EXECUTION!
BDAM
UNGGG
ARMOUR PIERCING!
RICOCHET!
p-ding
ping
ping
ping
WHUMPPPP

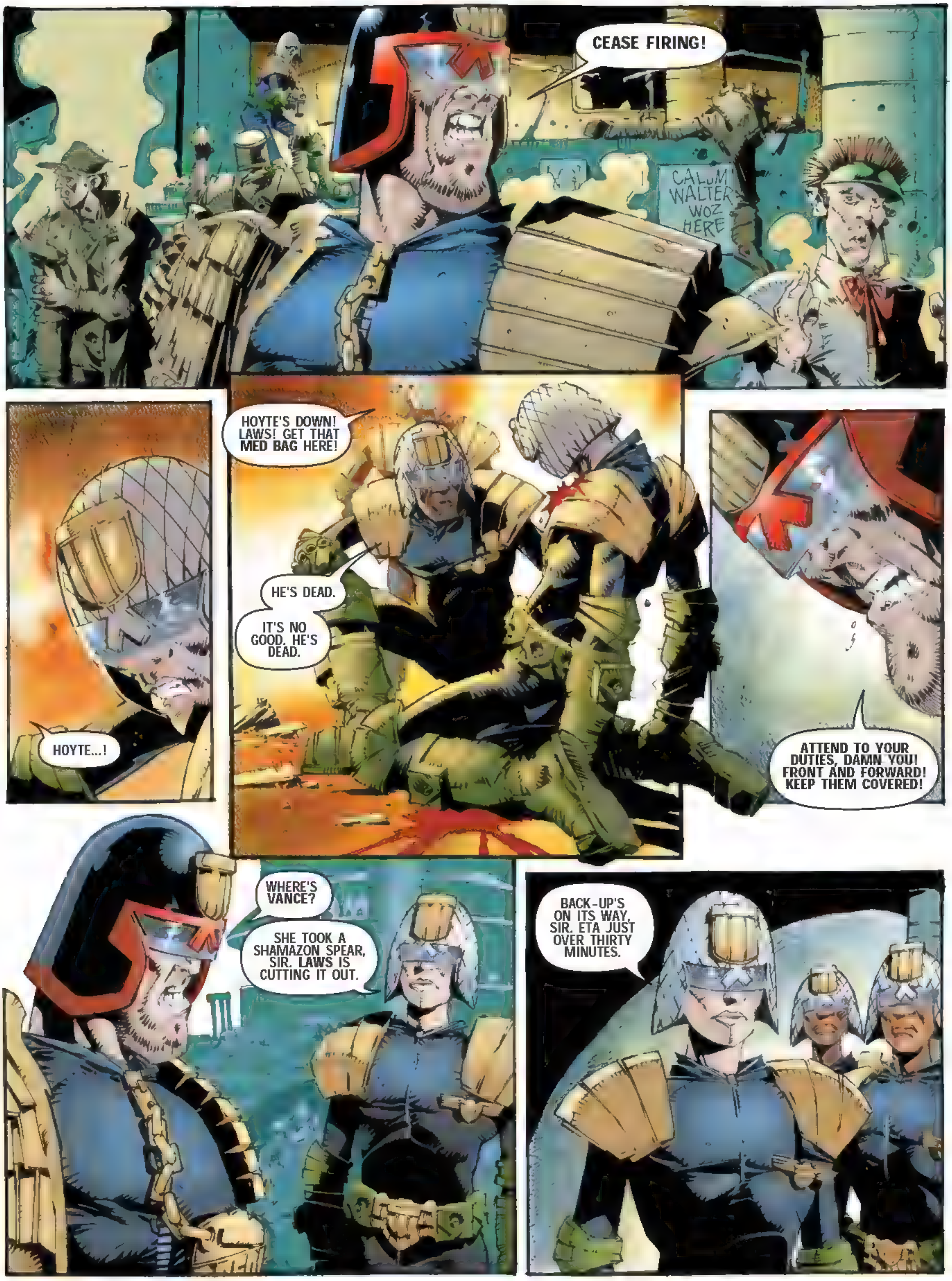

DON'T PULL THAT OUT! MIGHT BE HOOKED ROUND SOMETHING VITAL!
WE GOT LUCKY, FOUND A SWEET SPOT AT FIFTY THOUSAND. HELP'S ON ITS WAY, ETA FORTY MINUTES.
WE DIDN'T FIGURE YOU AND DREDD WOULD LAST THAT LONG, MA'AM. WE THOUGHT IT WAS OUR DUTY TO RETURN.
YOU'RE LOSING BLOOD. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CUT AND SUTURE. WHERE'S DREDD, MA'AM?
GAMING ROOM, KEEPING THEM TALKING TILL I...GOT IN POSITION IN THE GALLERY, CATCH...CATCH 'EM IN A CROSSFIRE...
SHE CAN'T GO NOW
I CAN HANDLE THIS HERE.
JUDGE VANCE, WE'RE ASKING YOU TO COUNTERMAND ORDERS AND ALLOW THE REST OF THE CADETS TO GO TO DREDD'S ASSISTANCE.
CAN'T...CAN'T DO THAT...
HE'S ON HIS OWN DOWN THERE, MA'AM! GOT TO BE THIRTY GUNS AGAINST HIM!
WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE!
BUT WE CAN'T DISOBEY A DIRECT ORDER, MA'AM! IF WE DO WE'LL NEVER MAKE JUDGES!
WE'RE ASKING YOUR PERMISSION! PLEASE!
CAN...CAN'T...
SOUNDED LIKE 'GRANTED' ... DIDN'T IT?
IN YOUR DREAMS, PACK.
WELL I DON'T CARE! ORDERS OR NO ORDERS, I'M NOT LEAVING HIM!
RIGHT, HOYTE
SO WE FLUNK OUT, SO WHAT? WHAT KIND OF JUDGES WOULD WE MAKE ANYWAY IF WE DIDN'T PUT OURSELVES ON THE LINE FOR HIM?
I'M WITH YOU, MAN.
THEN WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR?
LET'S DO IT!

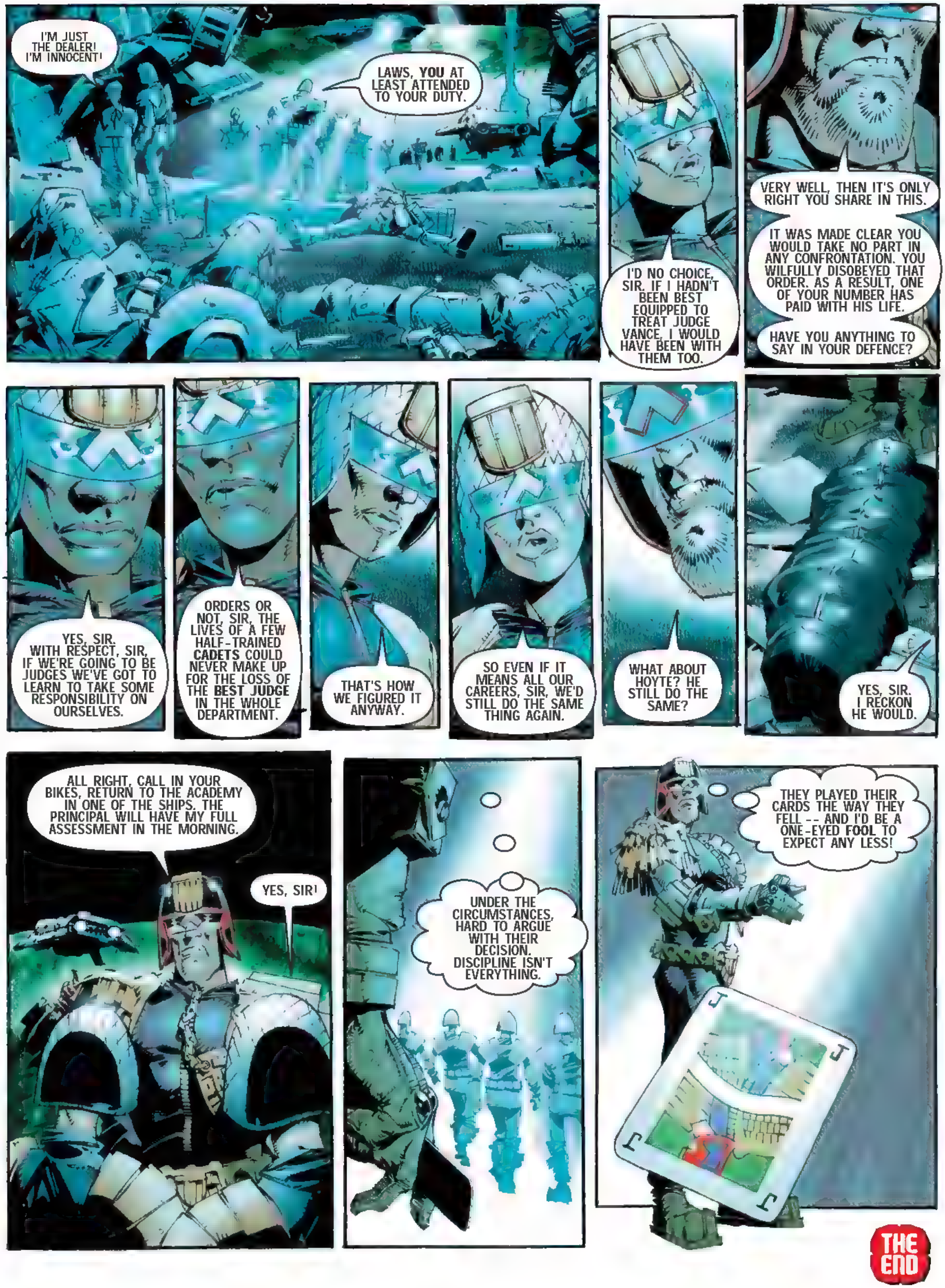

IN DREKK CITY, CURSED EARTH GANGS HAVE HIJACKED "THE BIG DEAL", AN ANNUAL HIGH-STAKES CARD GAME. DREDD IS THERE TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T GET AWAY WITH IT —
WHEN I SEE THE SEVEN —
— I AM REMINDED OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS -- ALL OF WHICH CAN LEAD A MAN TO STRAY FROM THE PATH OF LAWFULNESS!
BDAM
KEEP IT WHERE I CAN SEE IT, CREEP!
SHEESH!
SPANGG
MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL DREDD, LET HIM KNOW WE'RE COMING!
AND HE'D JUST ORDER US OFF AGAIN! FORGET IT!

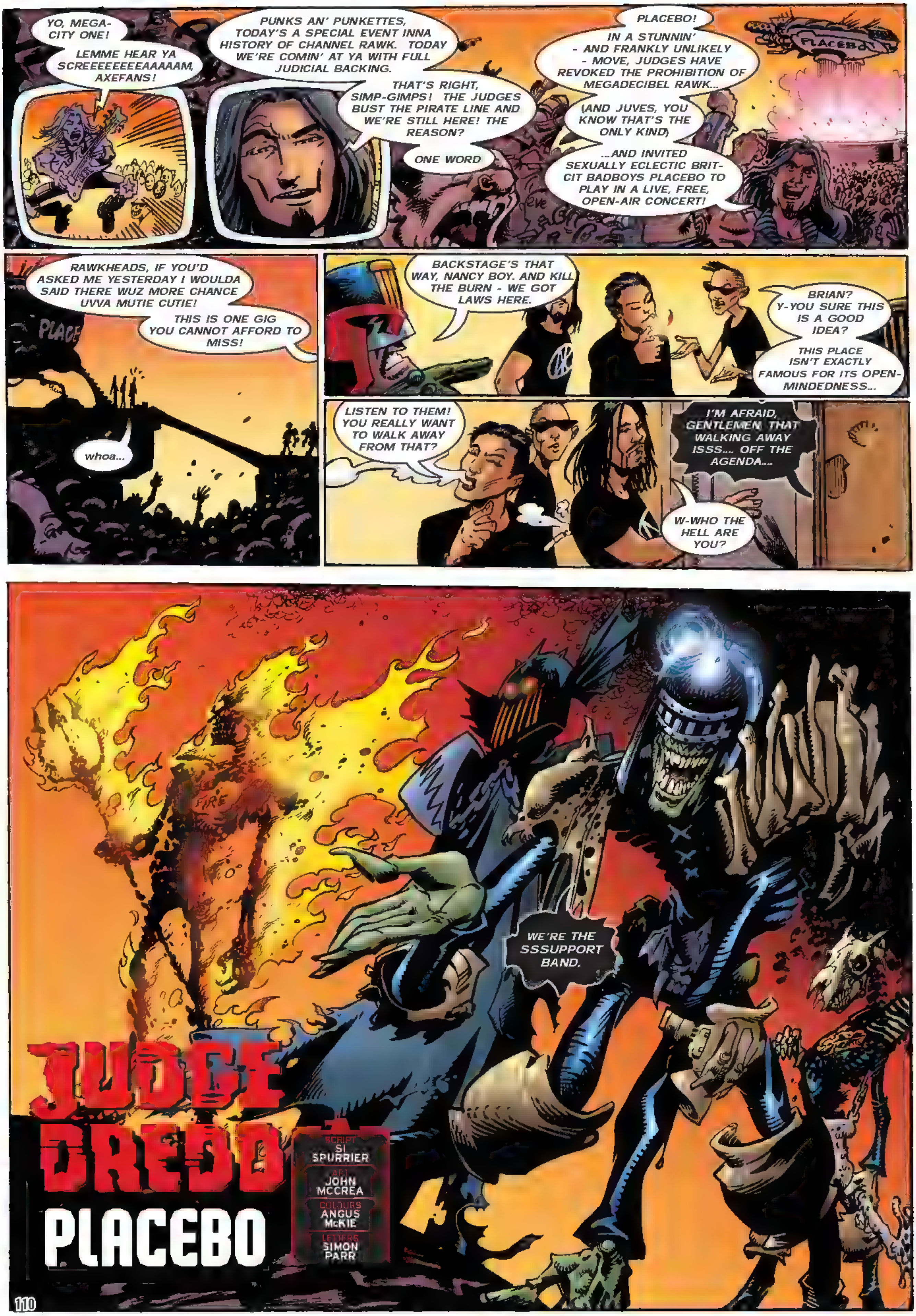

THE EIGHT --
WHEN I SEE THE EIGHT I SEE THE TWO WHEELS OF MY LAWMASTER BIKE, WITH ITS DEADLY, CRIME-BUSTING LASER CANNON--
--AND THE NINE REMINDS ME OF THE CODE 9 ALERT WHICH CAN SUMMON IT FROM A DISTANCE OF UP TO TEN KAYS!
VRMMMMMM
JOVIS GRUD!
WHEN I SEE A TEN I SEE THE TEN MEMBERS OF THE JURY! THEY WERE A LAWBREAKER'S BEST FRIEND! THAT'S WHY THEY HAD TO GO!
WHADDYA MEAN TEN? THERE WAS TWELVE IN A JURY!
THAT A FACT? SURE BEEN A WHILE.
HOW MUCH MORE ARE WE GONNA LISTEN TO? HE'S JUST PLAYIN' FOR TIME! WE GOT TWENTY GUNS AGAINST HIM -- WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR?
WELL, PERSONALLY SPEAKIN', I'D KINDA LIKE TA KNOW WHAT TH' REST A' THEM CARDS MEANS.
YEAH! HOLD HORSE, CHARLIE!
SO COME ON, LAWMAN -- WHAT'S THIS HERE JACK MEAN TA YA?


WHEN I SEE A JACK, I REMEMEBER THAT THIS WORLD IS FILLED WITH CRIMINALS AND LAWBREAKERS--
--AND THAT AS A JUDGE I MAY NEVER TURN A BLIND EYE TO THEIR CRIMES!
RECKON HE MEANS US!
AND THE QUEEN...
RIGHT AT THIS MOMENT, THE QUEEN REMINDS ME I WAS EXPECTING A LITTLE ASSISTANCE WITH YOU CREEPS—
—GUESS SOMETHING MUST'VE HAPPENED...
BUT THE KING, YOU SEE, TELLS ME THAT BE THAT AS IT MAY, THE LAW WILL REIGN SUPREME.
SO I'M TELLING YOU TO LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND COME QUIETLY--
--OR I START HANDING OUT MORE RESYK PASSES!
THWAMM
GET HIM!
SPAKKK
WE'RE WITH YOU, SIR!
DROKK!


BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
RETURN FIRE!
BIKE! CHOOSE YOUR TARGETS!
FIRE AT WILL!
FUDDA
FUDDA
FUDDA
FAWAAAM
AHHHHHHH


CEASE FIRING!
CALUM WALTER WOZ HERE
HOYTE...!
HOYTE'S DOWN! LAWS! GET THAT MED BAG HERE!
HE'S DEAD.
IT'S NO GOOD. HE'S DEAD.
ATTEND TO YOUR DUTIES, DAMN YOU! FRONT AND FORWARD! KEEP THEM COVERED!
WHERE'S VANCE?
SHE TOOK A SHAMAZON SPEAR, SIR. LAWS IS CUTTING IT OUT.
BACK-UP'S ON ITS WAY, SIR. ETA JUST OVER THIRTY MINUTES.

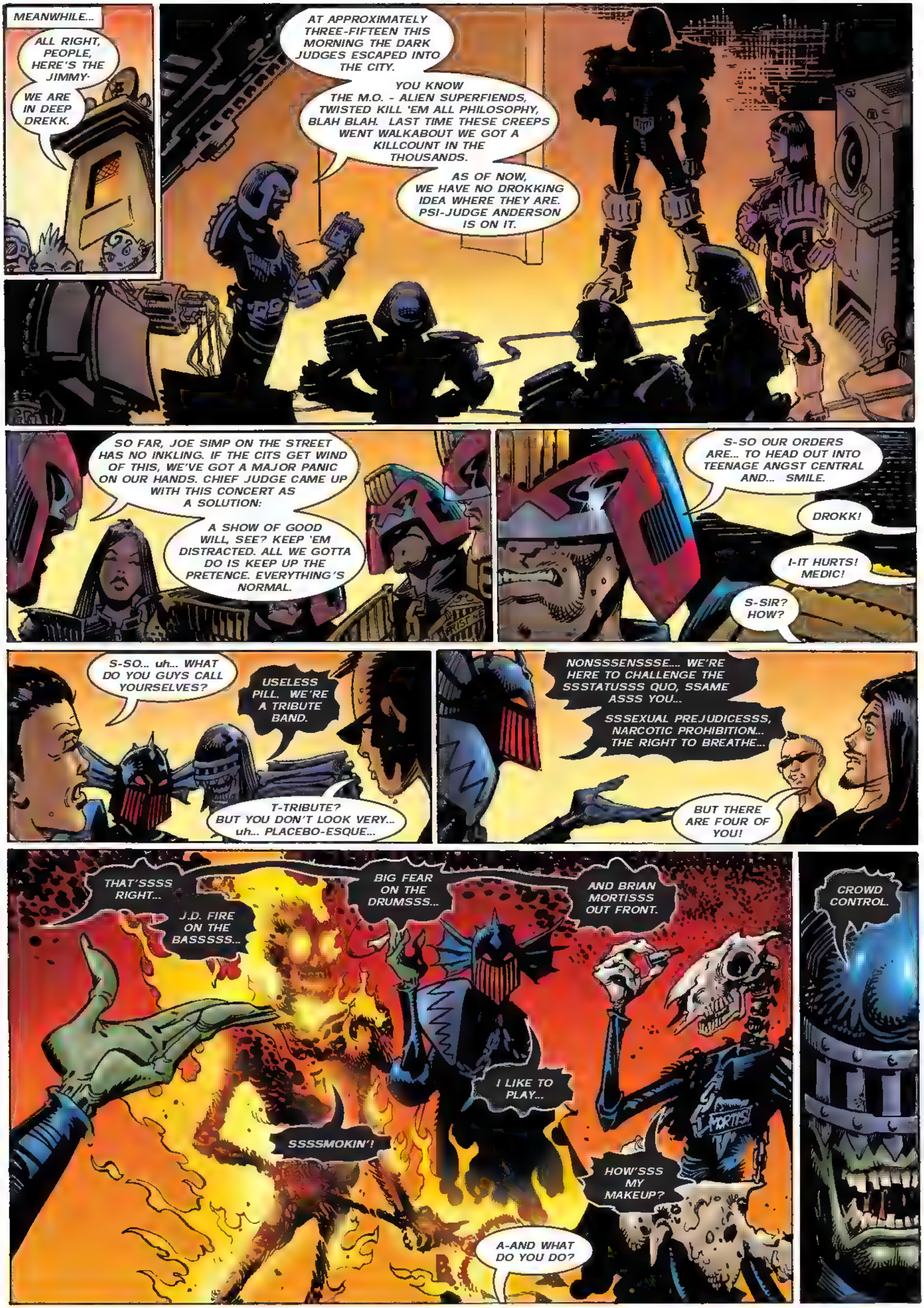

I'M JUST THE DEALER! I'M INNOCENT!
LAWS, **YOU** AT LEAST ATTENDED TO YOUR DUTY.
I'D NO CHOICE, SIR. IF I HADN'T BEEN BEST EQUIPPED TO TREAT JUDGE VANCE, I WOULD HAVE BEEN WITH THEM TOO.
VERY WELL, THEN IT'S ONLY RIGHT YOU SHARE IN THIS.
IT WAS MADE CLEAR YOU WOULD TAKE NO PART IN ANY CONFRONTATION. YOU WILFULLY DISOBEYED THAT ORDER. AS A RESULT, ONE OF YOUR NUMBER HAS PAID WITH HIS LIFE.
HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENCE?
YES, SIR. WITH RESPECT, SIR, IF WE'RE GOING TO BE JUDGES WE'VE GOT TO LEARN TO TAKE SOME RESPONSIBILITY ON OURSELVES.
ORDERS OR NOT, SIR, THE LIVES OF A FEW HALF-TRAINED **CADETS** COULD NEVER MAKE UP FOR THE LOSS OF THE **BEST JUDGE** IN THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT.
THAT'S HOW WE FIGURED IT ANYWAY.
SO EVEN IF IT MEANS ALL OUR CAREERS, SIR, WE'D STILL DO THE SAME THING AGAIN.
WHAT ABOUT HOYTE? HE STILL DO THE SAME?
YES, SIR. I RECKON HE WOULD.
ALL RIGHT, CALL IN YOUR BIKES, RETURN TO THE ACADEMY IN ONE OF THE SHIPS. THE PRINCIPAL WILL HAVE MY FULL ASSESSMENT IN THE MORNING.
YES, SIR!
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, HARD TO ARGUE WITH THEIR DECISION. DISCIPLINE ISN'T EVERYTHING.
THEY PLAYED THEIR CARDS THE WAY THEY FELL -- AND I'D BE A ONE-EYED **FOOL** TO EXPECT ANY LESS!
J
THE END

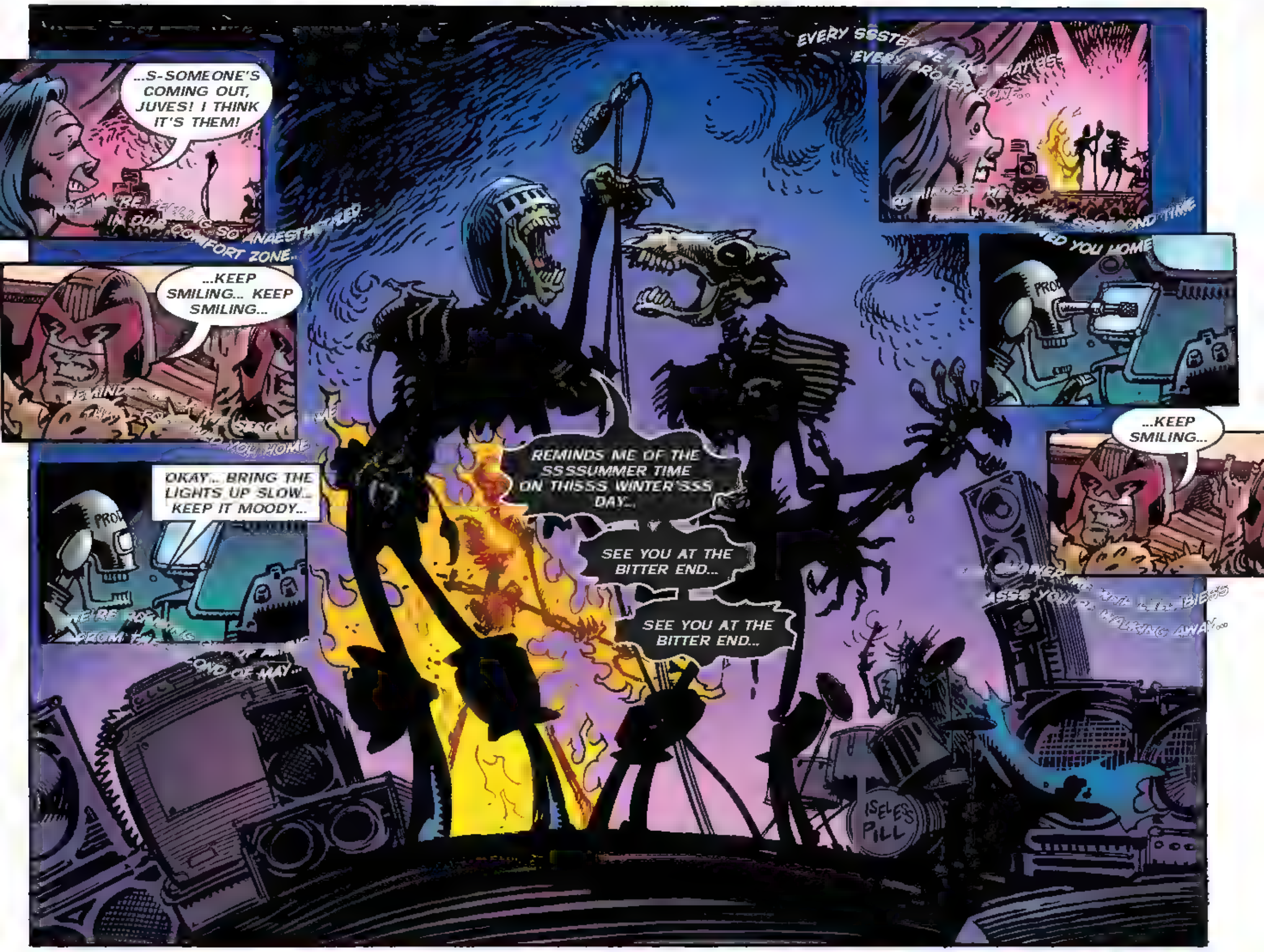

YO, MEGA-CITY ONE!
LEMME HEAR YA SCREEEEEEEEEAAAAAM, AXEFANS!
PUNKS AN' PUNKETTES, TODAY'S A SPECIAL EVENT INNA HISTORY OF CHANNEL RAWK. TODAY WE'RE COMIN' AT YA WITH FULL JUDICIAL BACKING.
THAT'S RIGHT, SIMP-GIMPS! THE JUDGES BUST THE PIRATE LINE AND WE'RE STILL HERE! THE REASON?
ONE WORD
PLACEBO!
PLACEBO
IN A STUNNIN' - AND FRANKLY UNLIKELY - MOVE, JUDGES HAVE REVOKED THE PROHIBITION OF MEGADECIBEL RAWK...
(AND JUVES, YOU KNOW THAT'S THE ONLY KIND)
...AND INVITED SEXUALLY ECLECTIC BRIT-CIT BADBOYS PLACEBO TO PLAY IN A LIVE, FREE, OPEN-AIR CONCERT!
RAWKHEADS, IF YOU'D ASKED ME YESTERDAY I WOULDA SAID THERE WUZ MORE CHANCE UVVA MUTIE CUTIE!
THIS IS ONE GIG YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS!
PLACE
whoa...
BACKSTAGE'S THAT WAY, NANCY BOY. AND KILL THE BURN - WE GOT LAWS HERE.
BRIAN? Y-YOU SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA?
THIS PLACE ISN'T EXACTLY FAMOUS FOR ITS OPEN-MINDEDNESS...
LISTEN TO THEM! YOU REALLY WANT TO WALK AWAY FROM THAT?
I'M AFRAID, GENTLEMEN, THAT WALKING AWAY ISSS.... OFF THE AGENDA....
W-WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
WE'RE THE SSSUPPORT BAND.

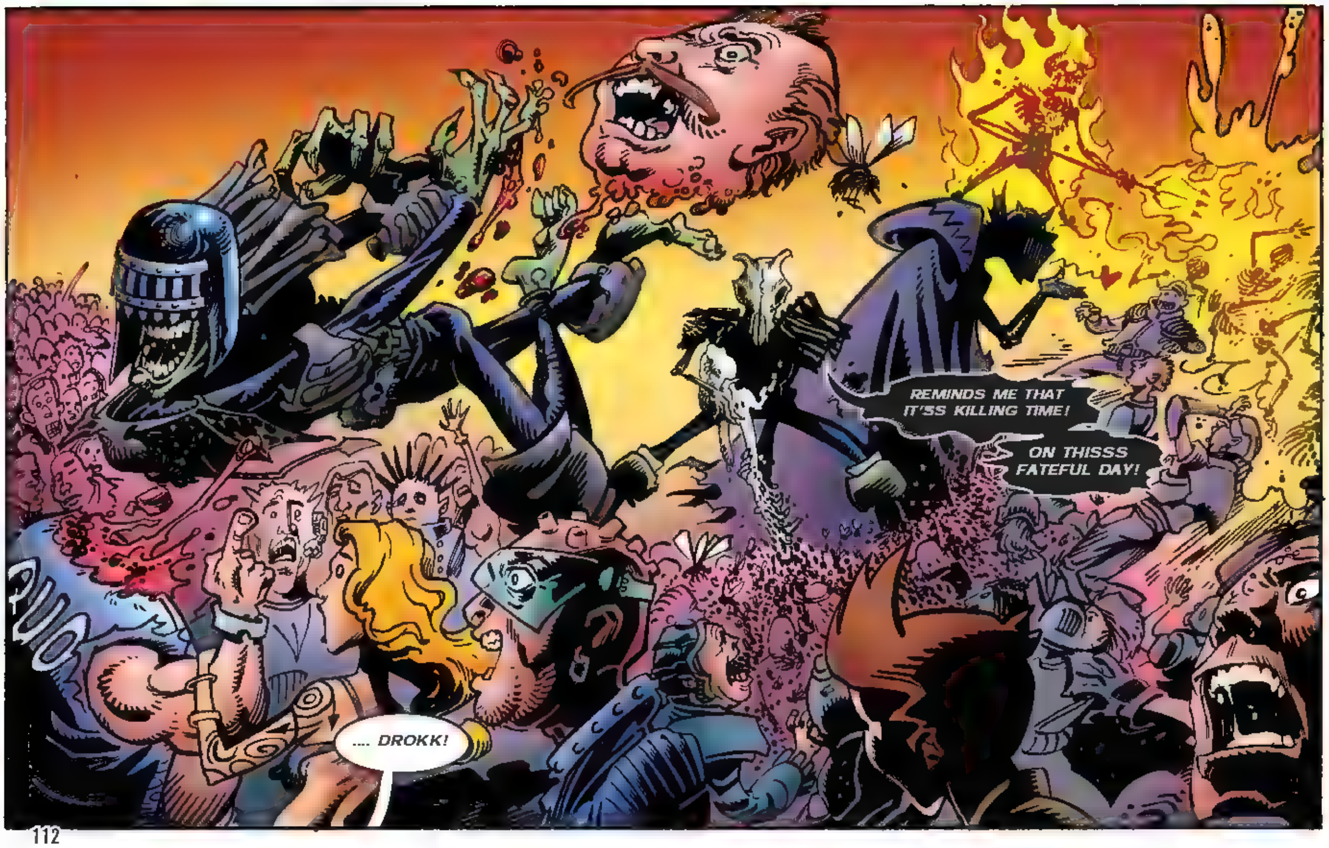
JUDGE DREDD

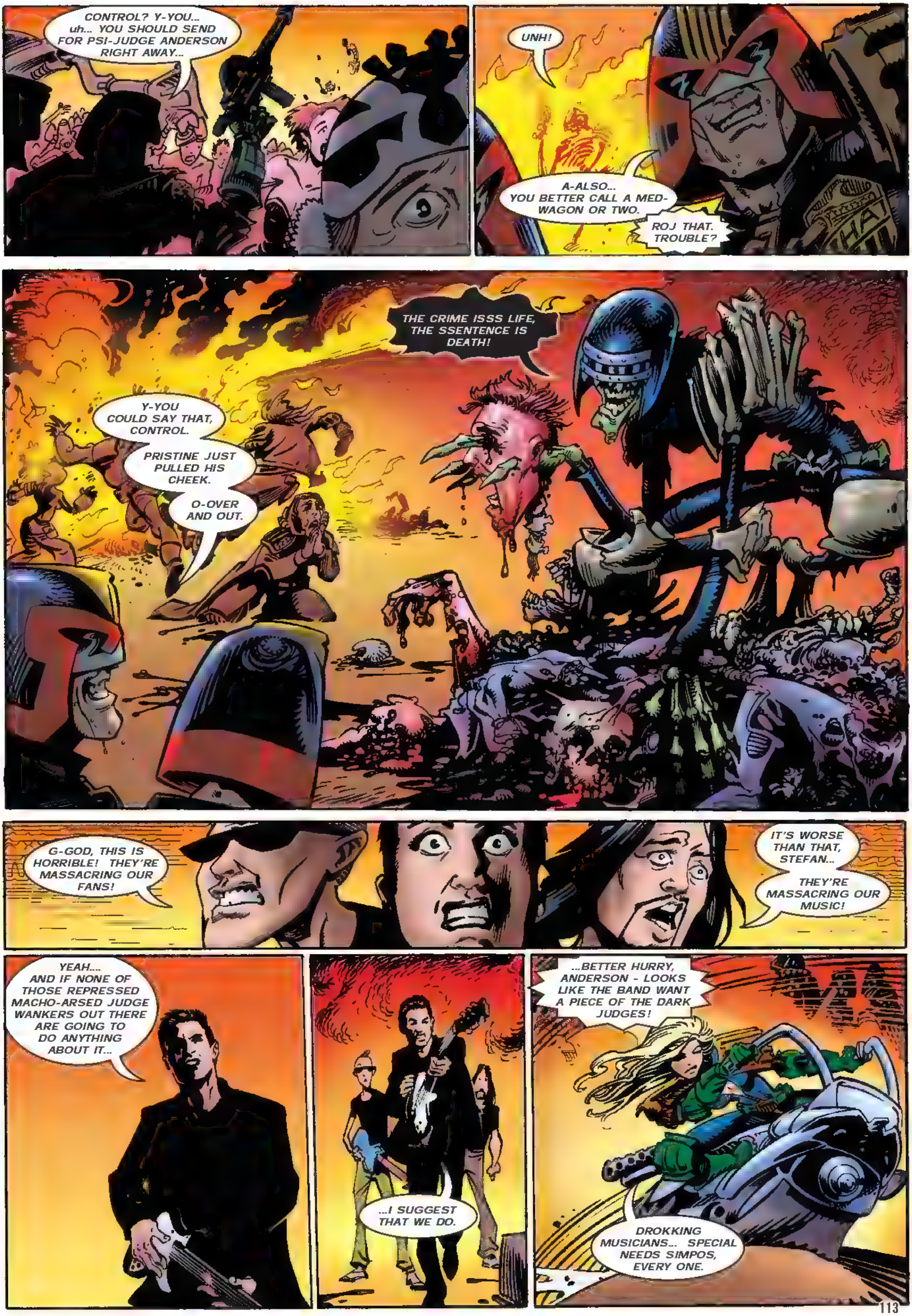
PLACEBO

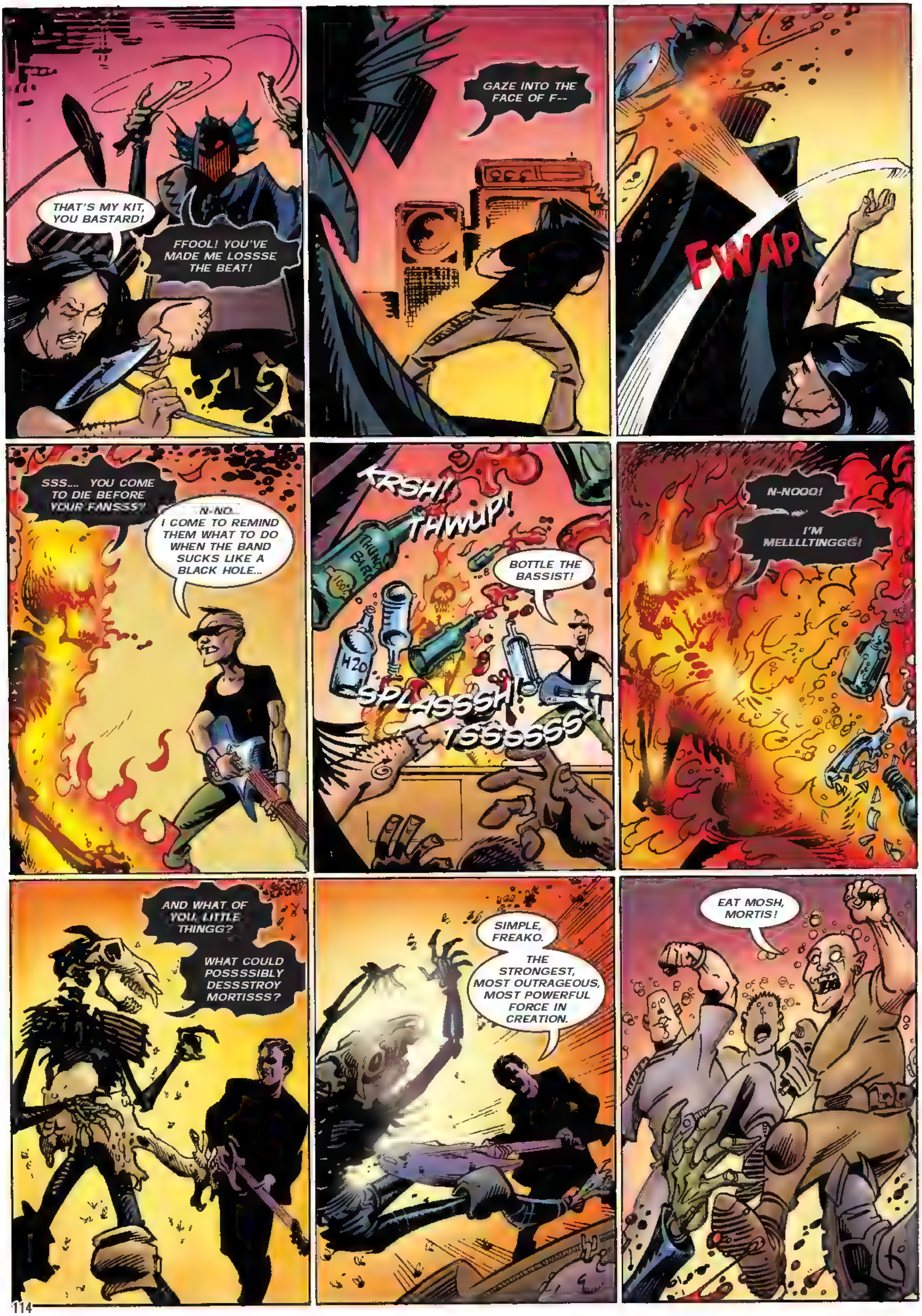
SCRIPT
SI SPURRIER
ART
JOHN MCCREA
COLOURS
ANGUS McKIE
LETTERS
SIMON PARR

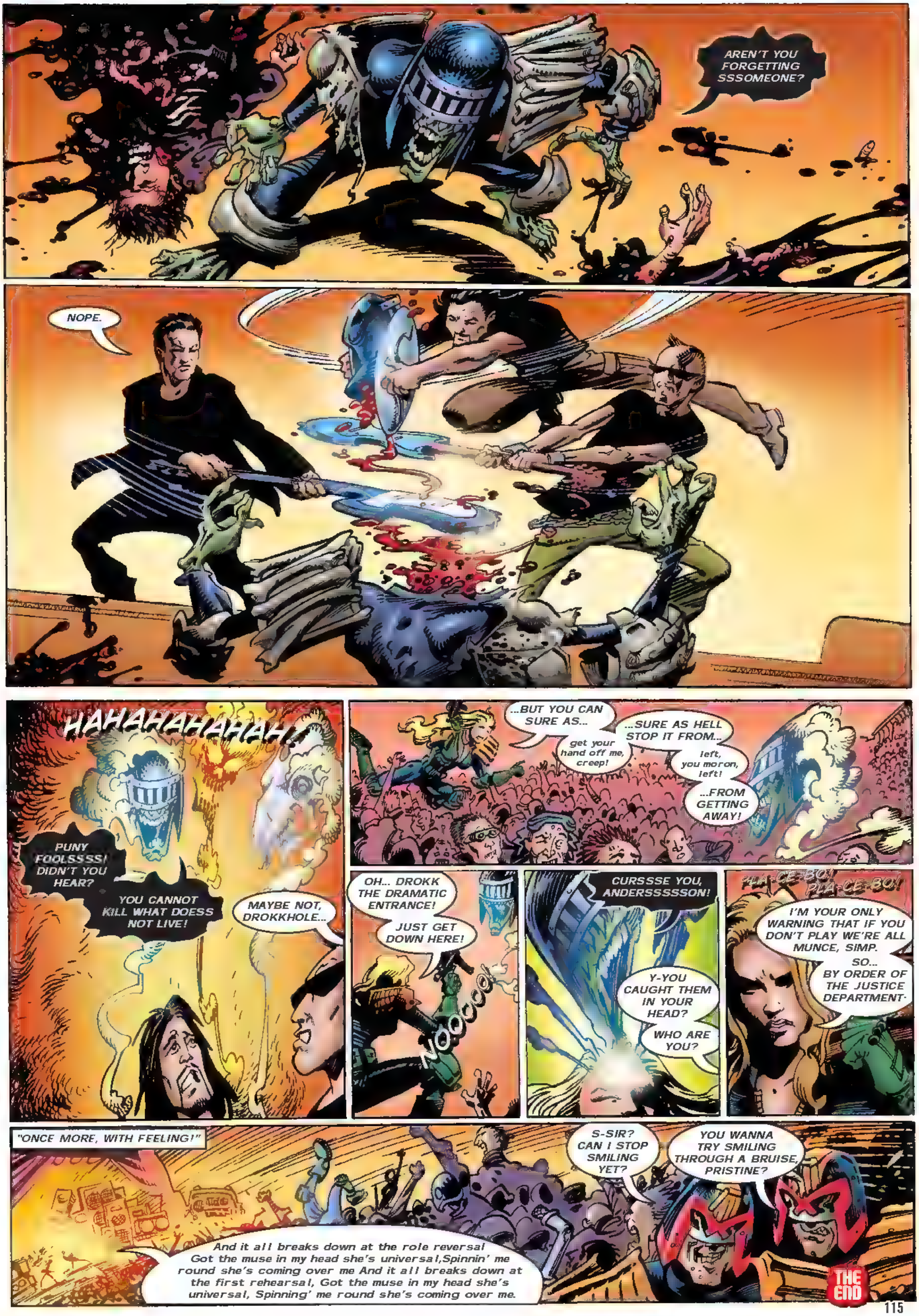

MEANWHILE...
ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE, HERE'S THE JIMMY·
WE ARE IN DEEP DREKK.
AT APPROXIMATELY THREE-FIFTEEN THIS MORNING THE DARK JUDGES ESCAPED INTO THE CITY.
YOU KNOW THE M.O. - ALIEN SUPERFIENDS, TWISTED KILL 'EM ALL PHILOSOPHY, BLAH BLAH. LAST TIME THESE CREEPS WENT WALKABOUT WE GOT A KILLCOUNT IN THE THOUSANDS.
AS OF NOW, WE HAVE NO DROKKING IDEA WHERE THEY ARE. PSI-JUDGE ANDERSON IS ON IT.
SO FAR, JOE SIMP ON THE STREET HAS NO INKLING. IF THE CITS GET WIND OF THIS, WE'VE GOT A MAJOR PANIC ON OUR HANDS. CHIEF JUDGE CAME UP WITH THIS CONCERT AS A SOLUTION:
A SHOW OF GOOD WILL, SEE? KEEP 'EM DISTRACTED. ALL WE GOTTA DO IS KEEP UP THE PRETENCE. EVERYTHING'S NORMAL.
S-SO OUR ORDERS ARE... TO HEAD OUT INTO TEENAGE ANGST CENTRAL AND... SMILE.
DROKK!
I-IT HURTS! MEDIC!
S-SIR? HOW?
S-SO... uh... WHAT DO YOU GUYS CALL YOURSELVES?
USELESS PILL. WE'RE A TRIBUTE BAND.
T-TRIBUTE? BUT YOU DON'T LOOK VERY... uh... PLACEBO-ESQUE...
NONSSSENSSSE.... WE'RE HERE TO CHALLENGE THE SSSTATUSSS QUO, SSAME ASSS YOU...
SSSEXUAL PREJUDICESSS, NARCOTIC PROHIBITION... THE RIGHT TO BREATHE...
BUT THERE ARE FOUR OF YOU!
THAT'SSSS RIGHT...
J.D. FIRE ON THE BASSSSSS...
BIG FEAR ON THE DRUMSSS...
AND BRIAN MORTISSS OUT FRONT.
I LIKE TO PLAY...
SSSSMOKIN'!
HOW'SSS MY MAKEUP?
A-AND WHAT DO YOU DO?
MORTIS
CROWD CONTROL.

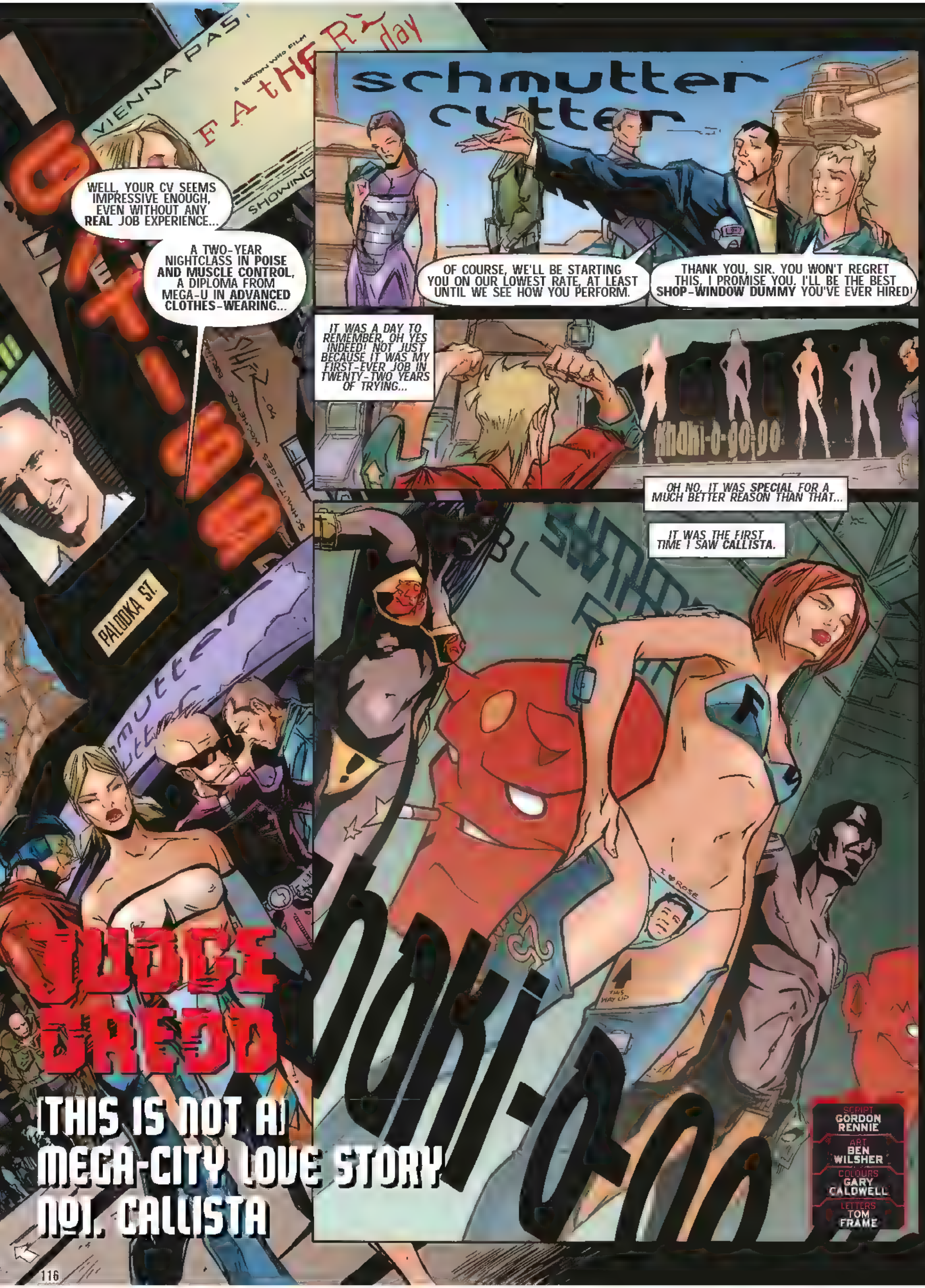

...S-SOMEONE'S COMING OUT, JUVES! I THINK IT'S THEM!
...SO ANAESTHETIZED IN OUR COMFORT ZONE...
...KEEP SMILING... KEEP SMILING...
...YOU HOME
OKAY... BRING THE LIGHTS UP SLOW... KEEP IT MOODY...
...OF MAY...
EVERY SSSTEP
...SSSECOND TIME
...YOU HOME
...KEEP SMILING...
...WALKING AWAY...
REMINDS ME OF THE SSSUMMER TIME ON THISSS WINTER'SSS DAY...
SEE YOU AT THE BITTER END...
SEE YOU AT THE BITTER END...
ISELES PILL


REMINDS ME THAT IT'SS KILLING TIME!
ON THISSS FATEFUL DAY!
QUO
.... DROKK!


CONTROL? Y-YOU... uh... YOU SHOULD SEND FOR PSI-JUDGE ANDERSON RIGHT AWAY...
UNH!
A-ALSO... YOU BETTER CALL A MED-WAGON OR TWO.
ROJ THAT. TROUBLE?
THE CRIME ISSS LIFE, THE SSENTENCE IS DEATH!
Y-YOU COULD SAY THAT, CONTROL.
PRISTINE JUST PULLED HIS CHEEK.
O-OVER AND OUT.
G-GOD, THIS IS HORRIBLE! THEY'RE MASSACRING OUR FANS!
IT'S WORSE THAN THAT, STEFAN...
THEY'RE MASSACRING OUR MUSIC!
YEAH... AND IF NONE OF THOSE REPRESSED MACHO-ARSED JUDGE WANKERS OUT THERE ARE GOING TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT...
...I SUGGEST THAT WE DO.
...BETTER HURRY, ANDERSON - LOOKS LIKE THE BAND WANT A PIECE OF THE DARK JUDGES!
DROKKING MUSICIANS... SPECIAL NEEDS SIMPOS, EVERY ONE.


THAT'S MY KIT, YOU BASTARD!
FFOOL! YOU'VE MADE ME LOSSSE THE BEAT!
GAZE INTO THE FACE OF F--
FWAP
SSS... YOU COME TO DIE BEFORE YOUR FANSSS?
N-NO... I COME TO REMIND THEM WHAT TO DO WHEN THE BAND SUCKS LIKE A BLACK HOLE...
KRSH!
THWUP!
THUNDERBIRD
100%
BOTTLE THE BASSIST!
H2O
SPLASSSSH!
TSSSSSSS!
N-NOOO!
I'M MELLLLTINGGG!
AND WHAT OF YOU, LITTLE THINGG?
WHAT COULD POSSSSIBLY DESSSTROY MORTISSS?
SIMPLE, FREAKO.
THE STRONGEST, MOST OUTRAGEOUS, MOST POWERFUL FORCE IN CREATION.
EAT MOSH, MORTIS!


AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SSSOMEONE?
NOPE.
HAHAHAHAHAHAH!
PUNY FOOLSSSS! DIDN'T YOU HEAR?
YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOESS NOT LIVE!
MAYBE NOT, DROKKHOLE...
...BUT YOU CAN SURE AS...
get your hand off me, creep!
...SURE AS HELL STOP IT FROM...
left, you moron, left!
...FROM GETTING AWAY!
OH... DROKK THE DRAMATIC ENTRANCE!
JUST GET DOWN HERE!
NOOOOO!
CURSSSE YOU, ANDERSSSSSSON!
Y-YOU CAUGHT THEM IN YOUR HEAD?
WHO ARE YOU?
PLA-CE-BO! PLA-CE-BO!
I'M YOUR ONLY WARNING THAT IF YOU DON'T PLAY WE'RE ALL MUNCE, SIMP.
SO... BY ORDER OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT-
"ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING!"
S-SIR? CAN I STOP SMILING YET?
YOU WANNA TRY SMILING THROUGH A BRUISE, PRISTINE?
And it all breaks down at the role reversal Got the muse in my head she's universal,Spinnin' me round she's coming over me And it all breaks down at the first rehearsal, Got the muse in my head she's universal, Spinning' me round she's coming over me.
THE END

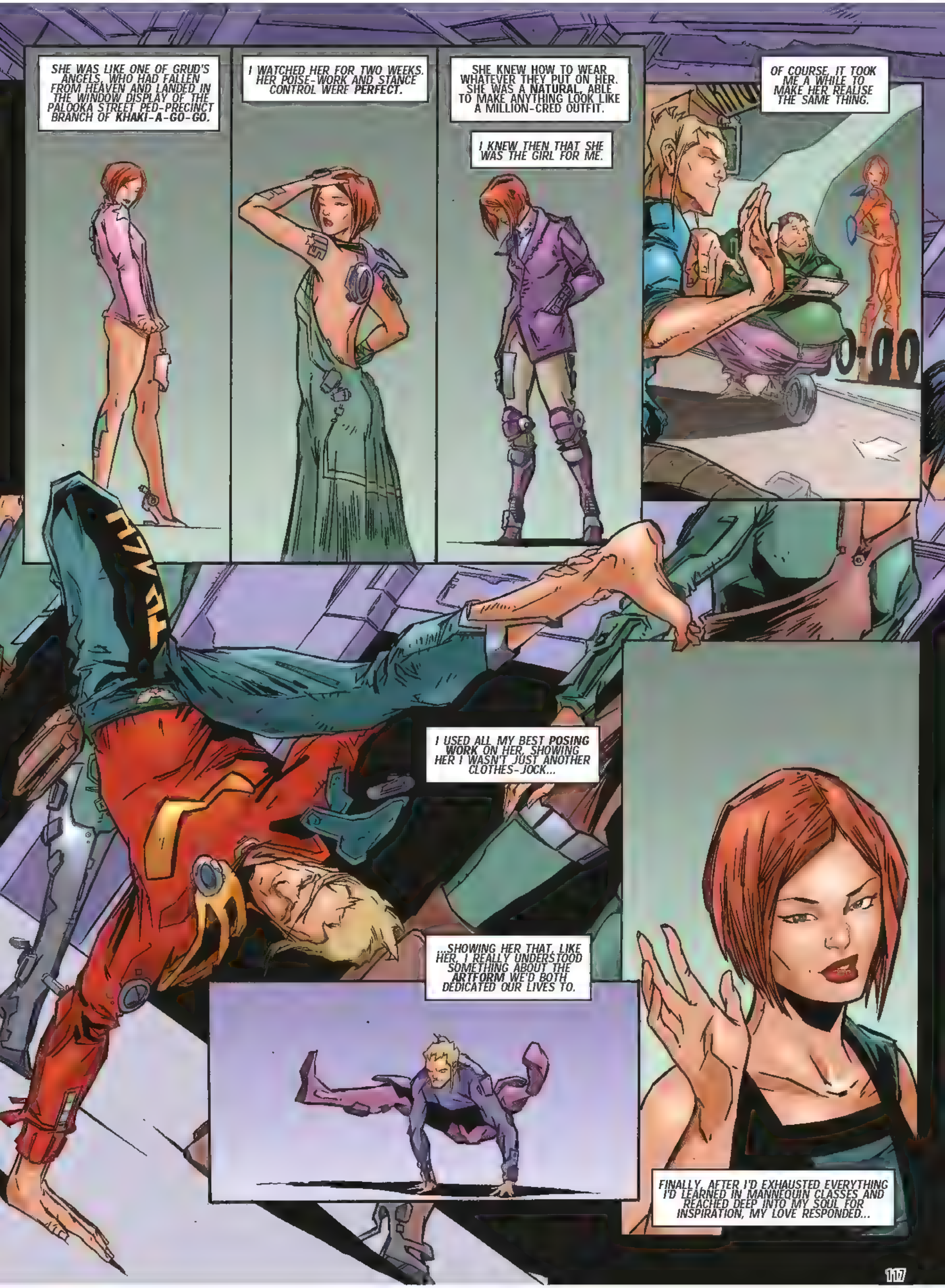


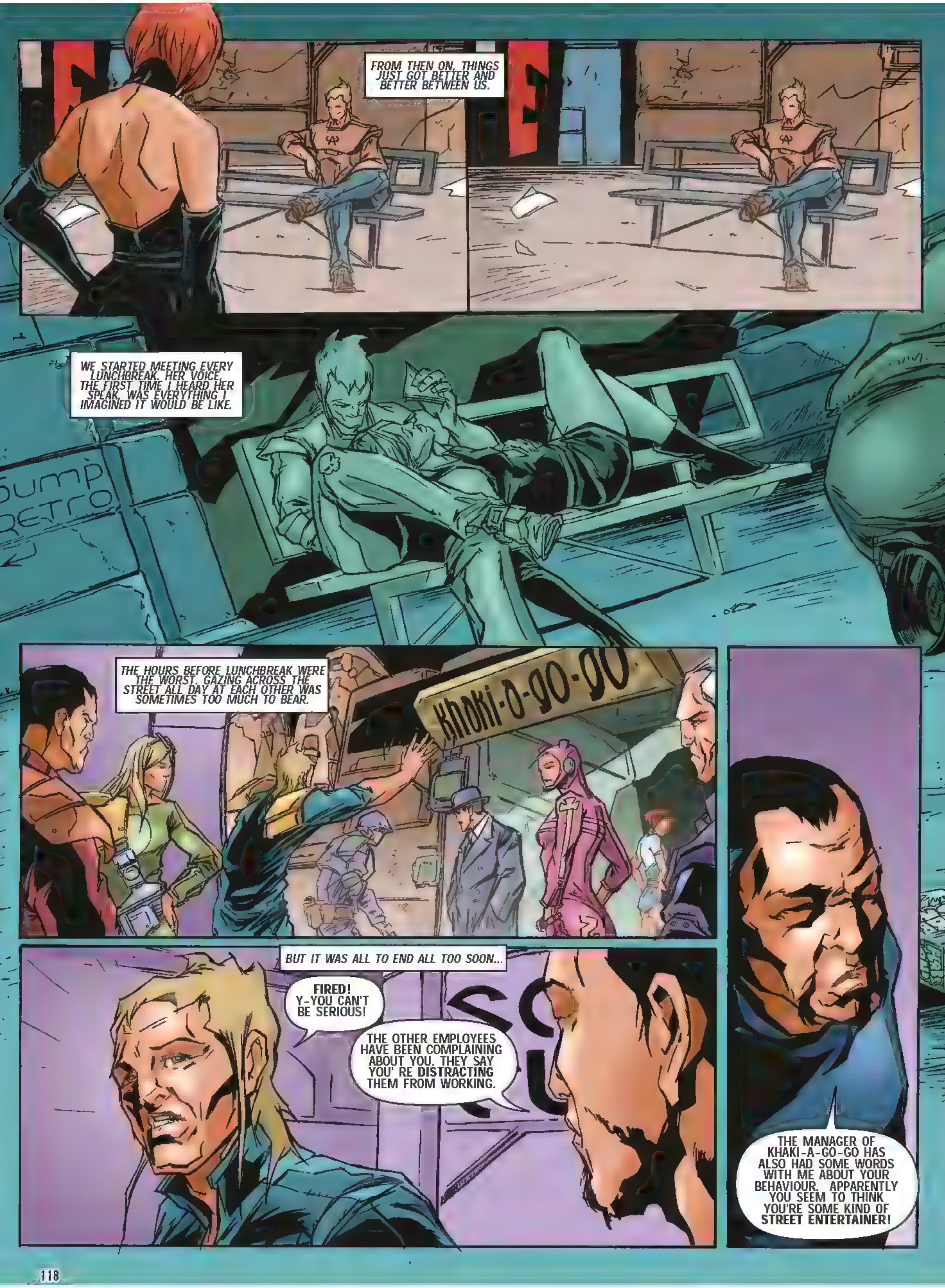
JUDGE DREDD

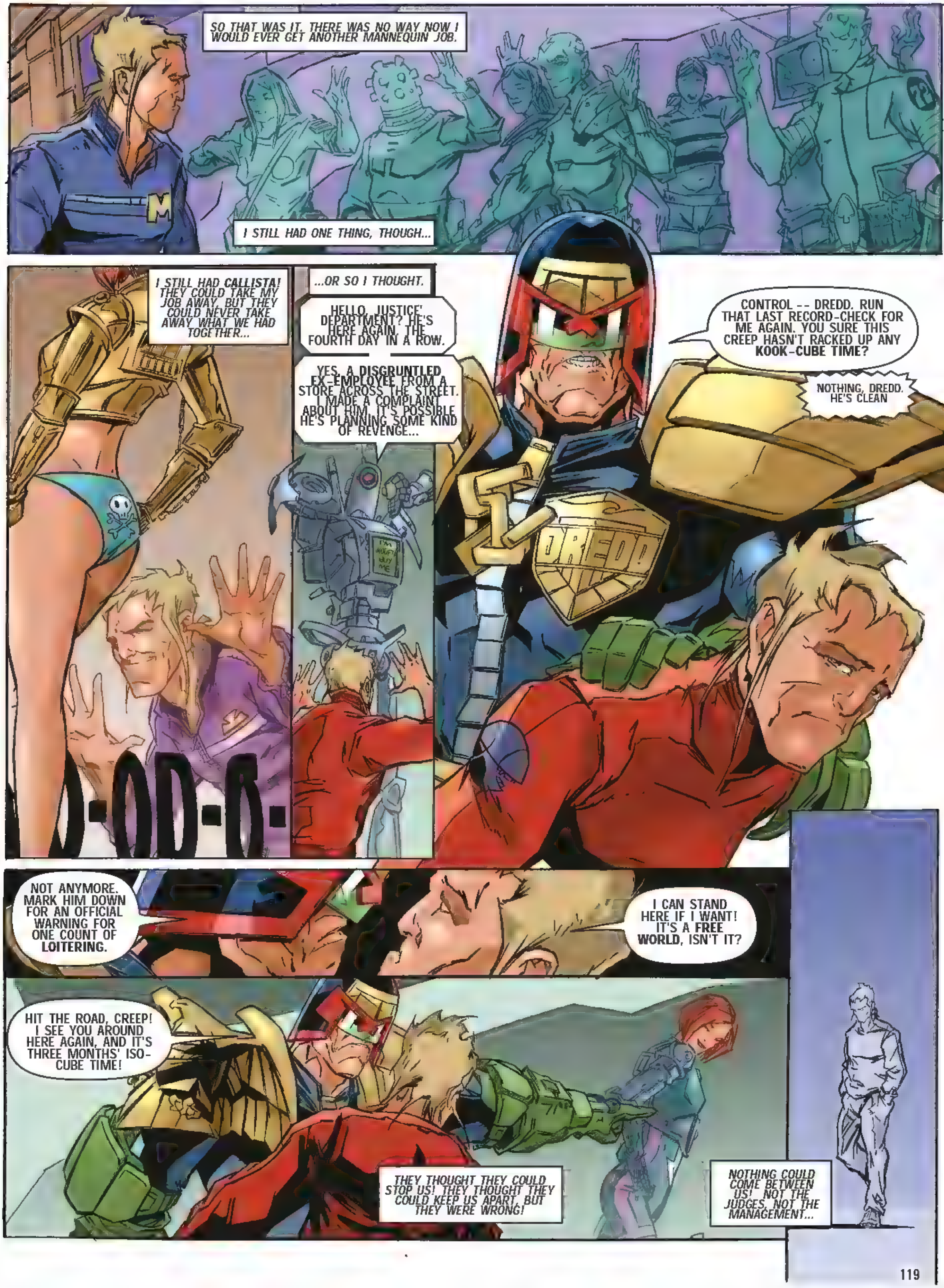
(THIS IS NOT A) MEGA-CITY LOVE STORY NO1. CALLISTA

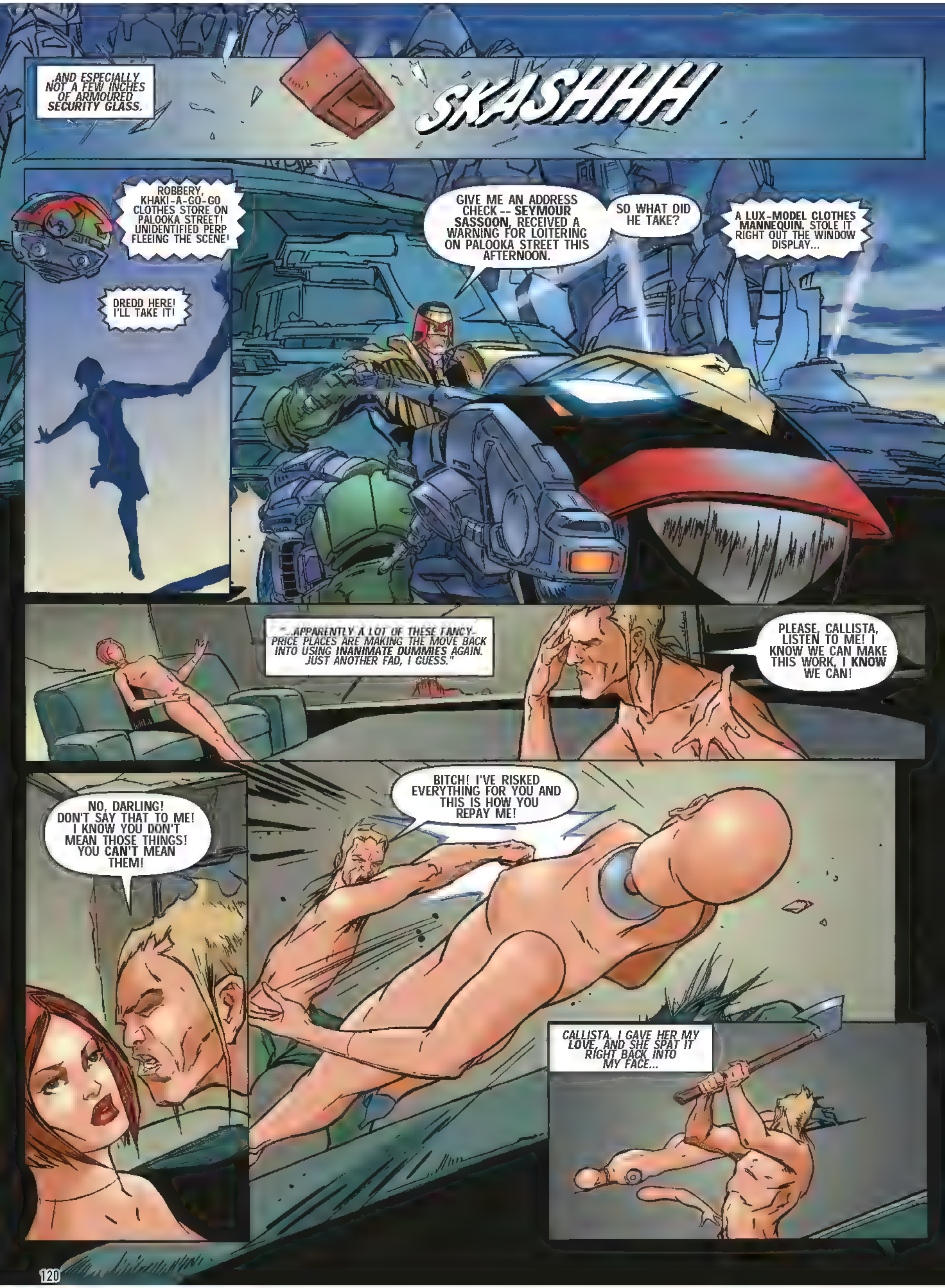
SCRIPT **GORDON RENNIE**
ART **BEN WILSHER**
COLOURS **GARY CALDWELL**
LETTERS **TOM FRAME**

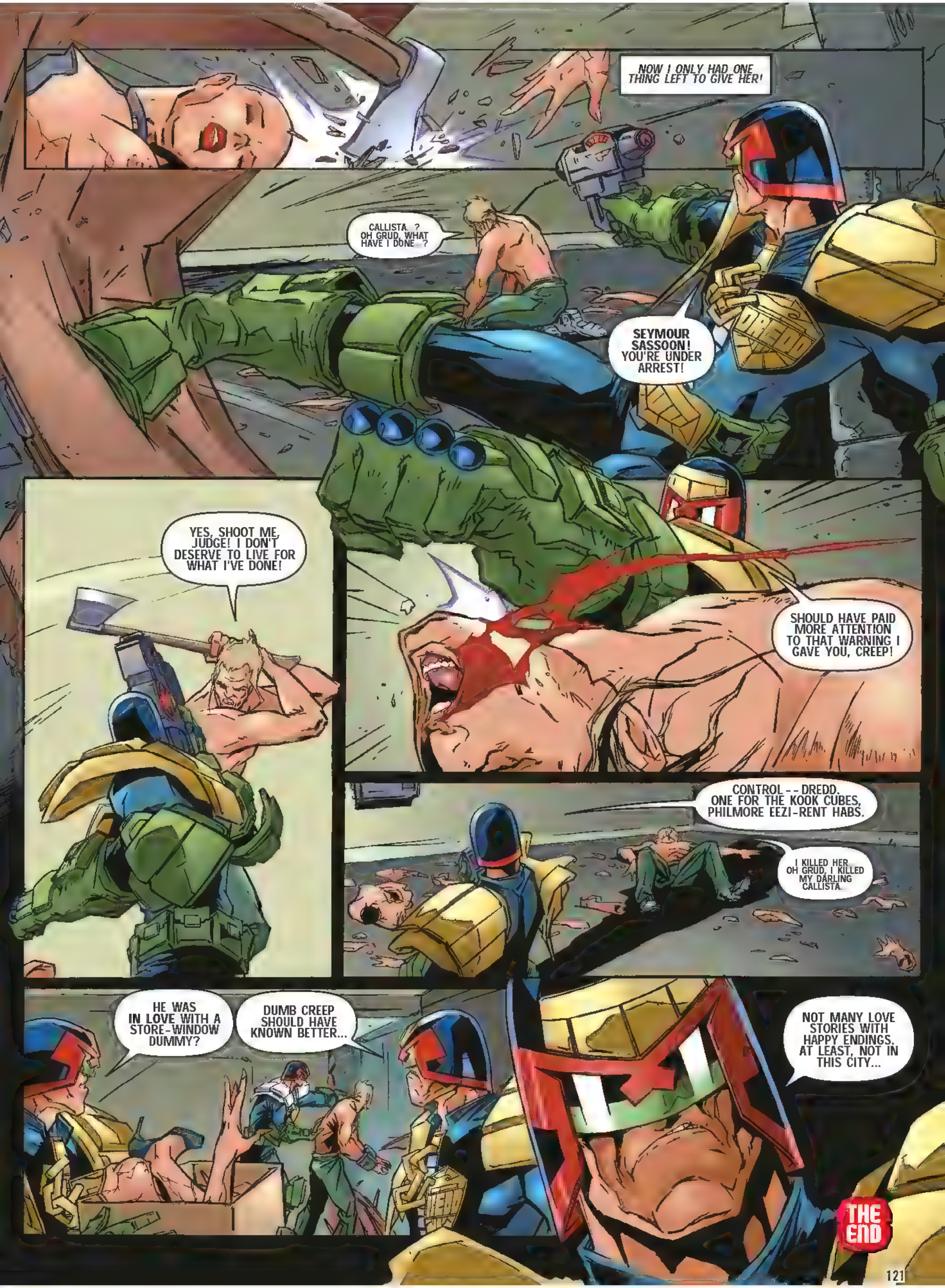
VIENNA PAS
A HORTON WHO FILM
FATHER'S day
SHOWING
WELL, YOUR CV SEEMS IMPRESSIVE ENOUGH, EVEN WITHOUT ANY REAL JOB EXPERIENCE...
A TWO-YEAR NIGHTCLASS IN POISE AND MUSCLE CONTROL, A DIPLOMA FROM MEGA-U IN ADVANCED CLOTHES-WEARING...
schmutter cutter
OF COURSE, WE'LL BE STARTING YOU ON OUR LOWEST RATE, AT LEAST UNTIL WE SEE HOW YOU PERFORM.
THANK YOU, SIR. YOU WON'T REGRET THIS, I PROMISE YOU. I'LL BE THE BEST SHOP-WINDOW DUMMY YOU'VE EVER HIRED!
IT WAS A DAY TO REMEMBER, OH YES INDEED! NOT JUST BECAUSE IT WAS MY FIRST-EVER JOB IN TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF TRYING...
Khaki-o-go-go
PALOOKA ST.
OH NO, IT WAS SPECIAL FOR A MUCH BETTER REASON THAN THAT...
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I SAW CALLISTA.
I ♥ ROSE
THIS WAY UP
Khaki-o-go-go


SHE WAS LIKE ONE OF GRUD'S ANGELS, WHO HAD FALLEN FROM HEAVEN AND LANDED IN THE WINDOW DISPLAY OF THE PALOOKA STREET PED-PRECINCT BRANCH OF **KHAKI-A-GO-GO**.
I WATCHED HER FOR TWO WEEKS. HER POISE-WORK AND STANCE CONTROL WERE **PERFECT**.
SHE KNEW HOW TO WEAR WHATEVER THEY PUT ON HER. SHE WAS A **NATURAL**, ABLE TO MAKE ANYTHING LOOK LIKE A MILLION-CRED OUTFIT.
I KNEW THEN THAT SHE WAS THE GIRL FOR ME.
OF COURSE, IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO MAKE HER REALISE THE SAME THING.
I USED ALL MY BEST **POSING WORK** ON HER, SHOWING HER I WASN'T JUST ANOTHER CLOTHES-JOCK...
...SHOWING HER THAT, LIKE HER, I REALLY UNDERSTOOD SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTFORM WE'D BOTH DEDICATED OUR LIVES TO.
FINALLY, AFTER I'D EXHAUSTED EVERYTHING I'D LEARNED IN MANNEQUIN CLASSES AND REACHED DEEP INTO MY SOUL FOR INSPIRATION, MY LOVE RESPONDED...


FROM THEN ON, THINGS JUST GOT BETTER AND BETTER BETWEEN US.
WE STARTED MEETING EVERY LUNCHBREAK. HER VOICE, THE FIRST TIME I HEARD HER SPEAK, WAS EVERYTHING I IMAGINED IT WOULD BE LIKE.
Sump RETRO
THE HOURS BEFORE LUNCHBREAK WERE THE WORST. GAZING ACROSS THE STREET ALL DAY AT EACH OTHER WAS SOMETIMES TOO MUCH TO BEAR.
Khaki-a-go-go
BUT IT WAS ALL TO END ALL TOO SOON...
FIRED! Y-YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!
THE OTHER EMPLOYEES HAVE BEEN COMPLAINING ABOUT YOU. THEY SAY YOU' RE **DISTRACTING** THEM FROM WORKING.
THE MANAGER OF KHAKI-A-GO-GO HAS ALSO HAD SOME WORDS WITH ME ABOUT YOUR BEHAVIOUR. APPARENTLY YOU SEEM TO THINK YOU'RE SOME KIND OF **STREET ENTERTAINER!**


SO THAT WAS IT. THERE WAS NO WAY NOW I WOULD EVER GET ANOTHER MANNEQUIN JOB.
I STILL HAD ONE THING, THOUGH...
I STILL HAD CALLISTA! THEY COULD TAKE MY JOB AWAY, BUT THEY COULD NEVER TAKE AWAY WHAT WE HAD TOGETHER...
...OR SO I THOUGHT.
HELLO, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT? HE'S HERE AGAIN. THE FOURTH DAY IN A ROW.
YES. A DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEE FROM A STORE ACROSS THE STREET. I MADE A COMPLAINT ABOUT HIM. IT'S POSSIBLE HE'S PLANNING SOME KIND OF REVENGE...
CONTROL -- DREDD. RUN THAT LAST RECORD-CHECK FOR ME AGAIN. YOU SURE THIS CREEP HASN'T RACKED UP ANY KOOK-CUBE TIME?
NOTHING, DREDD. HE'S CLEAN
DREDD
NOT ANYMORE. MARK HIM DOWN FOR AN OFFICIAL WARNING FOR ONE COUNT OF LOITERING.
I CAN STAND HERE IF I WANT! IT'S A FREE WORLD, ISN'T IT?
HIT THE ROAD, CREEP! I SEE YOU AROUND HERE AGAIN, AND IT'S THREE MONTHS' ISO-CUBE TIME!
THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD STOP US! THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD KEEP US APART, BUT THEY WERE WRONG!
NOTHING COULD COME BETWEEN US! NOT THE JUDGES, NOT THE MANAGEMENT...

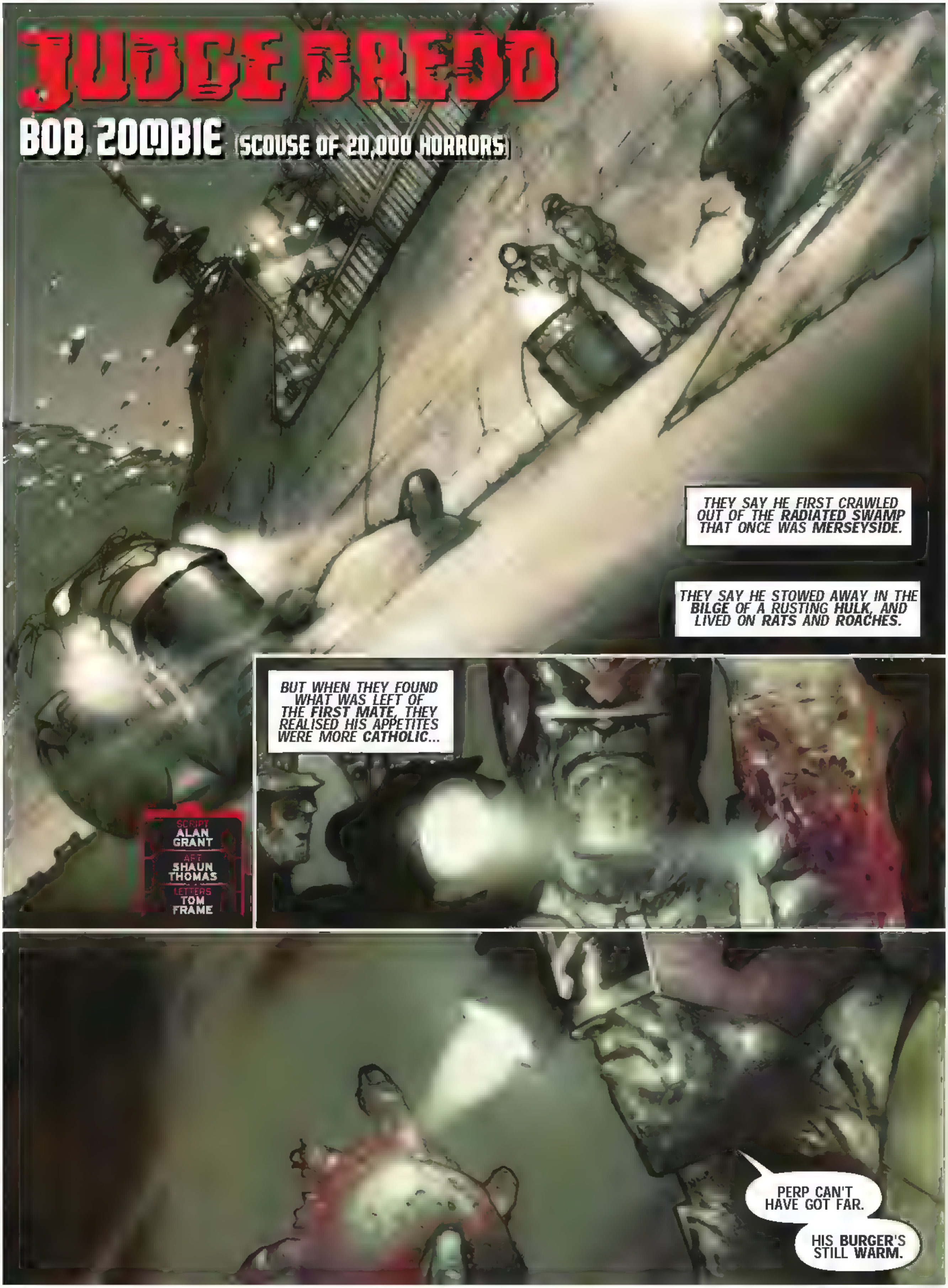

AND ESPECIALLY NOT A FEW INCHES OF ARMOURED SECURITY GLASS.
SKASHHH
ROBBERY, KHAKI-A-GO-GO CLOTHES STORE ON PALOOKA STREET! UNIDENTIFIED PERP FLEEING THE SCENE!
DREDD HERE! I'LL TAKE IT!
GIVE ME AN ADDRESS CHECK -- SEYMOUR SASSOON, RECEIVED A WARNING FOR LOITERING ON PALOOKA STREET THIS AFTERNOON.
SO WHAT DID HE TAKE?
A LUX-MODEL CLOTHES MANNEQUIN. STOLE IT RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW DISPLAY...
"...APPARENTLY A LOT OF THESE FANCY-PRICE PLACES ARE MAKING THE MOVE BACK INTO USING INANIMATE DUMMIES AGAIN. JUST ANOTHER FAD, I GUESS."
PLEASE, CALLISTA, LISTEN TO ME! I KNOW WE CAN MAKE THIS WORK, I KNOW WE CAN!
NO, DARLING! DON'T SAY THAT TO ME! I KNOW YOU DON'T MEAN THOSE THINGS! YOU CAN'T MEAN THEM!
BITCH! I'VE RISKED EVERYTHING FOR YOU AND THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY ME!
CALLISTA. I GAVE HER MY LOVE, AND SHE SPAT IT RIGHT BACK INTO MY FACE...

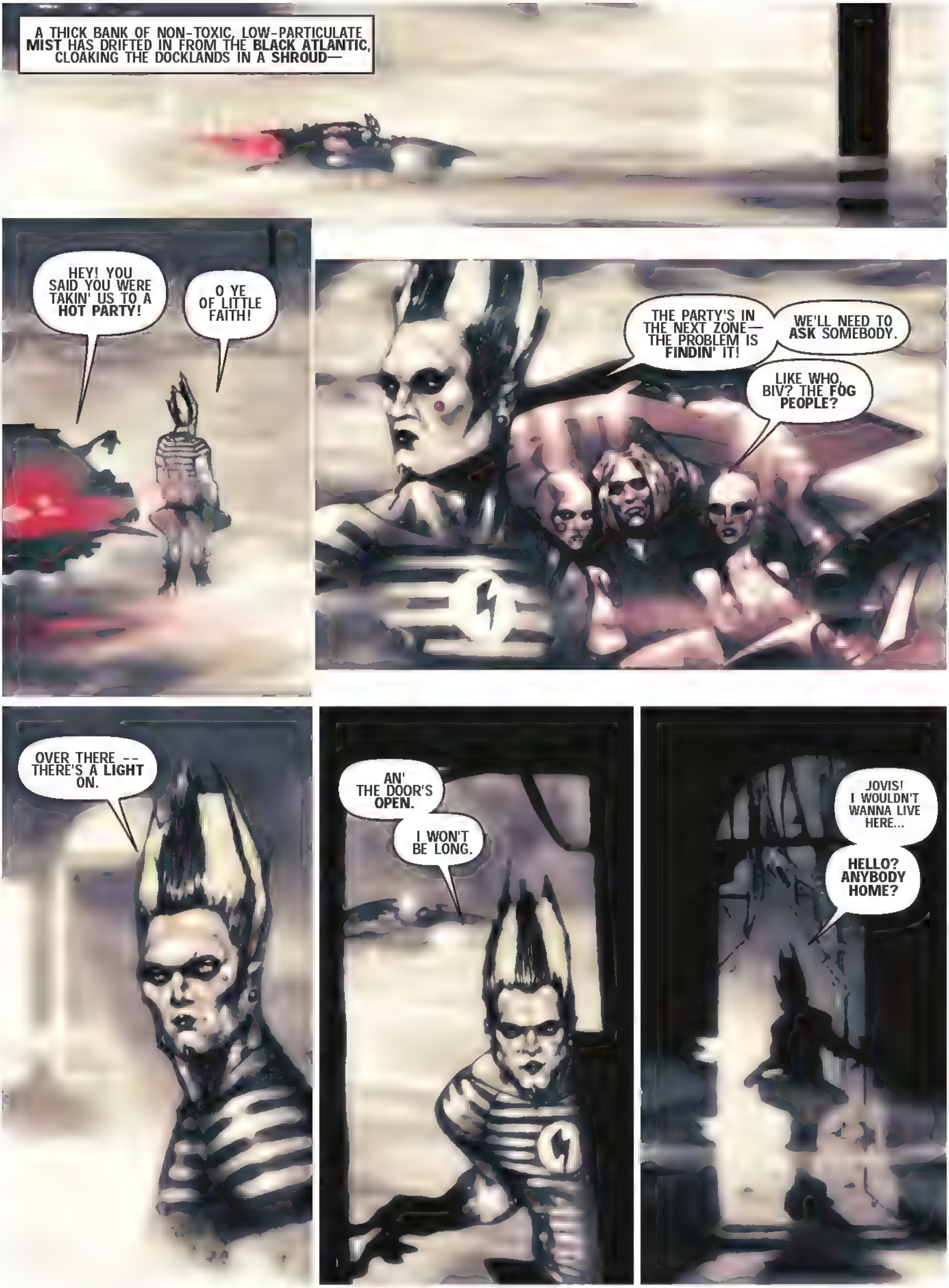

NOW I ONLY HAD ONE THING LEFT TO GIVE HER!
CALLISTA...? OH GRUD, WHAT HAVE I DONE...?
SEYMOUR SASSOON! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
YES, SHOOT ME, JUDGE! I DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE FOR WHAT I'VE DONE!
SHOULD HAVE PAID MORE ATTENTION TO THAT WARNING I GAVE YOU, CREEP!
CONTROL -- DREDD. ONE FOR THE KOOK CUBES, PHILMORE EEZI-RENT HABS.
I KILLED HER... OH GRUD, I KILLED MY DARLING CALLISTA...
HE WAS IN LOVE WITH A STORE-WINDOW DUMMY?
DUMB CREEP SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER...
NOT MANY LOVE STORIES WITH HAPPY ENDINGS. AT LEAST, NOT IN THIS CITY...
THE END

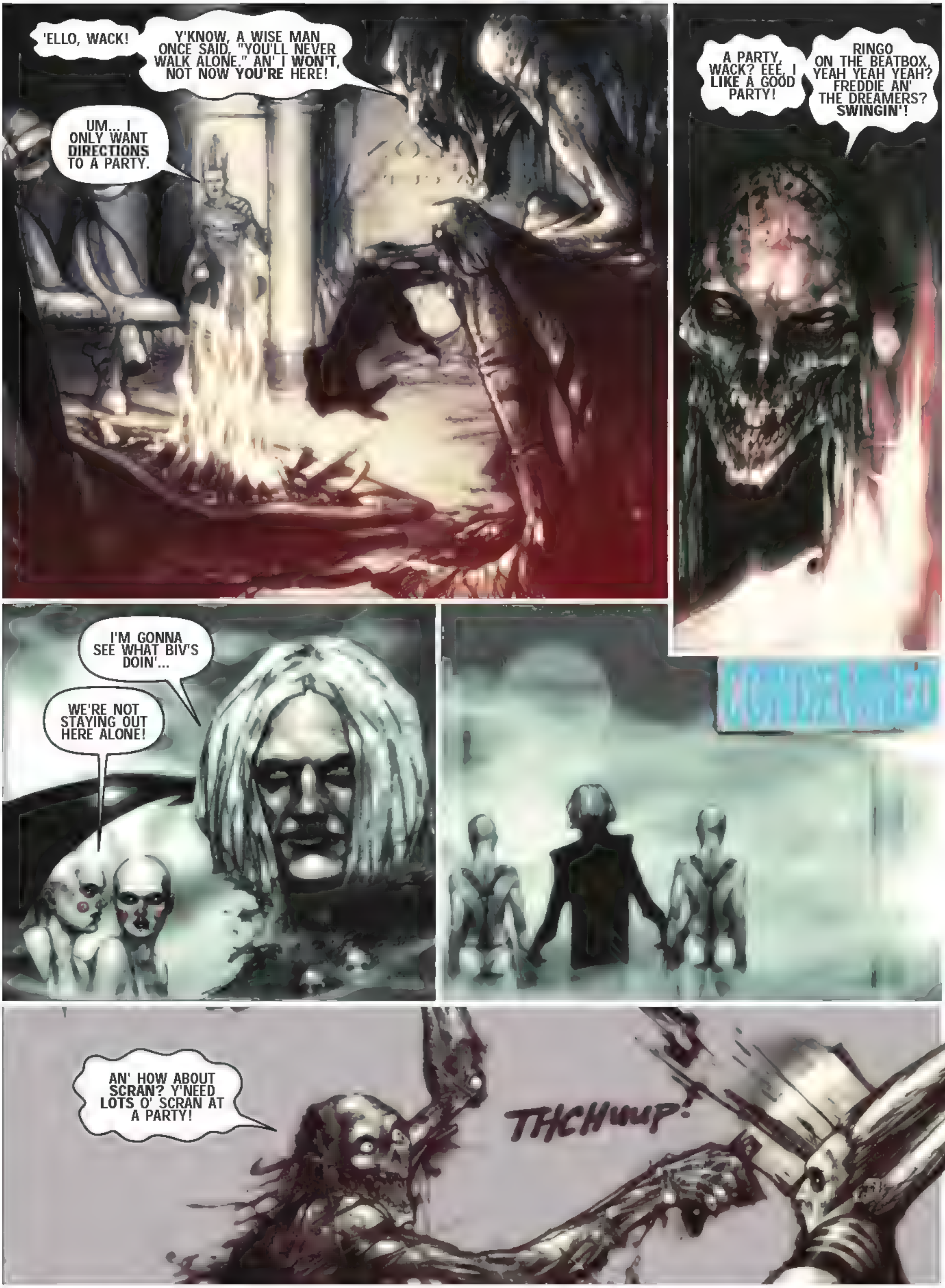
JUDGE DREDD

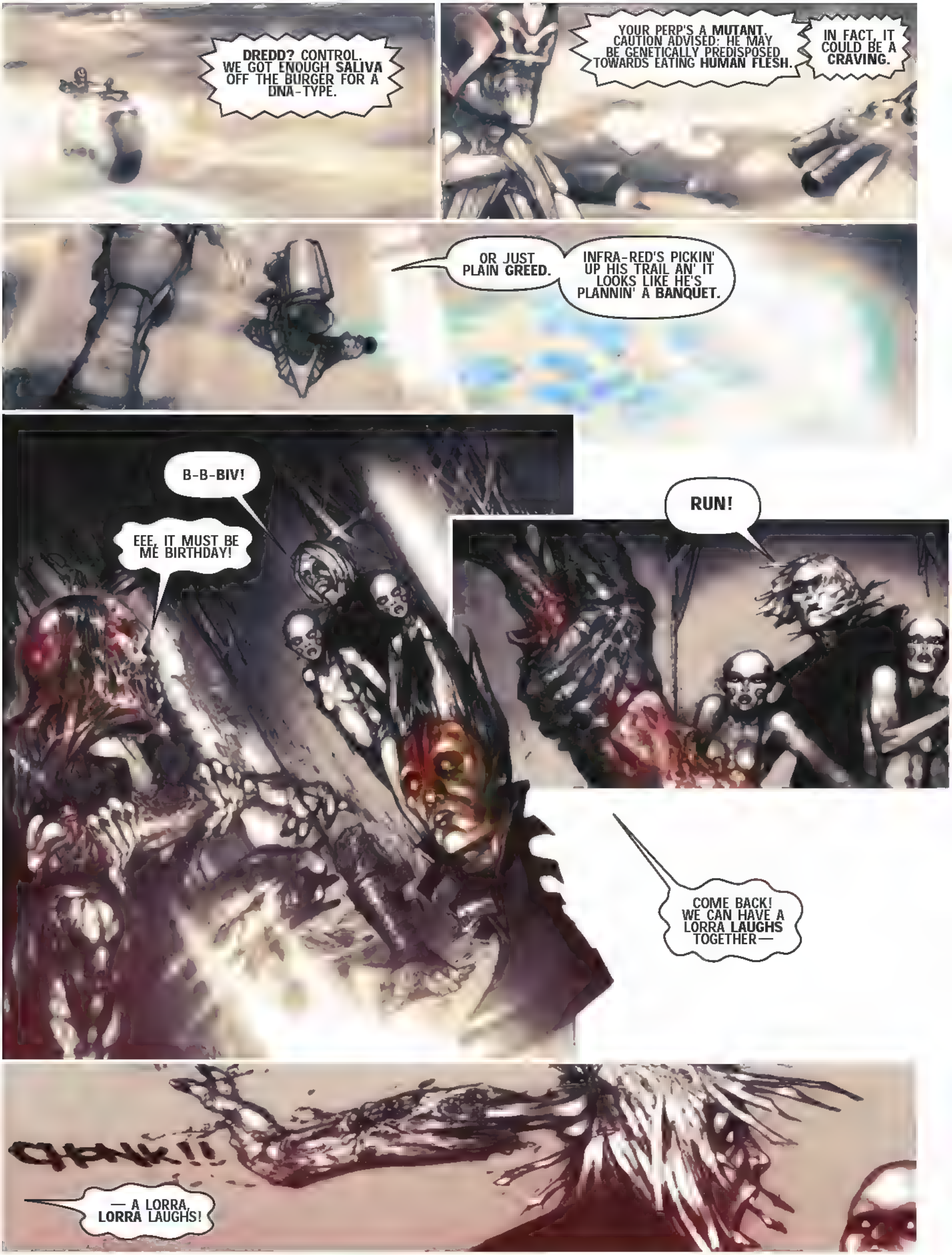
BOB ZOMBIE (SCOUSE OF 20,000 HORRORS)

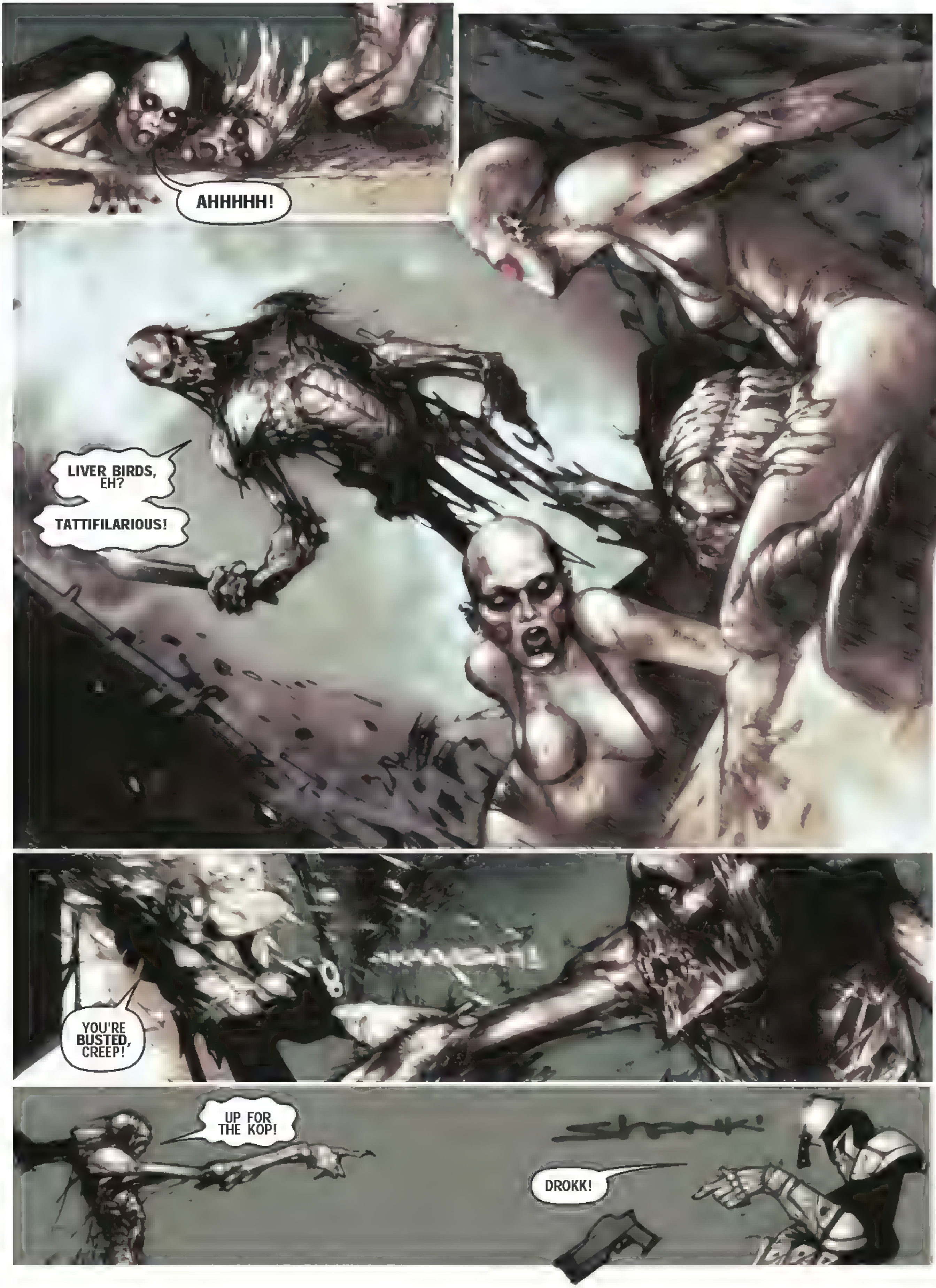
SCRIPT
ALAN GRANT
ART
SHAUN THOMAS
LETTERS
TOM FRAME

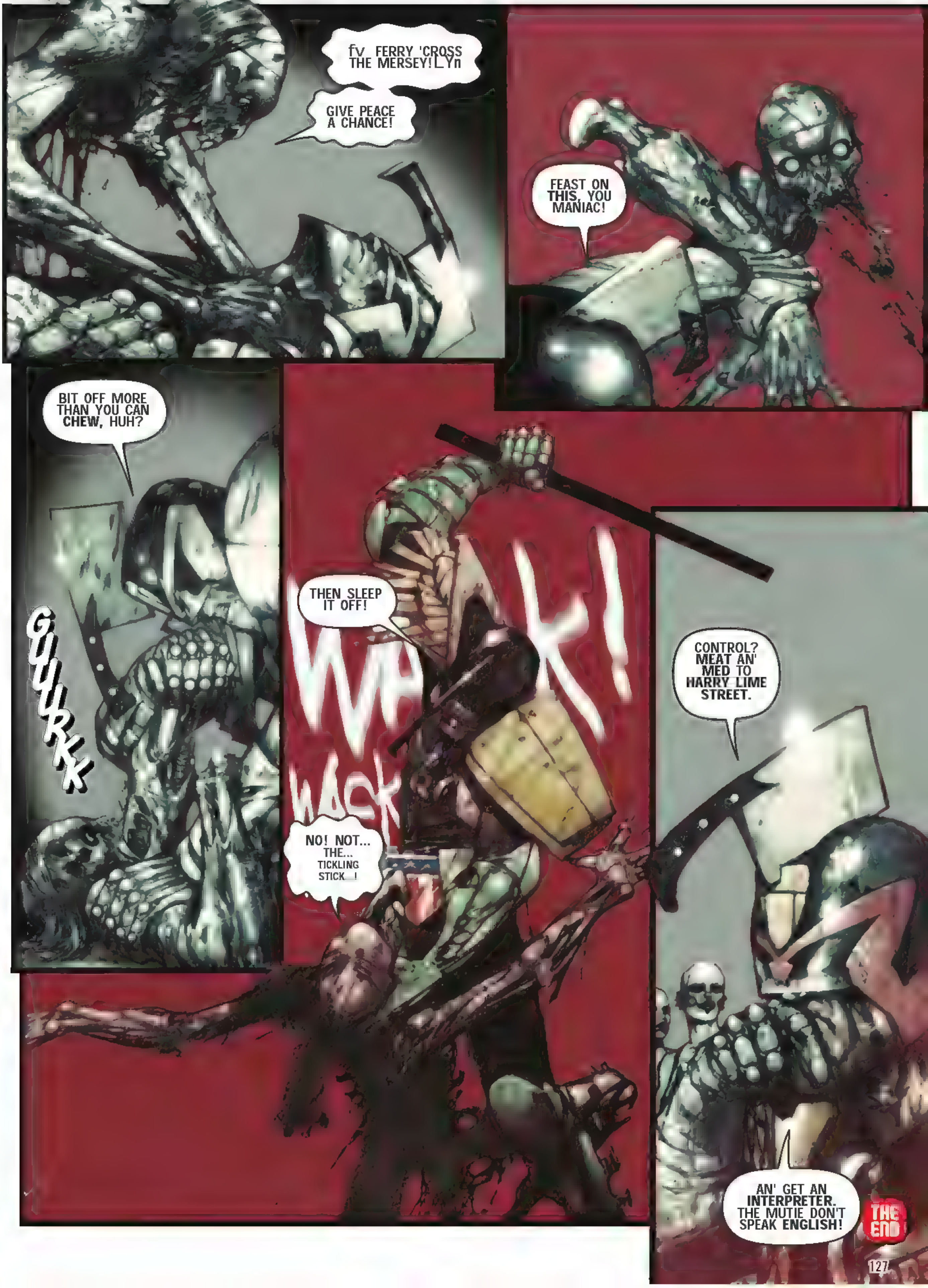

THEY SAY HE FIRST CRAWLED OUT OF THE RADIATED SWAMP THAT ONCE WAS MERSEYSIDE.
THEY SAY HE STOWED AWAY IN THE BILGE OF A RUSTING HULK, AND LIVED ON RATS AND ROACHES.
BUT WHEN THEY FOUND WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE FIRST MATE, THEY REALISED HIS APPETITES WERE MORE CATHOLIC...
PERP CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR.
HIS BURGER'S STILL WARM.

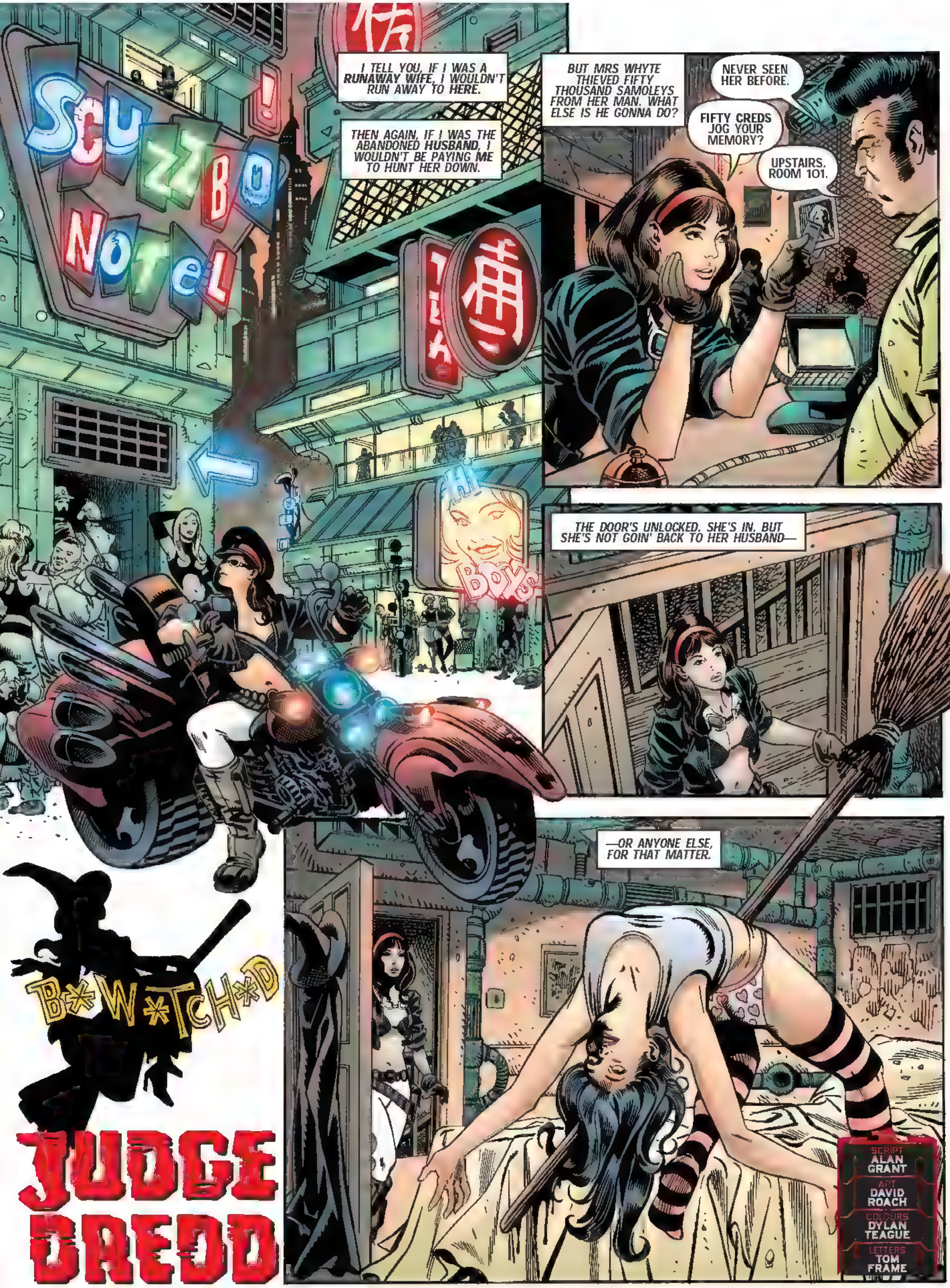

A THICK BANK OF NON-TOXIC, LOW-PARTICULATE **MIST** HAS DRIFTED IN FROM THE **BLACK ATLANTIC**, CLOAKING THE DOCKLANDS IN A **SHROUD**—
HEY! YOU SAID YOU WERE TAKIN' US TO A **HOT PARTY**!
O YE OF LITTLE FAITH!
THE PARTY'S IN THE NEXT ZONE— THE PROBLEM IS **FINDIN'** IT!
WE'LL NEED TO **ASK** SOMEBODY.
LIKE WHO, BIV? THE **FOG PEOPLE**?
OVER THERE -- THERE'S A **LIGHT** ON.
AN' THE DOOR'S **OPEN**.
I WON'T BE LONG.
JOVIS! I WOULDN'T WANNA LIVE HERE...
HELLO? ANYBODY HOME?

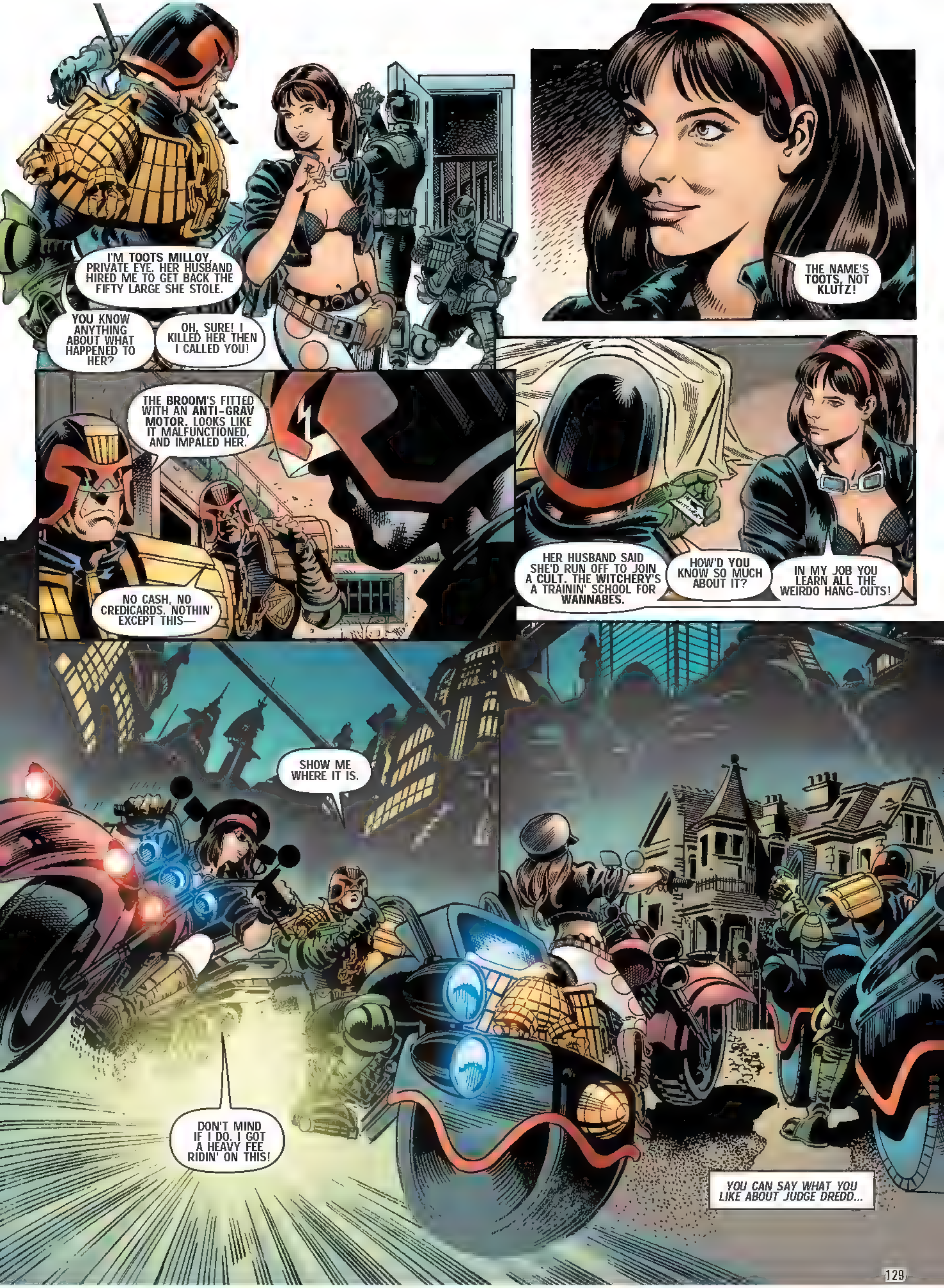

'ELLO, WACK!
Y'KNOW, A WISE MAN ONCE SAID, "YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE." AN' I **WON'T**, NOT NOW **YOU'RE** HERE!
UM... I ONLY WANT DIRECTIONS TO A PARTY.
A PARTY, WACK? EEE, I **LIKE** A GOOD PARTY!
RINGO ON THE BEATBOX, YEAH YEAH YEAH? FREDDIE AN' THE DREAMERS? **SWINGIN'**!
I'M GONNA SEE WHAT BIV'S DOIN'...
WE'RE NOT STAYING OUT HERE ALONE!
AN' HOW ABOUT **SCRAN**? Y'NEED **LOTS** O' SCRAN AT A PARTY!
THCHUUP!

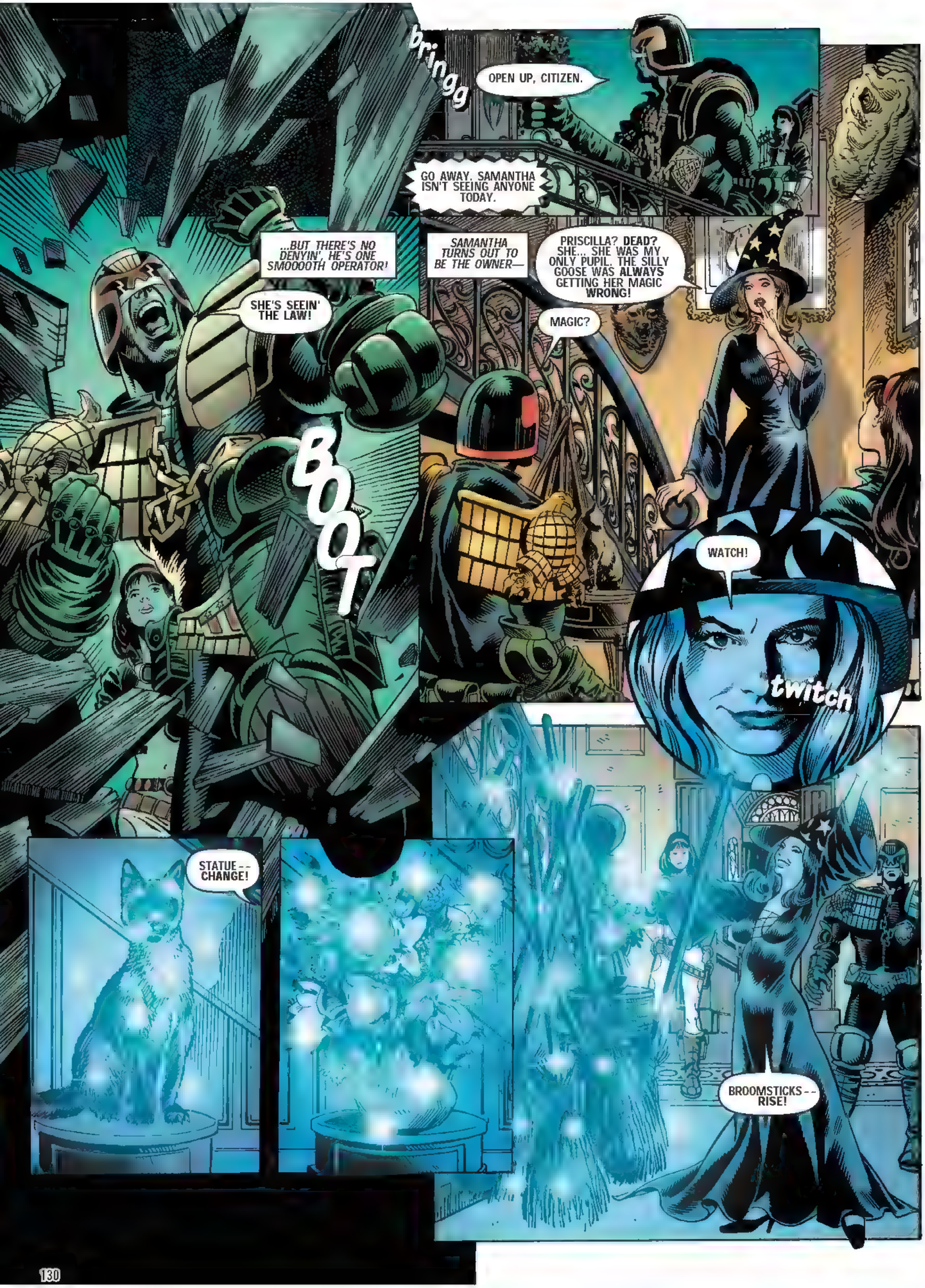

DREDD? CONTROL. WE GOT ENOUGH SALIVA OFF THE BURGER FOR A DNA-TYPE.
YOUR PERP'S A MUTANT. CAUTION ADVISED: HE MAY BE GENETICALLY PREDISPOSED TOWARDS EATING HUMAN FLESH.
IN FACT, IT COULD BE A CRAVING.
OR JUST PLAIN GREED.
INFRA-RED'S PICKIN' UP HIS TRAIL AN' IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S PLANNIN' A BANQUET.
B-B-BIV!
EEE, IT MUST BE ME BIRTHDAY!
RUN!
COME BACK! WE CAN HAVE A LORRA LAUGHS TOGETHER—
CHNK!!
— A LORRA, LORRA LAUGHS!

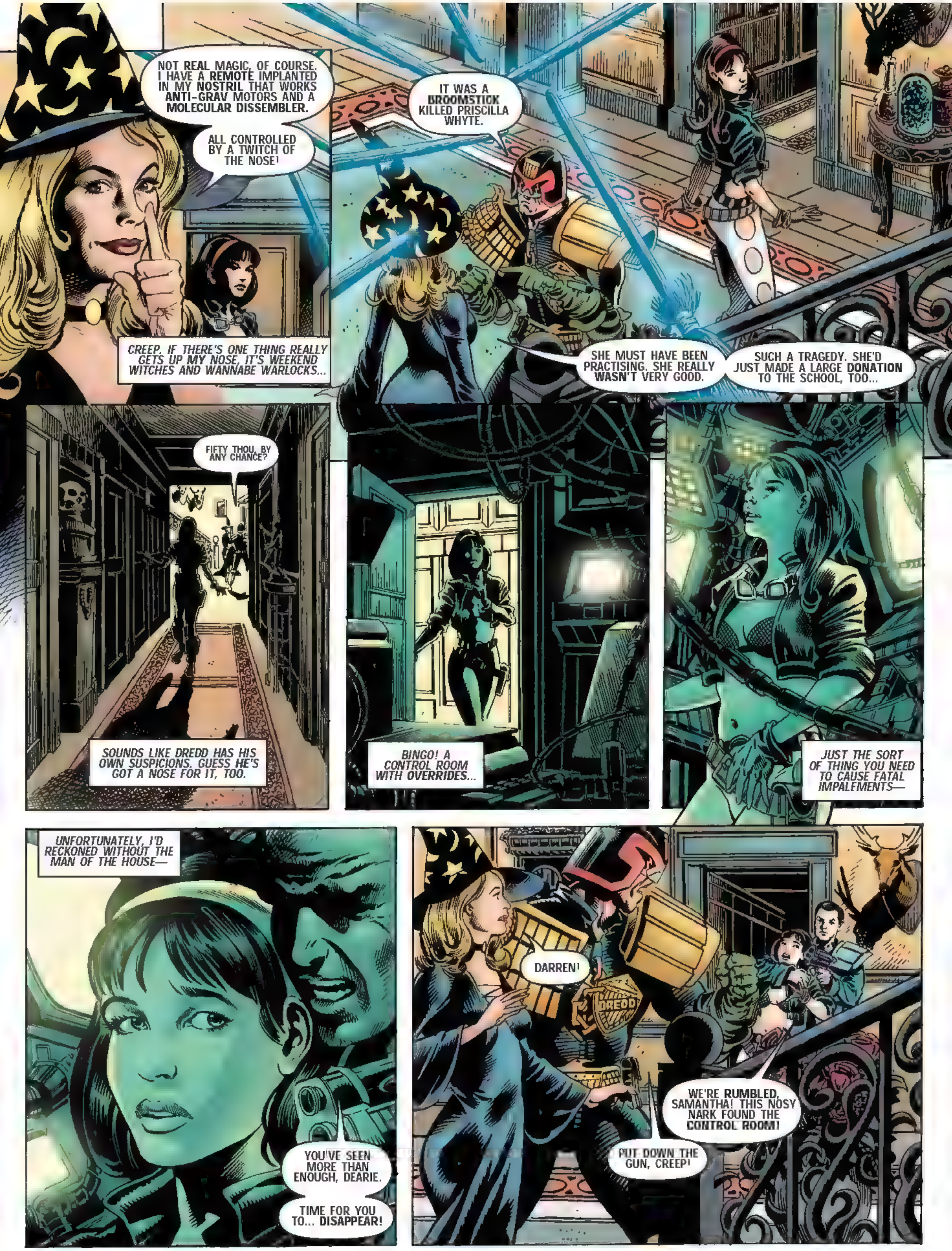

AHHHHH!
LIVER BIRDS, EH?
TATTIFILARIOUS!
YOU'RE BUSTED, CREEP!
UP FOR THE KOP!
DROKK!

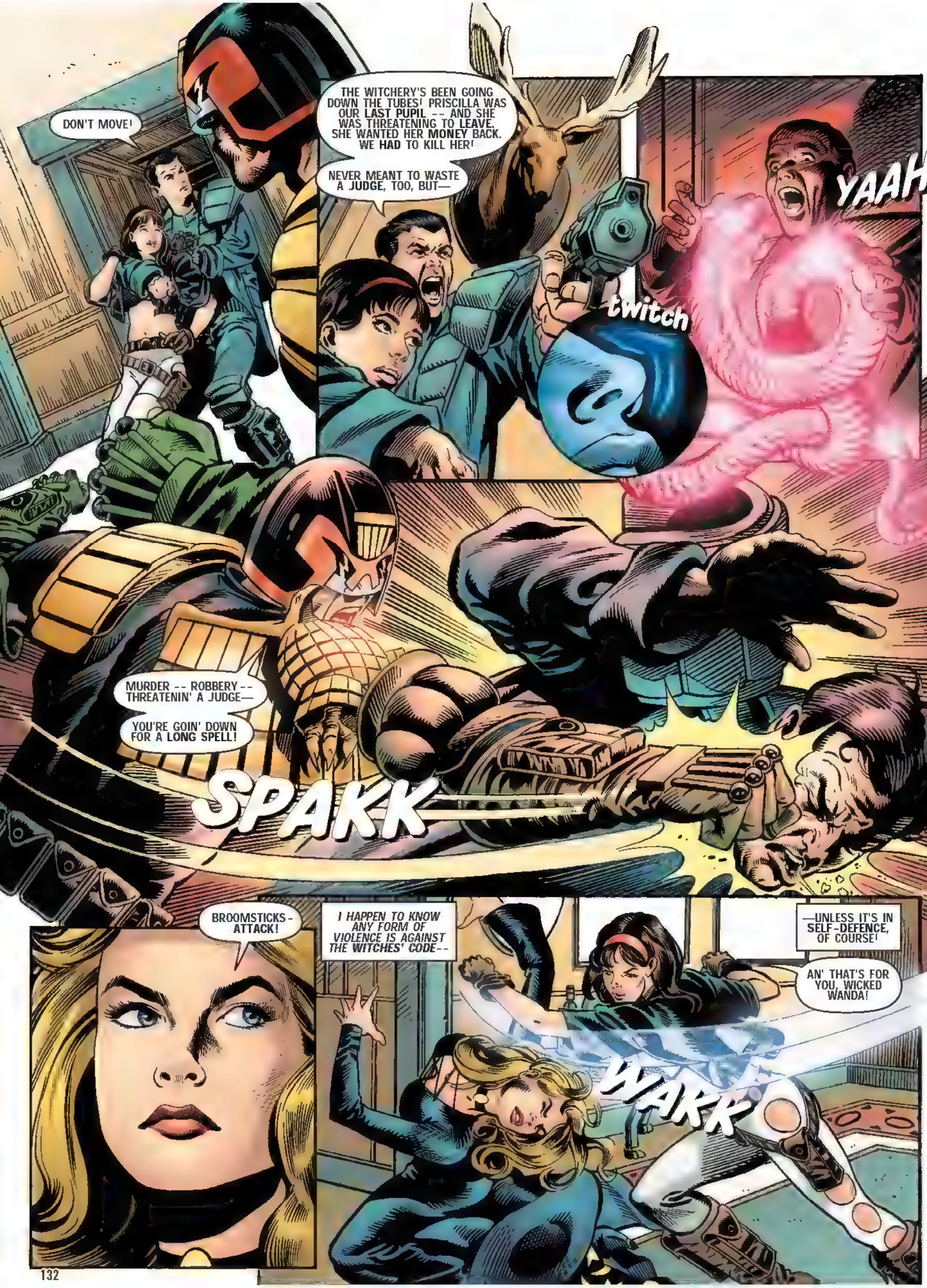

fv FERRY 'CROSS THE MERSEY!LYn
GIVE PEACE A CHANCE!
FEAST ON THIS, YOU MANIAC!
BIT OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW, HUH?
GUURKK
THEN SLEEP IT OFF!
WAK!
WACK
NO! NOT... THE... TICKLING STICK...!
CONTROL? MEAT AN' MED TO HARRY LIME STREET.
AN' GET AN INTERPRETER. THE MUTIE DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH!
THE END

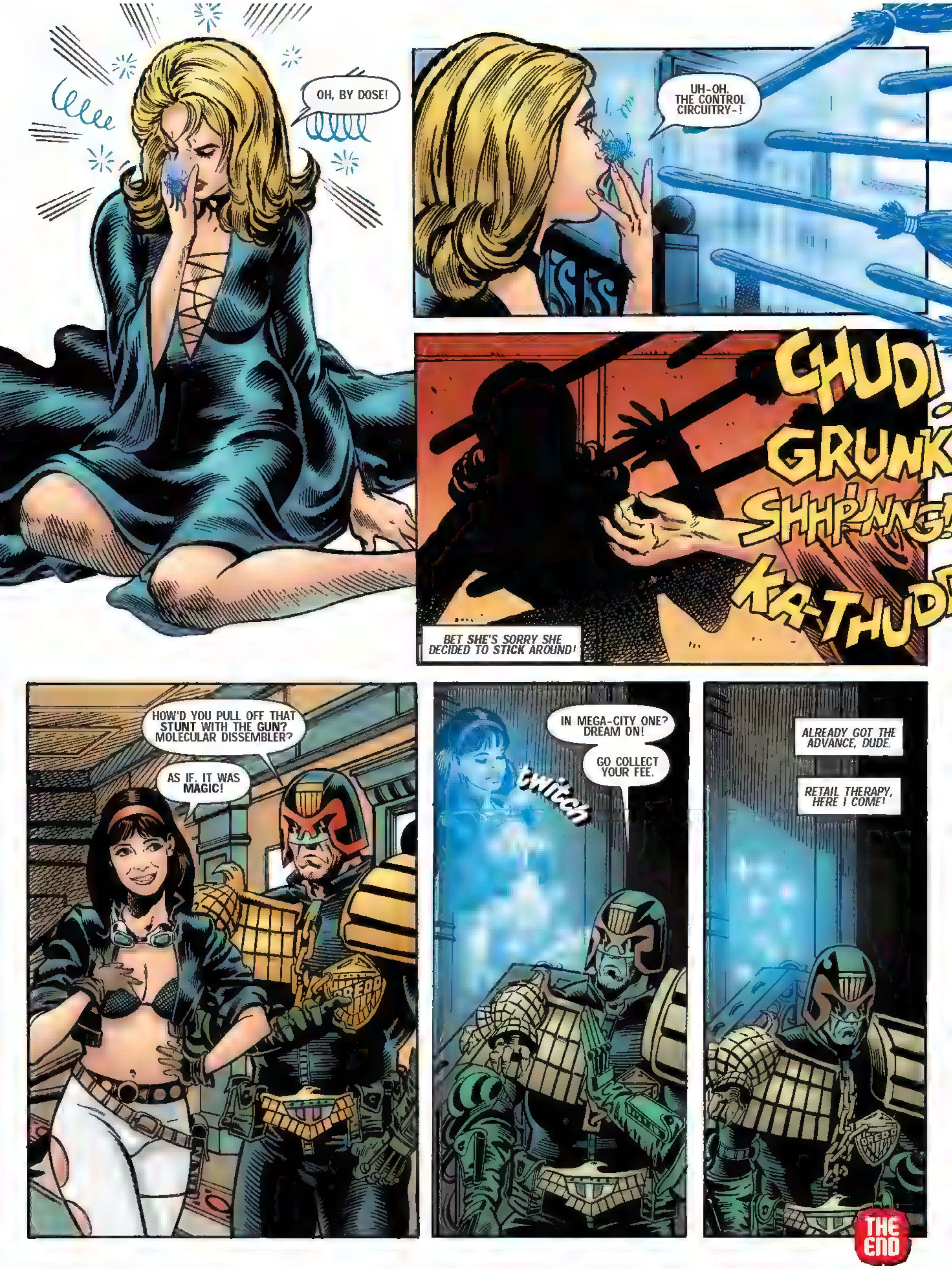

SCUZZBO MOTEL
!
I TELL YOU, IF I WAS A RUNAWAY WIFE, I WOULDN'T RUN AWAY TO HERE.
THEN AGAIN, IF I WAS THE ABANDONED HUSBAND, I WOULDN'T BE PAYING ME TO HUNT HER DOWN.
TEA
HI BOYS
BUT MRS WHYTE THIEVED FIFTY THOUSAND SAMOLEYS FROM HER MAN. WHAT ELSE IS HE GONNA DO?
NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE.
FIFTY CREDS JOG YOUR MEMORY?
UPSTAIRS. ROOM 101.
THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED. SHE'S IN. BUT SHE'S NOT GOIN' BACK TO HER HUSBAND—
—OR ANYONE ELSE, FOR THAT MATTER.
B*W*TCH*D
JUDGE DREDD
SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART DAVID ROACH
COLOURS DYLAN TEAGUE
LETTERS TOM FRAME

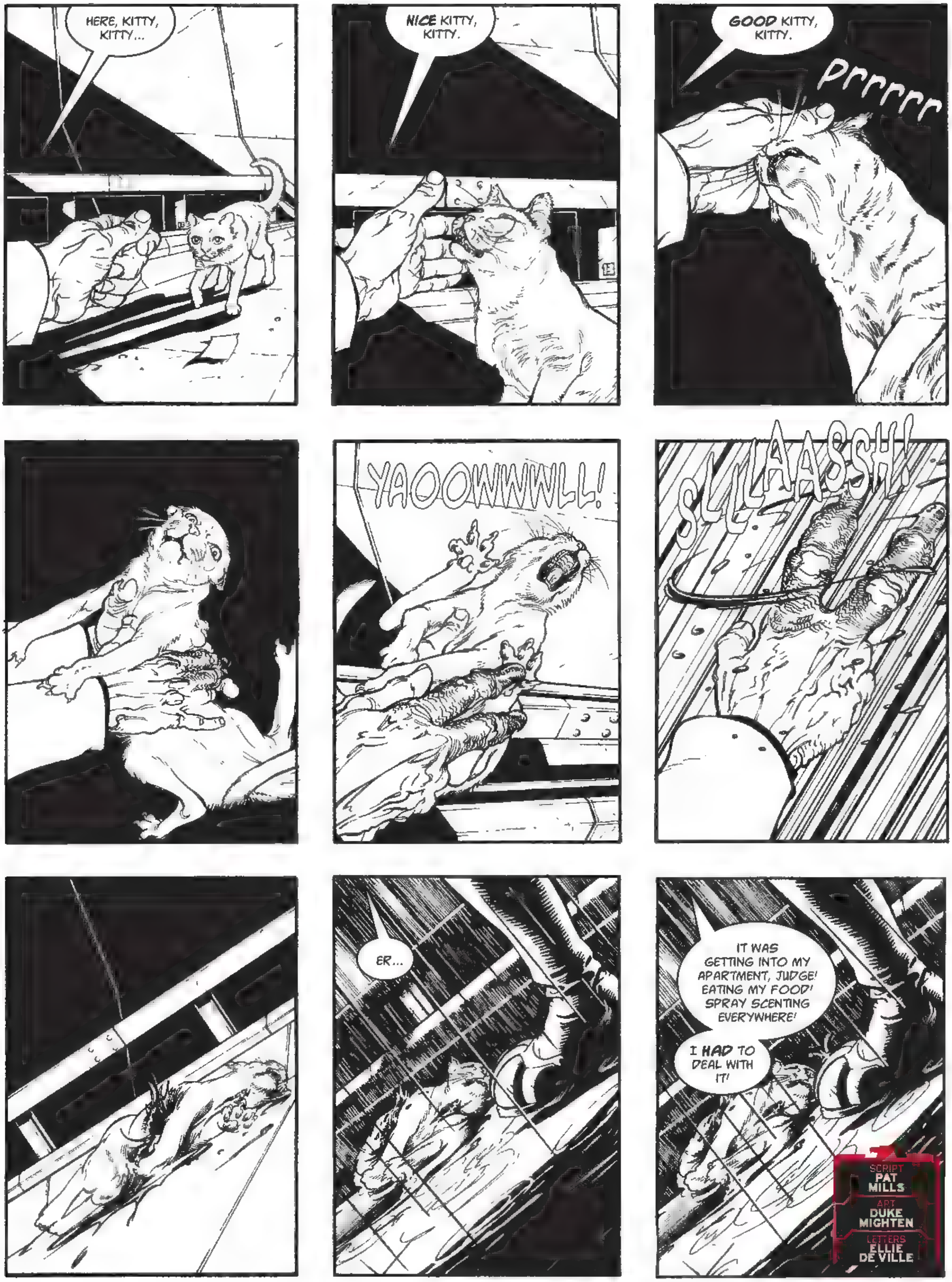

I'M TOOTS MILLOY, PRIVATE EYE. HER HUSBAND HIRED ME TO GET BACK THE FIFTY LARGE SHE STOLE.
YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?
OH, SURE! I KILLED HER THEN I CALLED YOU!
THE NAME'S TOOTS, NOT KLUTZ!
THE BROOM'S FITTED WITH AN ANTI-GRAV MOTOR. LOOKS LIKE IT MALFUNCTIONED, AND IMPALED HER.
NO CASH, NO CREDICARDS. NOTHIN' EXCEPT THIS—
WITCHERY
HER HUSBAND SAID SHE'D RUN OFF TO JOIN A CULT. THE WITCHERY'S A TRAININ' SCHOOL FOR WANNABES.
HOW'D YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT IT?
IN MY JOB YOU LEARN ALL THE WEIRDO HANG-OUTS!
SHOW ME WHERE IT IS.
DON'T MIND IF I DO. I GOT A HEAVY FEE RIDIN' ON THIS!
YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT JUDGE DREDD...


bringg
OPEN UP, CITIZEN.
GO AWAY. SAMANTHA ISN'T SEEING ANYONE TODAY.
...BUT THERE'S NO DENYIN', HE'S ONE SMOOOOTH OPERATOR!
SHE'S SEEIN' THE LAW!
BOOT
SAMANTHA TURNS OUT TO BE THE OWNER—
PRISCILLA? DEAD? SHE... SHE WAS MY ONLY PUPIL. THE SILLY GOOSE WAS ALWAYS GETTING HER MAGIC WRONG!
MAGIC?
WATCH!
twitch
STATUE -- CHANGE!
BROOMSTICKS -- RISE!


NOT REAL MAGIC, OF COURSE. I HAVE A REMOTE IMPLANTED IN MY NOSTRIL THAT WORKS ANTI-GRAV MOTORS AND A MOLECULAR DISSEMBLER.
ALL CONTROLLED BY A TWITCH OF THE NOSE!
CREEP. IF THERE'S ONE THING REALLY GETS UP MY NOSE, IT'S WEEKEND WITCHES AND WANNABE WARLOCKS...
IT WAS A BROOMSTICK KILLED PRISCILLA WHYTE.
SHE MUST HAVE BEEN PRACTISING. SHE REALLY WASN'T VERY GOOD.
SUCH A TRAGEDY. SHE'D JUST MADE A LARGE DONATION TO THE SCHOOL, TOO...
FIFTY THOU, BY ANY CHANCE?
SOUNDS LIKE DREDD HAS HIS OWN SUSPICIONS. GUESS HE'S GOT A NOSE FOR IT, TOO.
BINGO! A CONTROL ROOM WITH OVERRIDES...
JUST THE SORT OF THING YOU NEED TO CAUSE FATAL IMPALEMENTS—
UNFORTUNATELY, I'D RECKONED WITHOUT THE MAN OF THE HOUSE—
YOU'VE SEEN MORE THAN ENOUGH, DEARIE.
TIME FOR YOU TO... DISAPPEAR!
DARREN!
DREDD
WE'RE RUMBLED, SAMANTHA! THIS NOSY NARK FOUND THE CONTROL ROOM!
PUT DOWN THE GUN, CREEP!

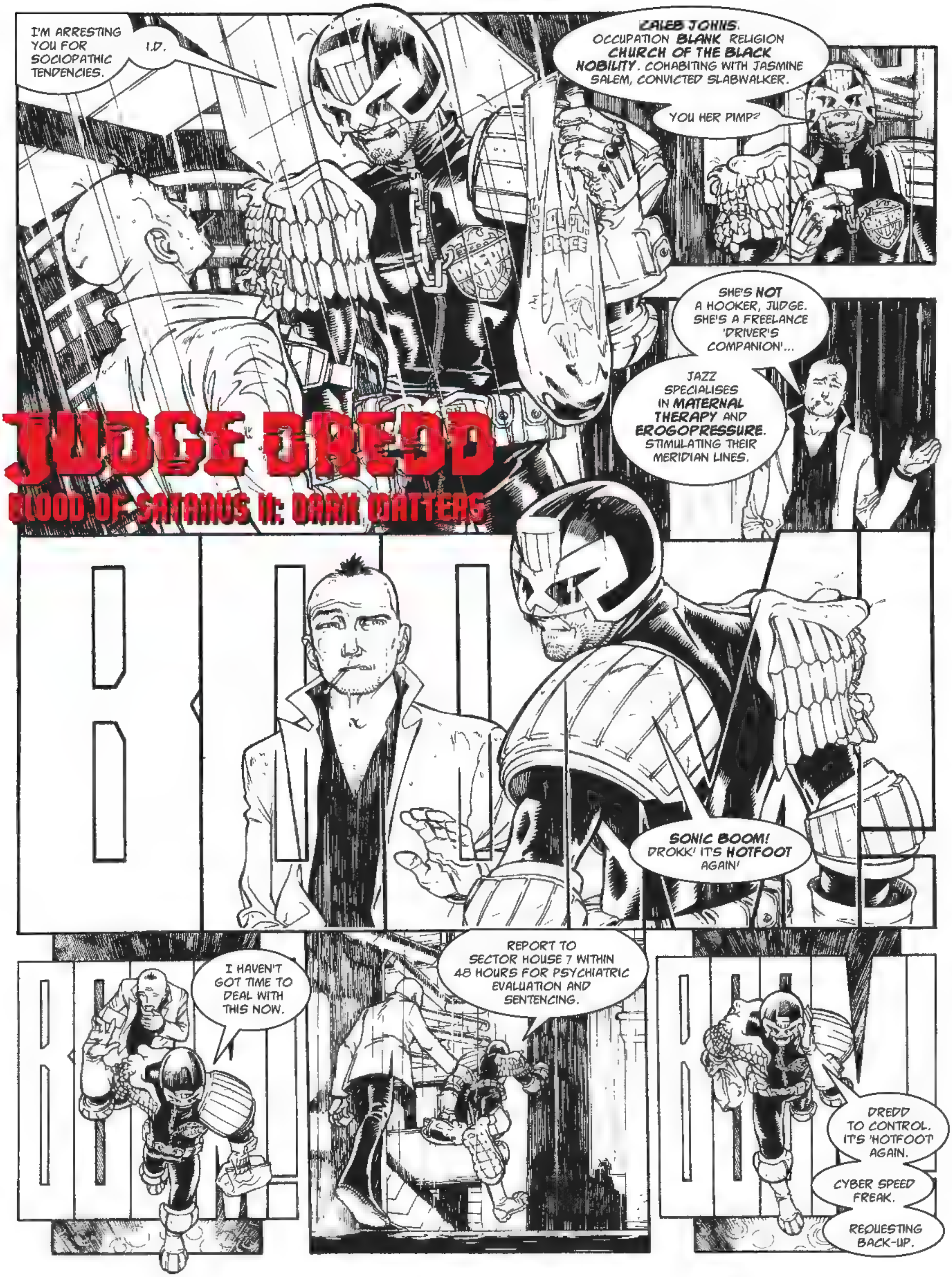

DON'T MOVE!
THE WITCHERY'S BEEN GOING DOWN THE TUBES! PRISCILLA WAS OUR LAST PUPIL -- AND SHE WAS THREATENING TO LEAVE. SHE WANTED HER MONEY BACK. WE HAD TO KILL HER!
NEVER MEANT TO WASTE A JUDGE, TOO, BUT—
twitch
YAAH
MURDER -- ROBBERY -- THREATENIN' A JUDGE—
YOU'RE GOIN' DOWN FOR A LONG SPELL!
SPAKK
BROOMSTICKS - ATTACK!
I HAPPEN TO KNOW ANY FORM OF VIOLENCE IS AGAINST THE WITCHES' CODE--
—UNLESS IT'S IN SELF-DEFENCE, OF COURSE!
AN' THAT'S FOR YOU, WICKED WANDA!
WAKK

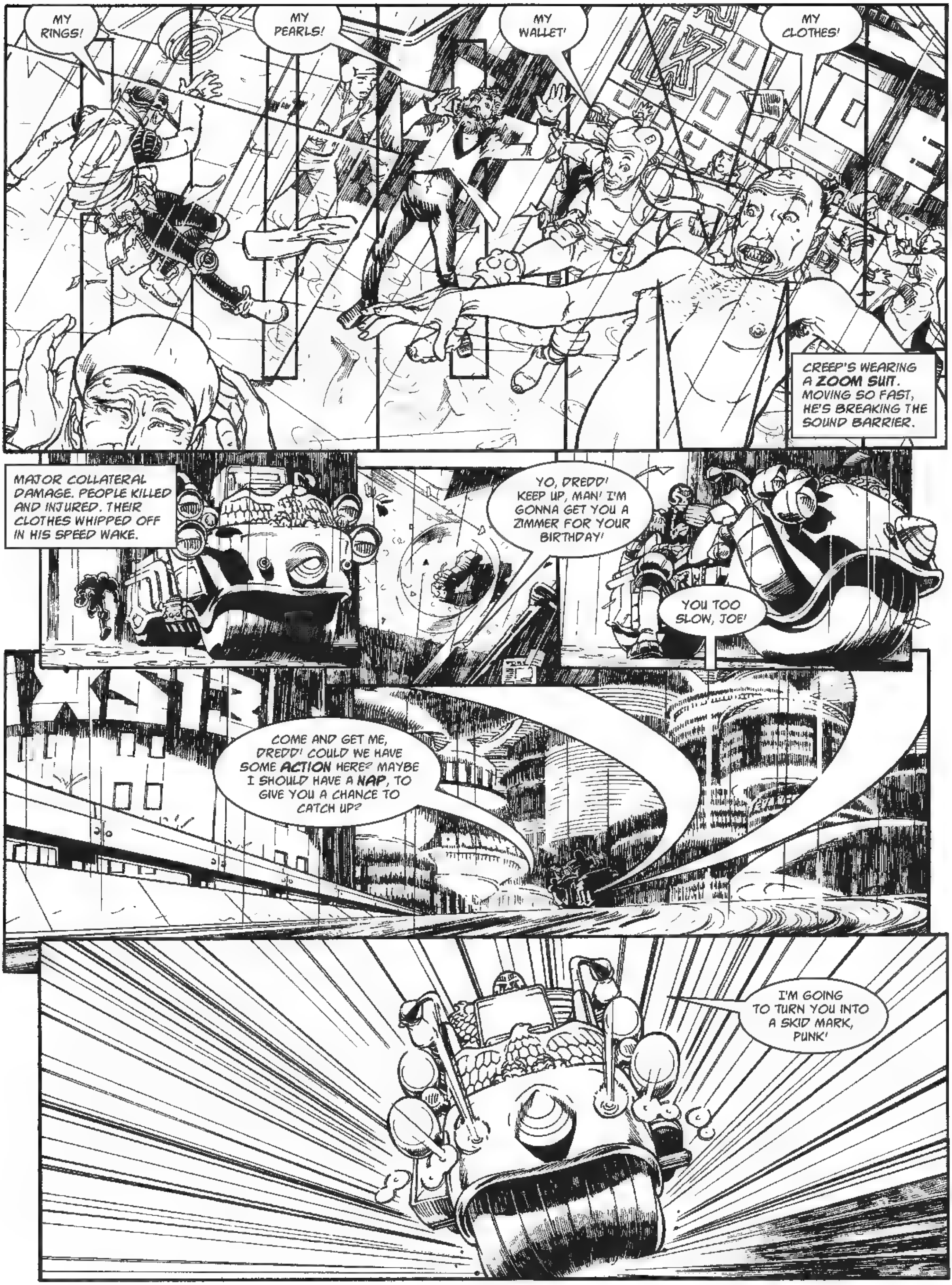

OH, BY DOSE!
UH-OH. THE CONTROL CIRCUITRY-!
CHUDI
GRUNK
SHHP'NNG!
KA-THUD
BET SHE'S SORRY SHE DECIDED TO STICK AROUND!
HOW'D YOU PULL OFF THAT STUNT WITH THE GUN? MOLECULAR DISSEMBLER?
AS IF. IT WAS MAGIC!
IN MEGA-CITY ONE? DREAM ON!
GO COLLECT YOUR FEE.
twitch
ALREADY GOT THE ADVANCE, DUDE.
RETAIL THERAPY, HERE I COME!
THE END

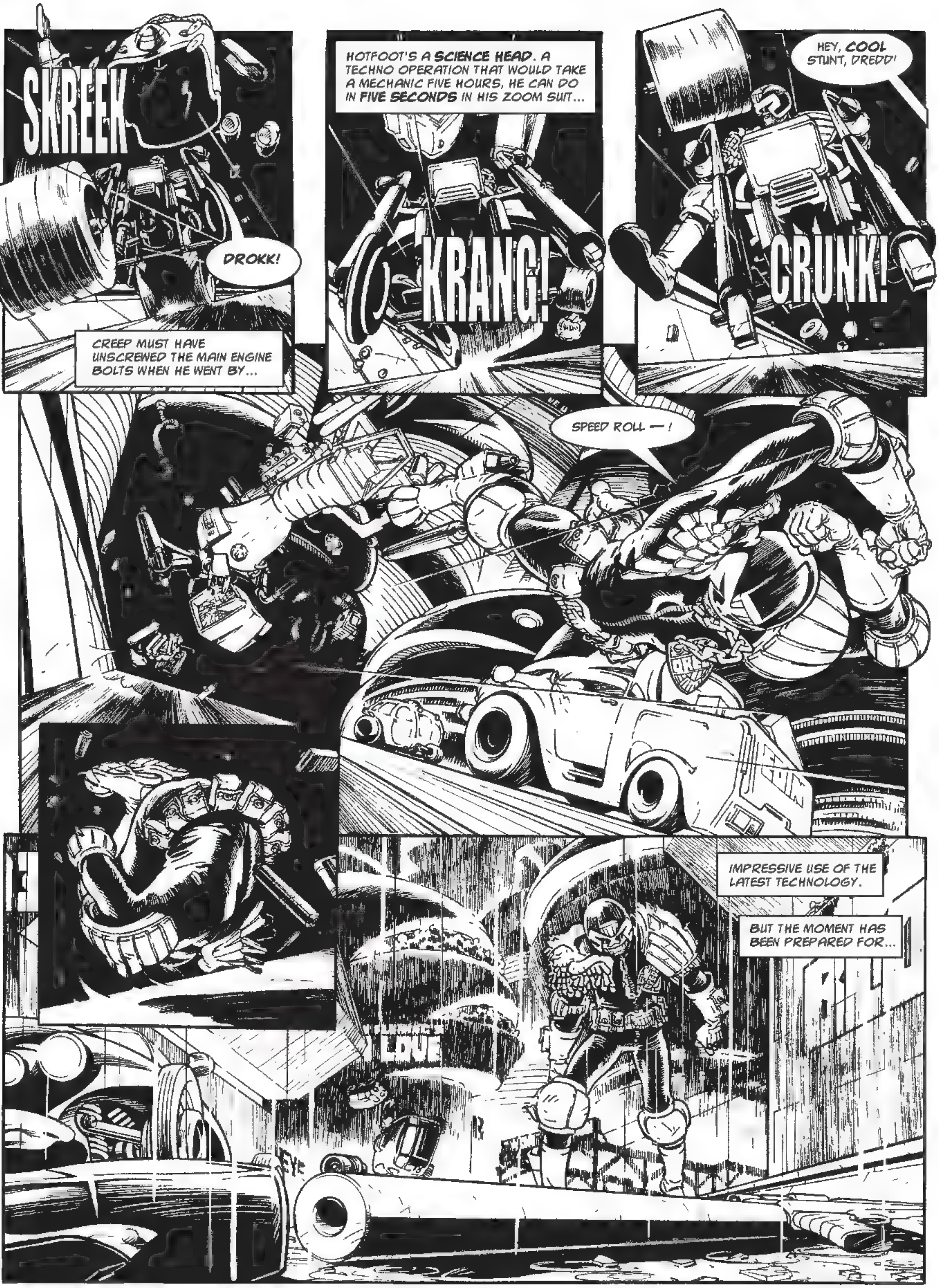

HERE, KITTY, KITTY...
NICE KITTY, KITTY.
GOOD KITTY, KITTY.
Prrrrrr
YAOOWWWLL!
SLLLAASSH!
ER...
IT WAS GETTING INTO MY APARTMENT, JUDGE! EATING MY FOOD! SPRAY SCENTING EVERYWHERE!
I HAD TO DEAL WITH IT!
SCRIPT
PAT MILLS
ART
DUKE MIGHTEN
LETTERS
ELLIE DE VILLE

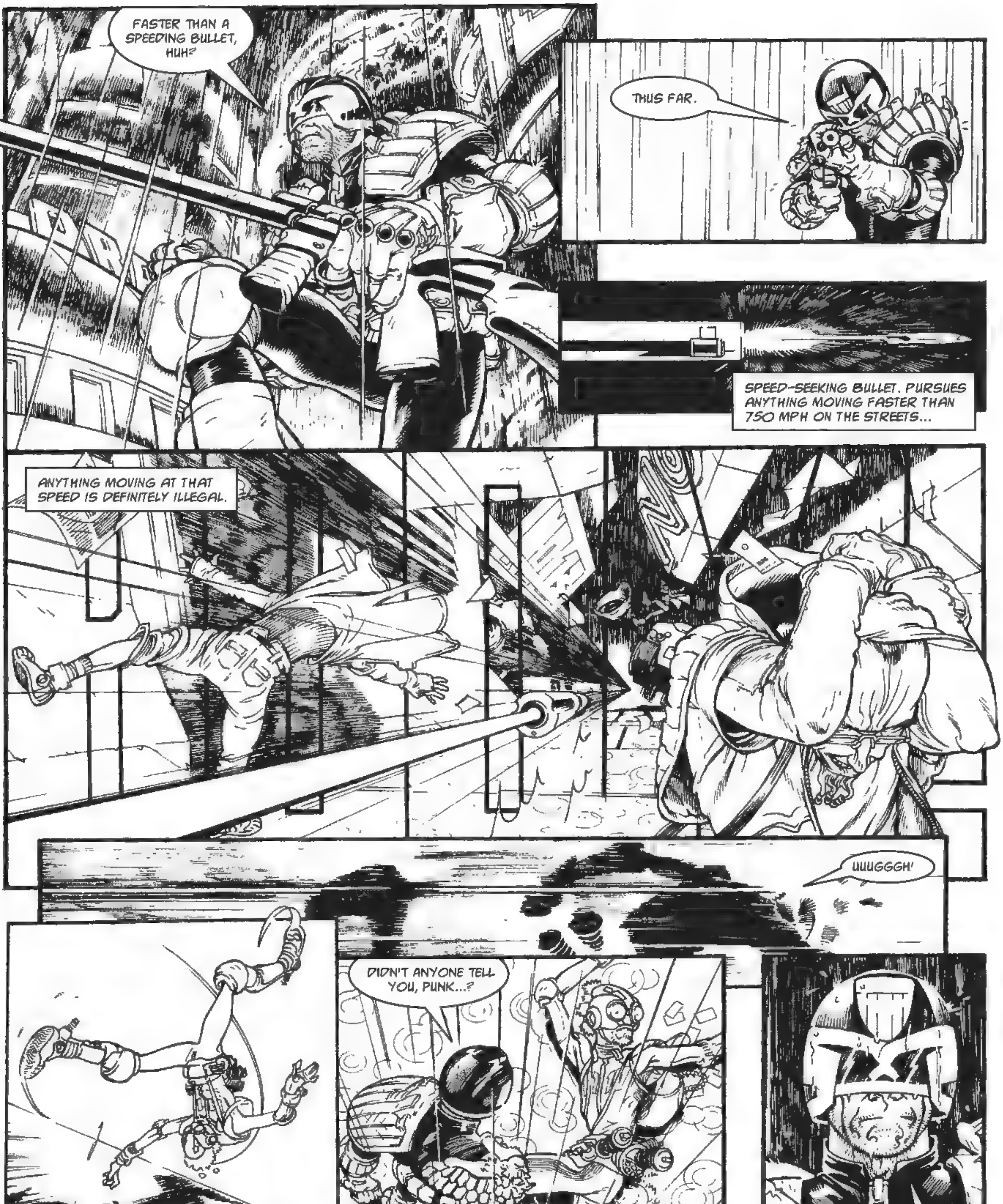
JUDGE DREDD

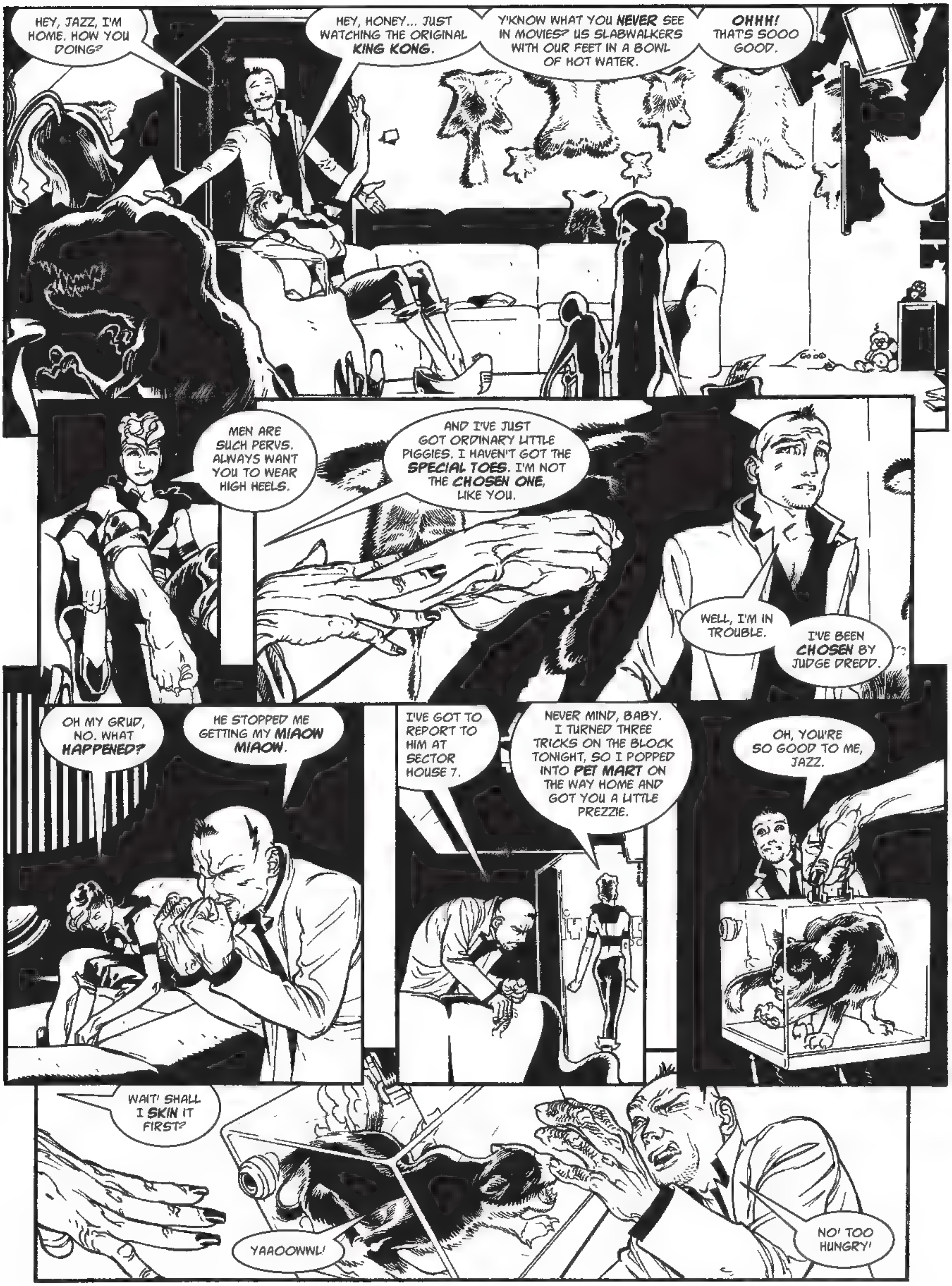
BLOOD OF SATANUS II: DARK MATTERS

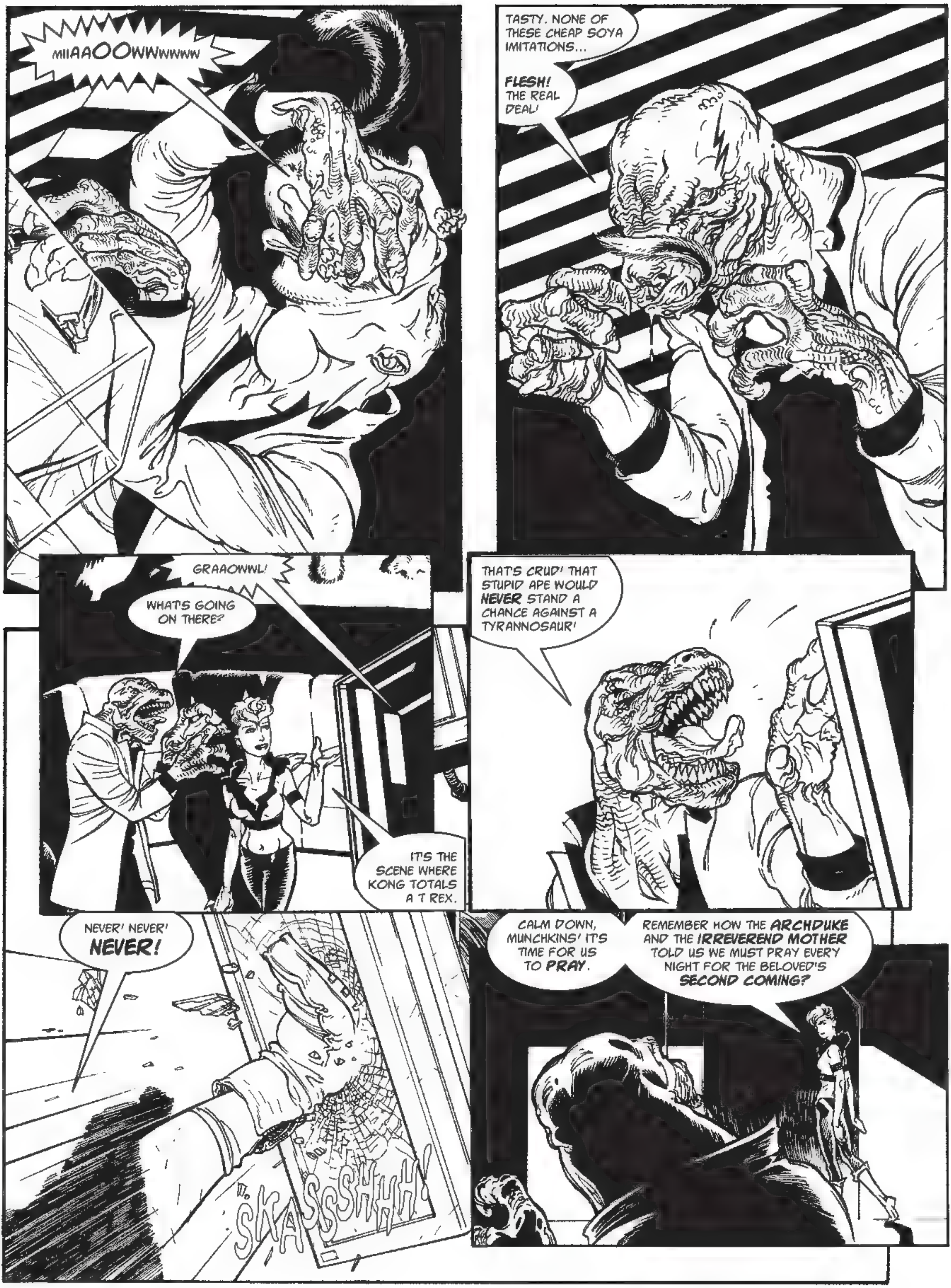

I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR SOCIOPATHIC TENDENCIES.
I.D.
CALEB JOHNS. OCCUPATION **BLANK** RELIGION **CHURCH OF THE BLACK NOBILITY**. COHABITING WITH JASMINE SALEM, CONVICTED SLABWALKER.
YOU HER PIMP?
SHE'S **NOT** A HOOKER, JUDGE. SHE'S A FREELANCE 'DRIVER'S COMPANION'...
JAZZ SPECIALISES IN **MATERNAL THERAPY** AND **EROGOPRESSURE**. STIMULATING THEIR MERIDIAN LINES.
B
SONIC BOOM! DROKK! IT'S **HOTFOOT** AGAIN!
I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO DEAL WITH THIS NOW.
REPORT TO SECTOR HOUSE 7 WITHIN 48 HOURS FOR PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATION AND SENTENCING.
DREDD TO CONTROL. IT'S 'HOTFOOT' AGAIN.
CYBER SPEED FREAK.
REQUESTING BACK-UP.

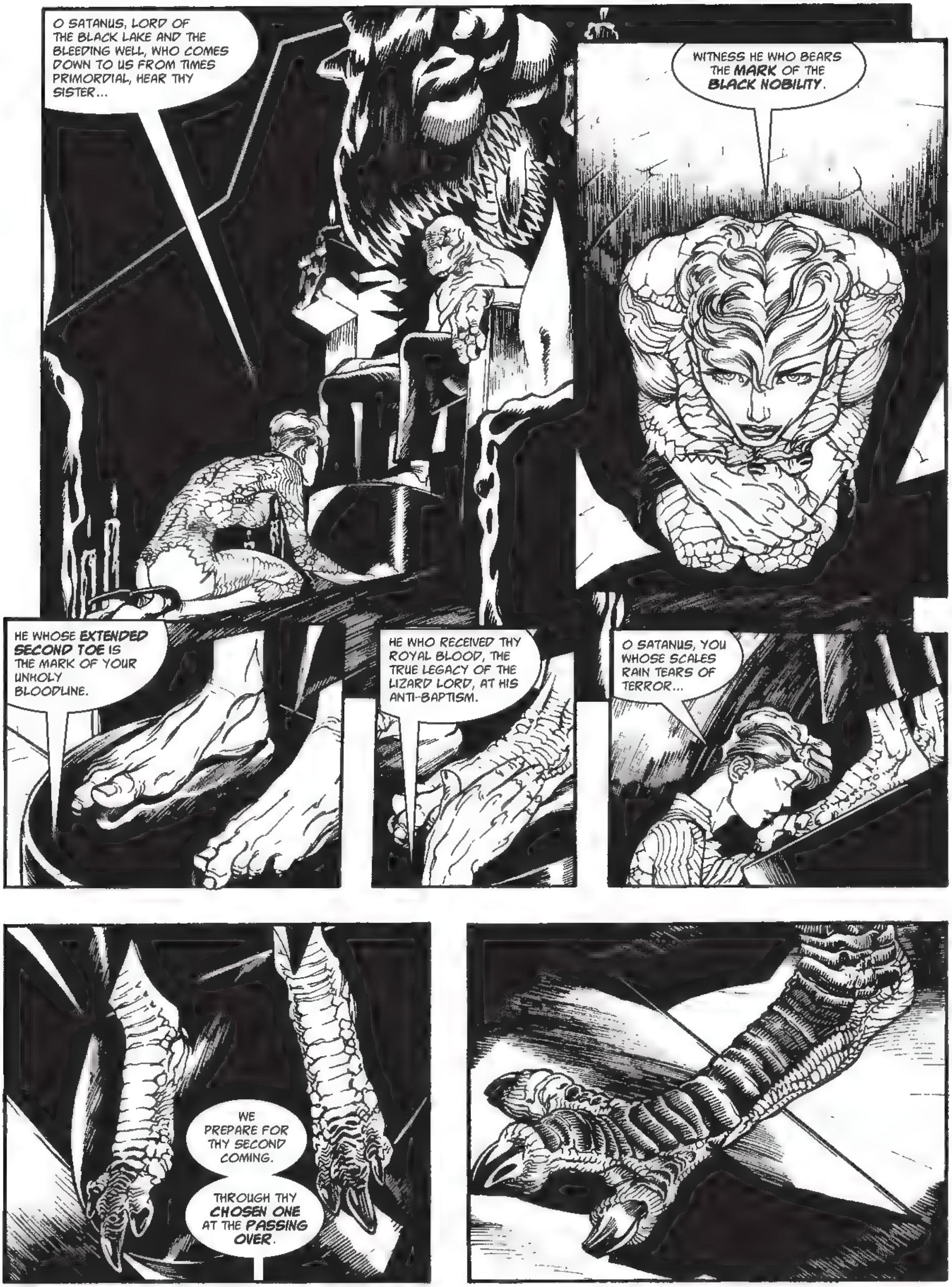

MY RINGS!
MY PEARLS!
MY WALLET!
MY CLOTHES!
CREEP'S WEARING A **ZOOM SUIT**. MOVING SO FAST, HE'S BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER.
MAJOR COLLATERAL DAMAGE. PEOPLE KILLED AND INJURED. THEIR CLOTHES WHIPPED OFF IN HIS SPEED WAKE.
YO, DREDD! KEEP UP, MAN! I'M GONNA GET YOU A ZIMMER FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY!
YOU TOO SLOW, JOE!
COME AND GET ME, DREDD! COULD WE HAVE SOME **ACTION** HERE? MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE A **NAP**, TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO CATCH UP?
I'M GOING TO TURN YOU INTO A SKID MARK, PUNK!

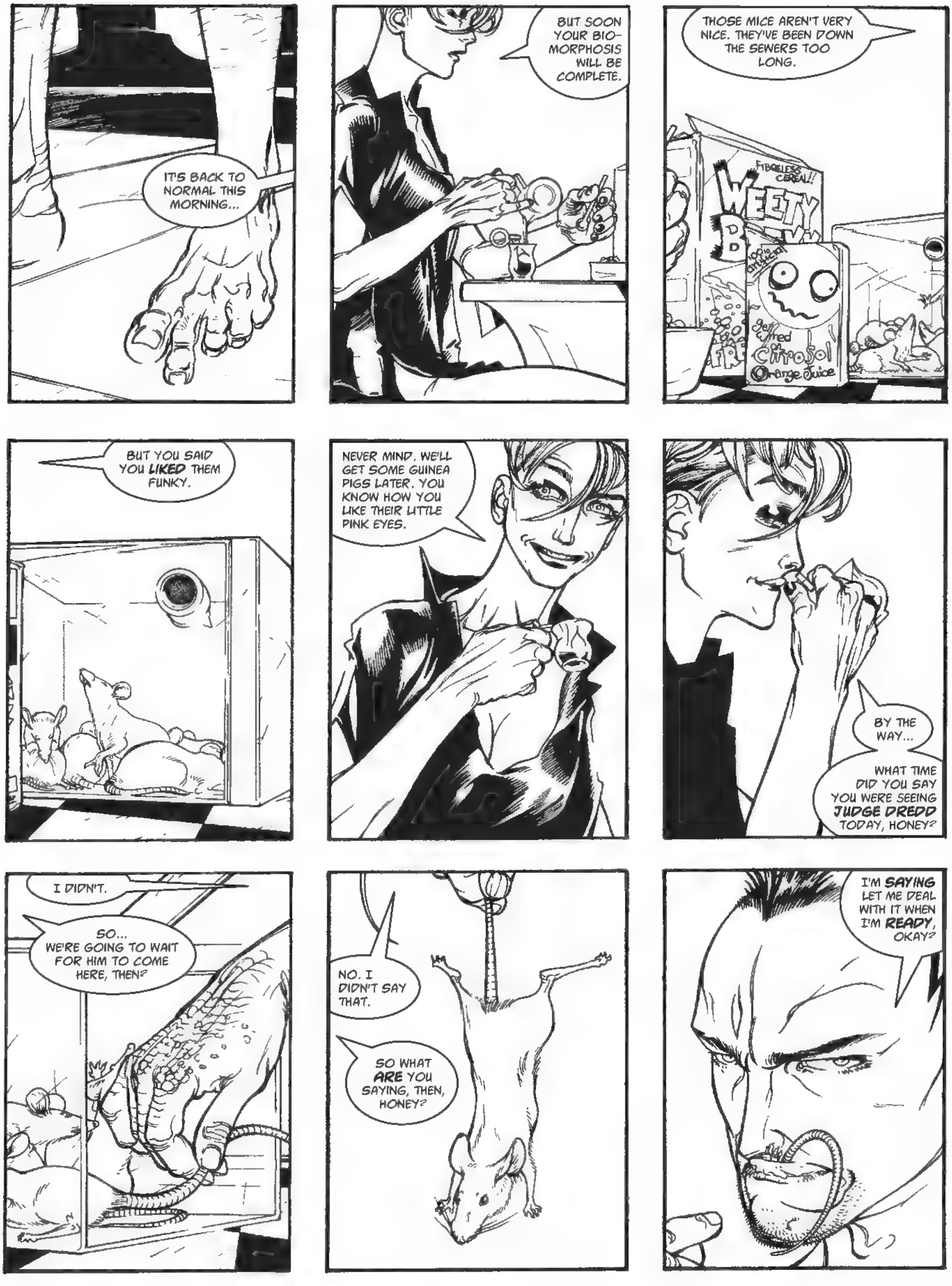

SKREEK
DROKK!
CREEP MUST HAVE UNSCREWED THE MAIN ENGINE BOLTS WHEN HE WENT BY...
HOTFOOT'S A **SCIENCE HEAD**. A TECHNO OPERATION THAT WOULD TAKE A MECHANIC FIVE HOURS, HE CAN DO IN **FIVE SECONDS** IN HIS ZOOM SUIT...
KRANG!
HEY, **COOL** STUNT, DREDD!
CRUNK!
SPEED ROLL —!
IMPRESSIVE USE OF THE LATEST TECHNOLOGY.
BUT THE MOMENT HAS BEEN PREPARED FOR...
LOVE

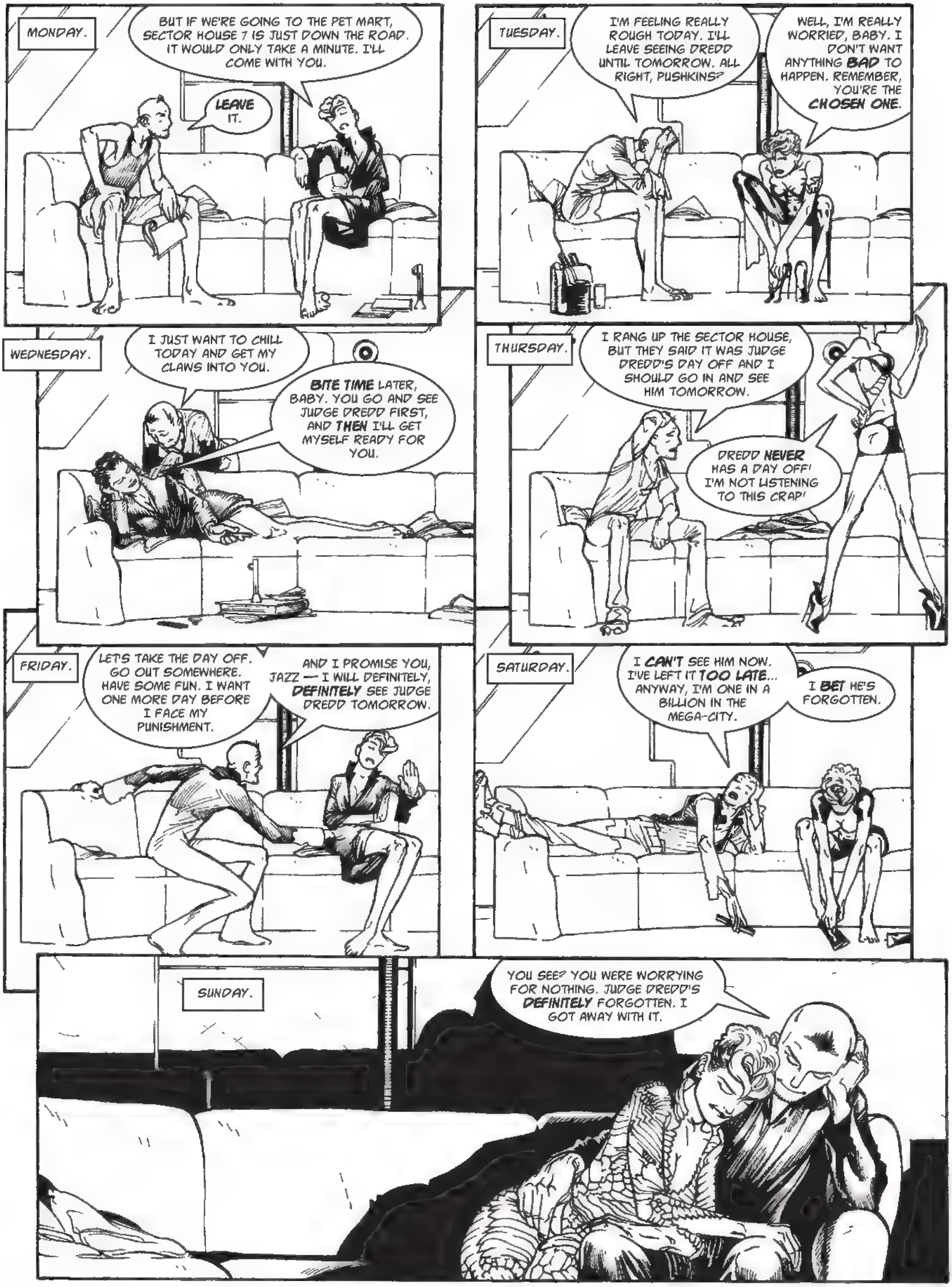

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET, HUH?
THUS FAR.
SPEED-SEEKING BULLET. PURSUES ANYTHING MOVING FASTER THAN 750 MPH ON THE STREETS...
ANYTHING MOVING AT THAT SPEED IS DEFINITELY ILLEGAL.
UUUGGGH!
DIDN'T ANYONE TELL YOU, PUNK...?
SPEED KILLS.

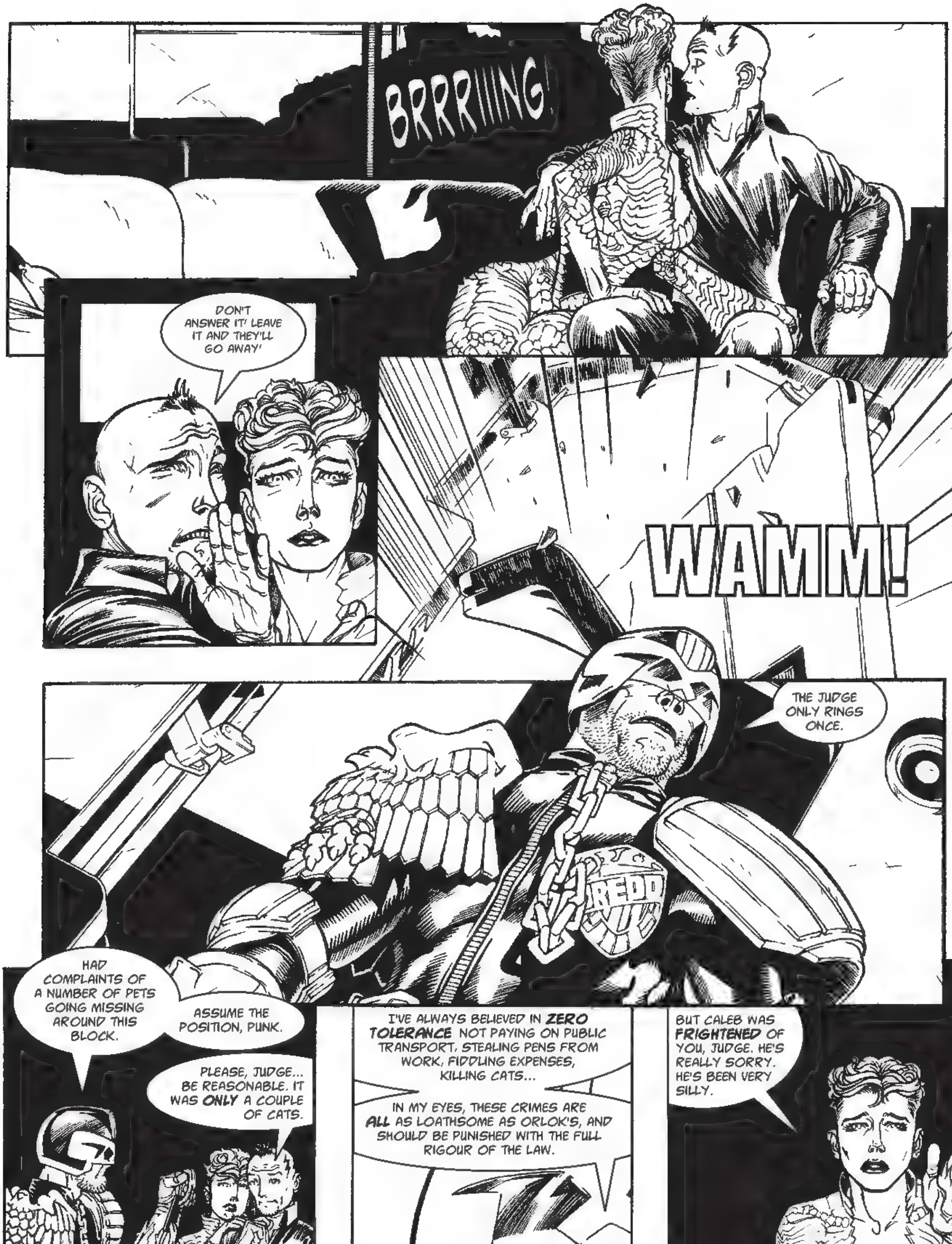

HEY, JAZZ, I'M HOME. HOW YOU DOING?
HEY, HONEY... JUST WATCHING THE ORIGINAL KING KONG.
Y'KNOW WHAT YOU NEVER SEE IN MOVIES? US SLABWALKERS WITH OUR FEET IN A BOWL OF HOT WATER.
OHHH! THAT'S SOOO GOOD.
MEN ARE SUCH PERVS. ALWAYS WANT YOU TO WEAR HIGH HEELS.
AND I'VE JUST GOT ORDINARY LITTLE PIGGIES. I HAVEN'T GOT THE SPECIAL TOES. I'M NOT THE CHOSEN ONE, LIKE YOU.
WELL, I'M IN TROUBLE.
I'VE BEEN CHOSEN BY JUDGE DREDD.
OH MY GRUD, NO. WHAT HAPPENED?
HE STOPPED ME GETTING MY MIAOW MIAOW.
I'VE GOT TO REPORT TO HIM AT SECTOR HOUSE 7.
NEVER MIND, BABY. I TURNED THREE TRICKS ON THE BLOCK TONIGHT, SO I POPPED INTO PET MART ON THE WAY HOME AND GOT YOU A LITTLE PREZZIE.
OH, YOU'RE SO GOOD TO ME, JAZZ.
WAIT! SHALL I SKIN IT FIRST?
YAAOOWL!
NO! TOO HUNGRY!

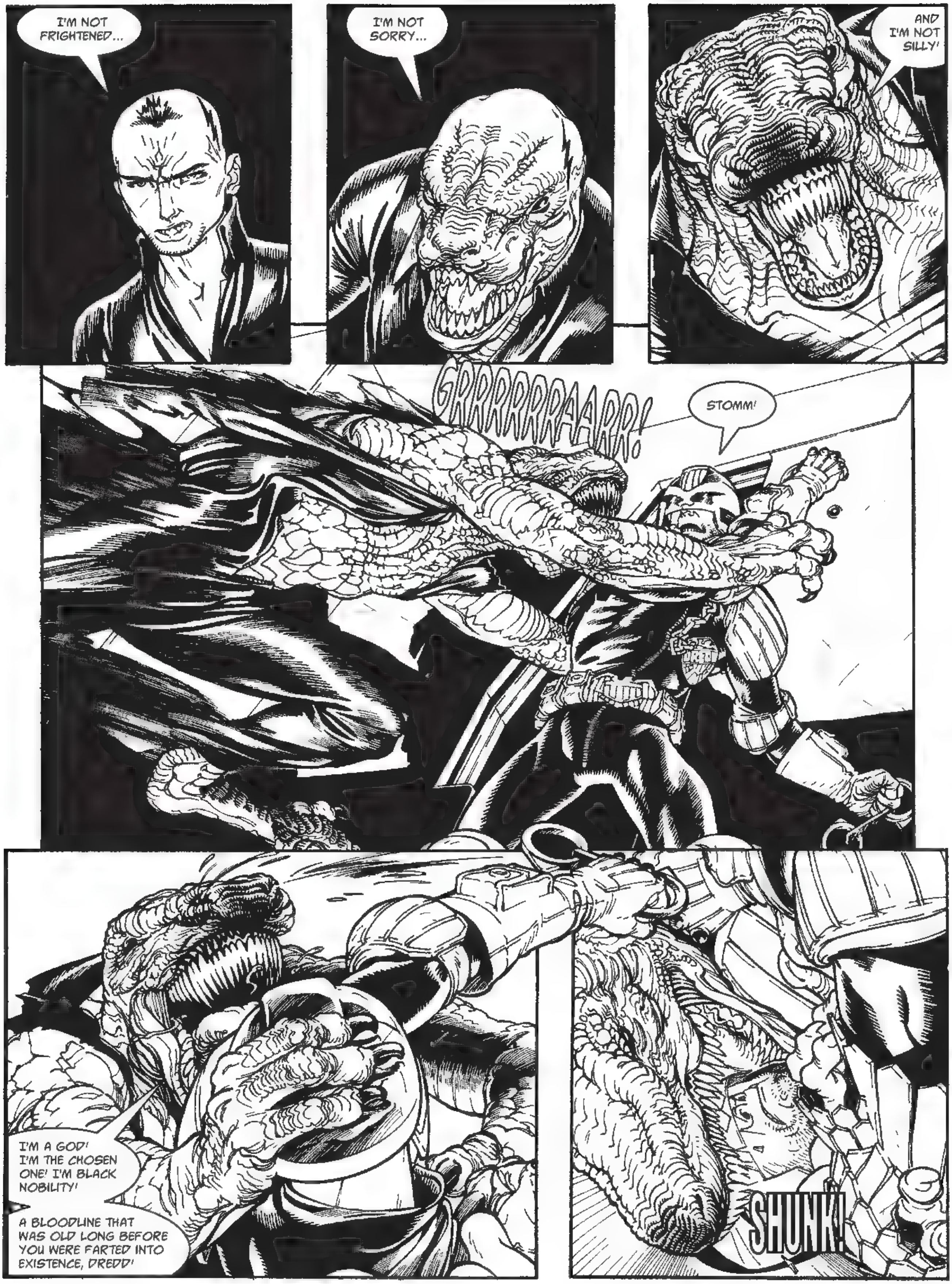

MIIAAOOWWWWWW
TASTY. NONE OF THESE CHEAP SOYA IMITATIONS...
FLESH! THE REAL DEAL!
GRAAOWWL!
WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?
IT'S THE SCENE WHERE KONG TOTALS A T REX.
THAT'S CRUD! THAT STUPID APE WOULD **NEVER** STAND A CHANCE AGAINST A TYRANNOSAUR!
NEVER! NEVER! **NEVER!**
SKASSSHHH!
CALM DOWN, MUNCHKINS! IT'S TIME FOR US TO **PRAY**.
REMEMBER HOW THE **ARCHDUKE** AND THE **IRREVEREND MOTHER** TOLD US WE MUST PRAY EVERY NIGHT FOR THE BELOVED'S **SECOND COMING?**

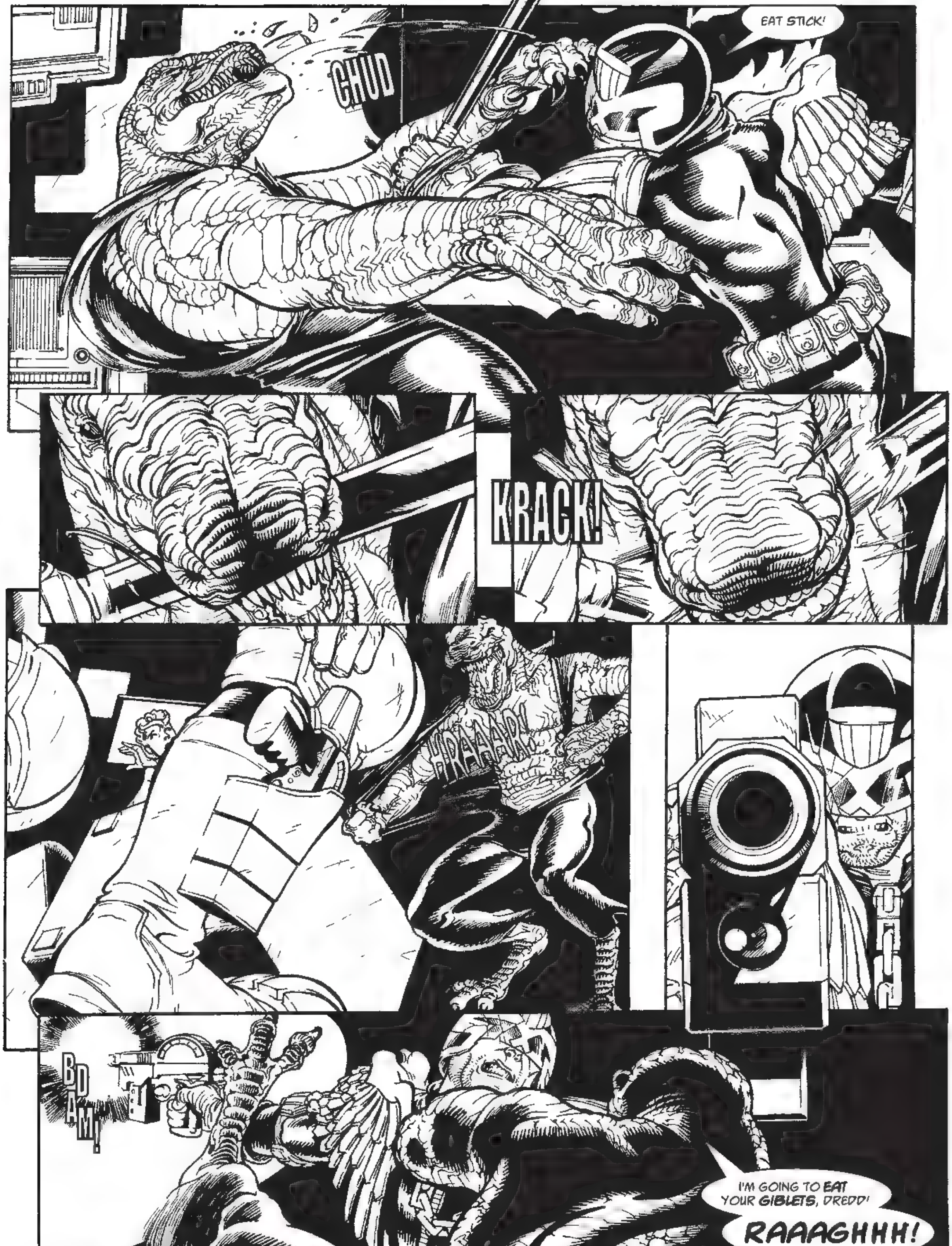

O SATANUS, LORD OF THE BLACK LAKE AND THE BLEEDING WELL, WHO COMES DOWN TO US FROM TIMES PRIMORDIAL, HEAR THY SISTER...
WITNESS HE WHO BEARS THE **MARK** OF THE **BLACK NOBILITY**.
HE WHOSE **EXTENDED SECOND TOE** IS THE MARK OF YOUR UNHOLY BLOODLINE.
HE WHO RECEIVED THY ROYAL BLOOD, THE TRUE LEGACY OF THE LIZARD LORD, AT HIS ANTI-BAPTISM.
O SATANUS, YOU WHOSE SCALES RAIN TEARS OF TERROR...
WE PREPARE FOR THY SECOND COMING.
THROUGH THY **CHOSEN ONE** AT THE **PASSING OVER**.

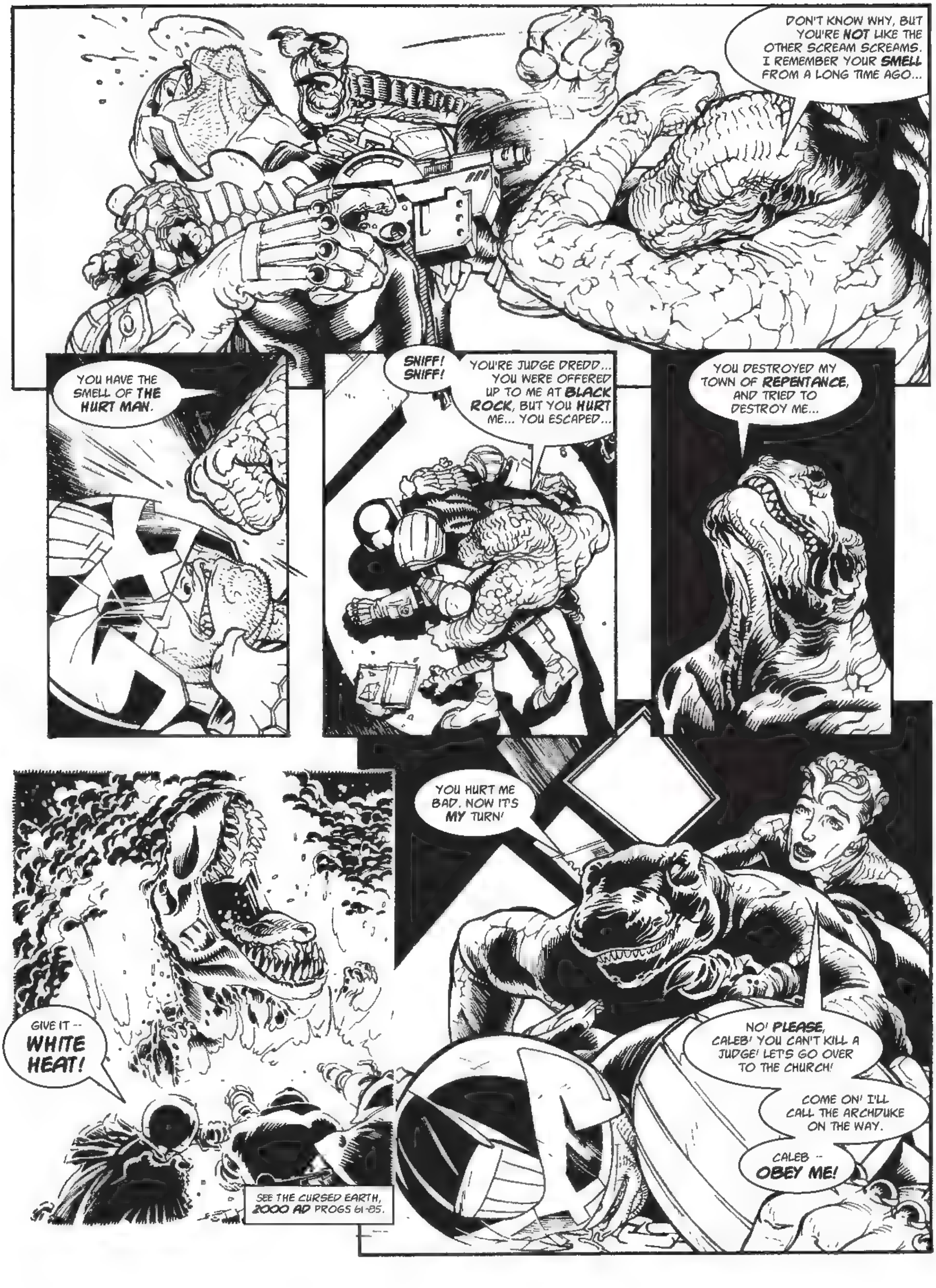

IT'S BACK TO NORMAL THIS MORNING...
BUT SOON YOUR BIO-MORPHOSIS WILL BE COMPLETE.
THOSE MICE AREN'T VERY NICE. THEY'VE BEEN DOWN THE SEWERS TOO LONG.
FIBRELESS CEREAL!!
WEETY B
100% ARTIFICIAL
get wired on Citrosol Orange Juice
BUT YOU SAID YOU LIKED THEM FUNKY.
NEVER MIND. WE'LL GET SOME GUINEA PIGS LATER. YOU KNOW HOW YOU LIKE THEIR LITTLE PINK EYES.
BY THE WAY...
WHAT TIME DID YOU SAY YOU WERE SEEING JUDGE DREDD TODAY, HONEY?
I DIDN'T.
SO... WE'RE GOING TO WAIT FOR HIM TO COME HERE, THEN?
NO. I DIDN'T SAY THAT.
SO WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, THEN, HONEY?
I'M SAYING LET ME DEAL WITH IT WHEN I'M READY, OKAY?

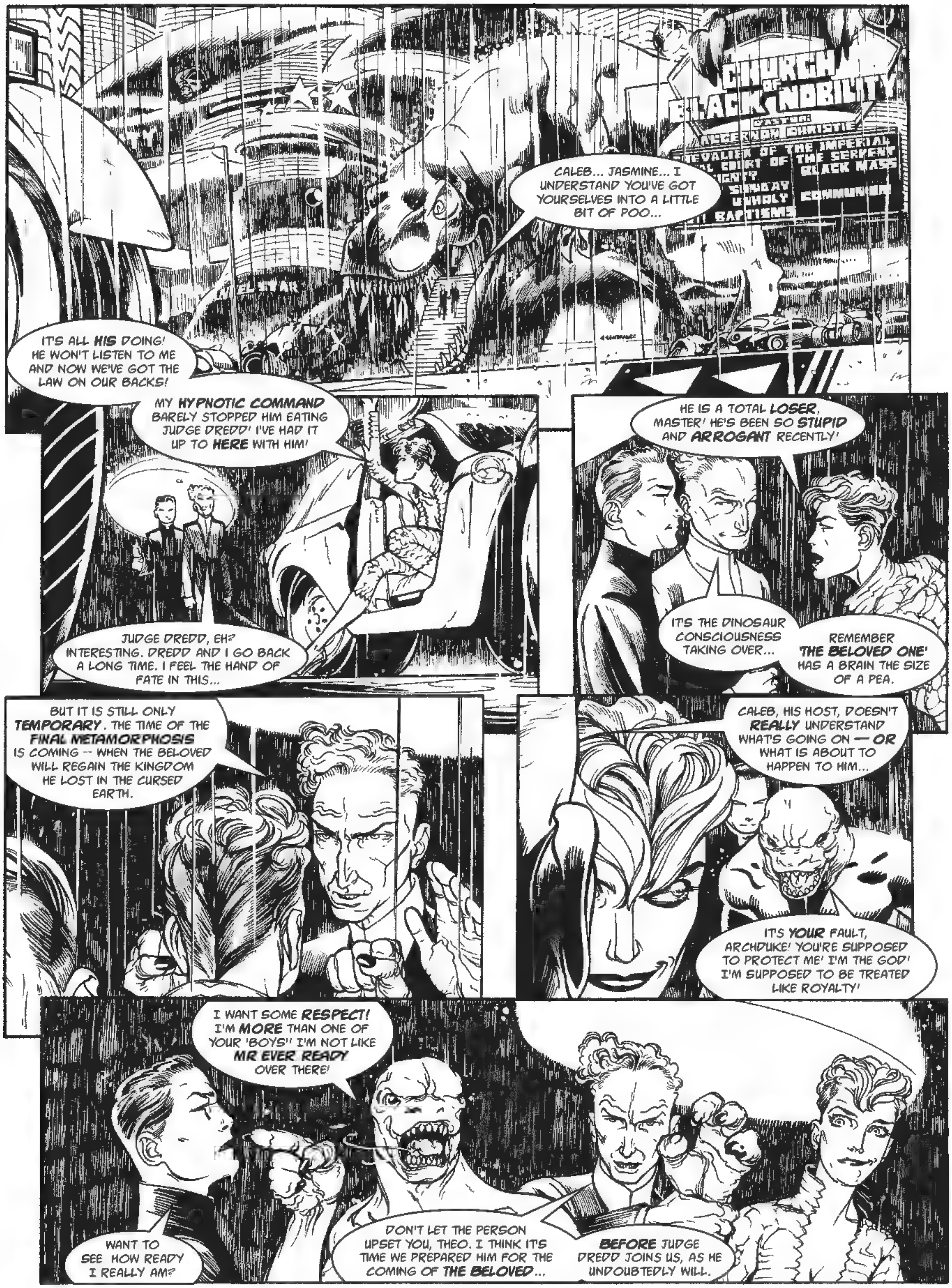

MONDAY.
BUT IF WE'RE GOING TO THE PET MART, SECTOR HOUSE 7 IS JUST DOWN THE ROAD. IT WOULD ONLY TAKE A MINUTE. I'LL COME WITH YOU.
LEAVE IT.
TUESDAY.
I'M FEELING REALLY ROUGH TODAY. I'LL LEAVE SEEING DREDD UNTIL TOMORROW. ALL RIGHT, PUSHKINS?
WELL, I'M REALLY WORRIED, BABY. I DON'T WANT ANYTHING **BAD** TO HAPPEN. REMEMBER, YOU'RE THE **CHOSEN ONE**.
WEDNESDAY.
I JUST WANT TO CHILL TODAY AND GET MY CLAWS INTO YOU.
BITE TIME LATER, BABY. YOU GO AND SEE JUDGE DREDD FIRST, AND **THEN** I'LL GET MYSELF READY FOR YOU.
THURSDAY.
I RANG UP THE SECTOR HOUSE, BUT THEY SAID IT WAS JUDGE DREDD'S DAY OFF AND I SHOULD GO IN AND SEE HIM TOMORROW.
DREDD **NEVER** HAS A DAY OFF! I'M NOT LISTENING TO THIS CRAP!
FRIDAY.
LET'S TAKE THE DAY OFF. GO OUT SOMEWHERE. HAVE SOME FUN. I WANT ONE MORE DAY BEFORE I FACE MY PUNISHMENT.
AND I PROMISE YOU, JAZZ — I WILL DEFINITELY, **DEFINITELY** SEE JUDGE DREDD TOMORROW.
SATURDAY.
I **CAN'T** SEE HIM NOW. I'VE LEFT IT **TOO LATE**... ANYWAY, I'M ONE IN A BILLION IN THE MEGA-CITY.
I **BET** HE'S FORGOTTEN.
SUNDAY.
YOU SEE? YOU WERE WORRYING FOR NOTHING. JUDGE DREDD'S **DEFINITELY** FORGOTTEN. I GOT AWAY WITH IT.

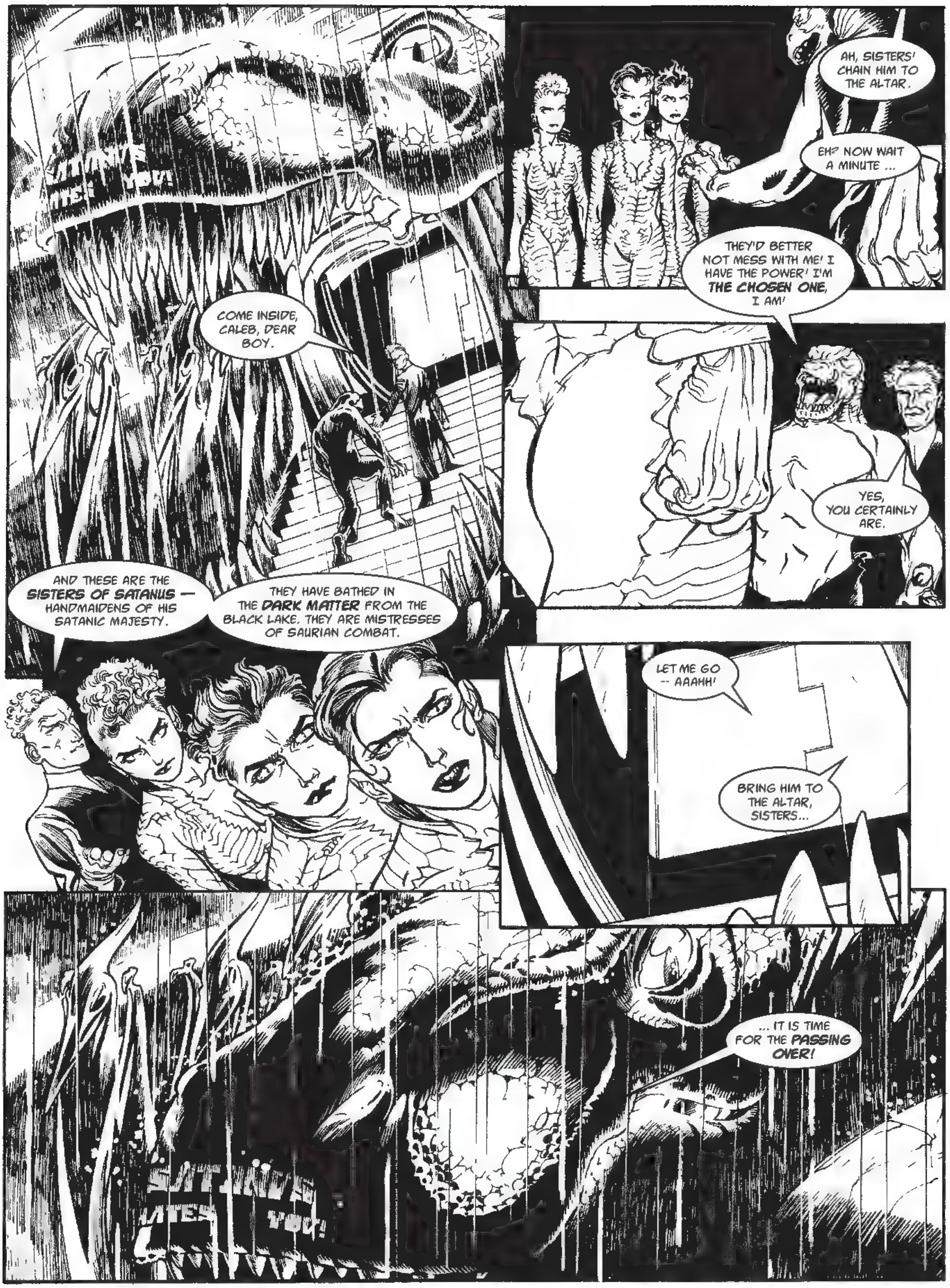

BRRRIIING!
DON'T ANSWER IT! LEAVE IT AND THEY'LL GO AWAY!
WAMM!
THE JUDGE ONLY RINGS ONCE.
REDD
HAD COMPLAINTS OF A NUMBER OF PETS GOING MISSING AROUND THIS BLOCK.
ASSUME THE POSITION, PUNK.
PLEASE, JUDGE... BE REASONABLE. IT WAS **ONLY** A COUPLE OF CATS.
I'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED IN **ZERO TOLERANCE**. NOT PAYING ON PUBLIC TRANSPORT, STEALING PENS FROM WORK, FIDDLING EXPENSES, KILLING CATS...
IN MY EYES, THESE CRIMES ARE **ALL** AS LOATHSOME AS ORLOK'S, AND SHOULD BE PUNISHED WITH THE FULL RIGOUR OF THE LAW.
BUT CALEB WAS **FRIGHTENED** OF YOU, JUDGE. HE'S REALLY SORRY. HE'S BEEN VERY SILLY.

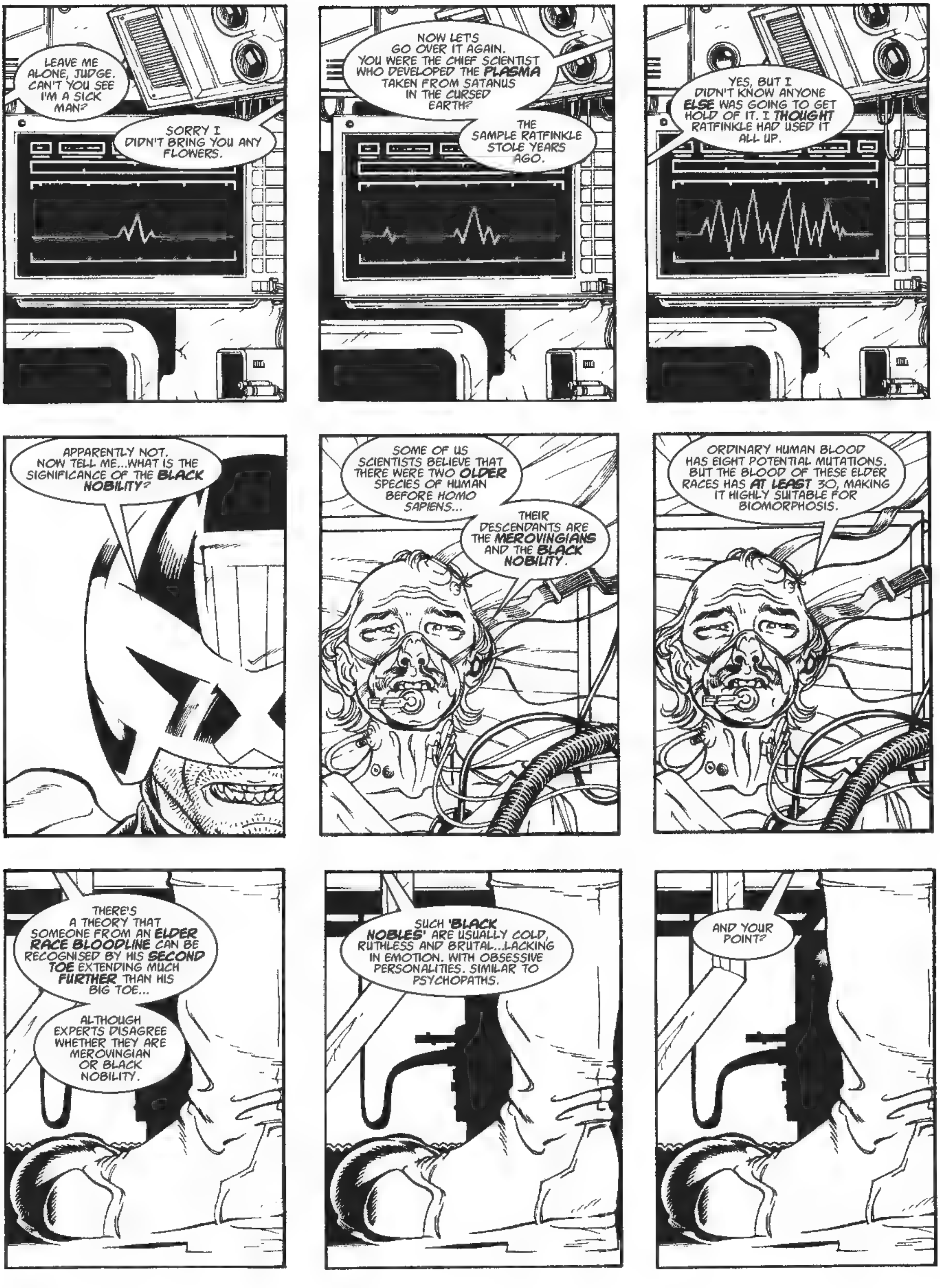

I'M NOT FRIGHTENED...
I'M NOT SORRY...
AND I'M NOT SILLY!
GRRRRRRAARR!
STOMM!
I'M A GOD! I'M THE CHOSEN ONE! I'M BLACK NOBILITY!
A BLOODLINE THAT WAS OLD LONG BEFORE YOU WERE FARTED INTO EXISTENCE, DREDD!
SHUNK!

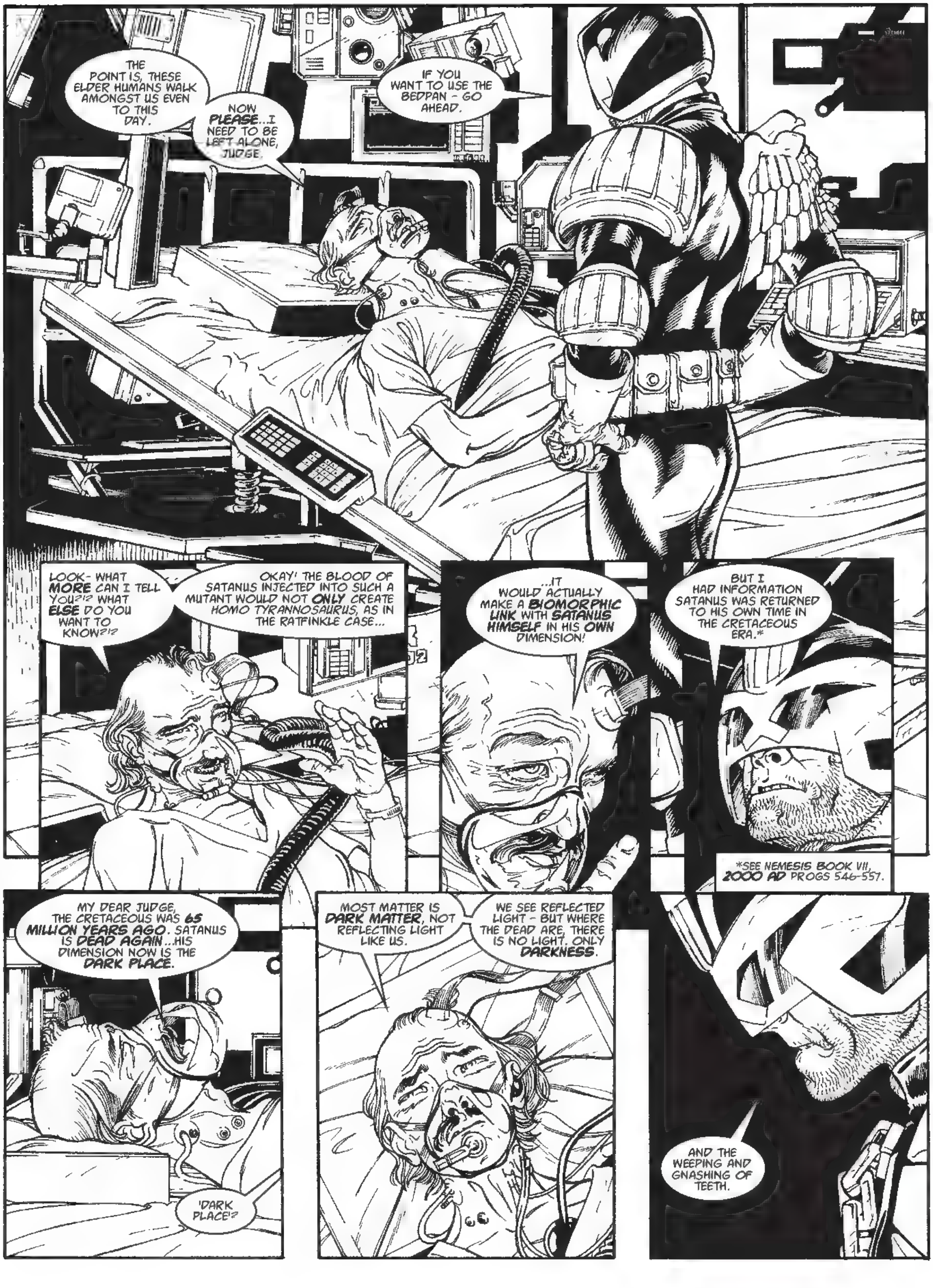

EAT STICK!
CHUD
KRACK!
HRAAARK!
BDAM!
I'M GOING TO EAT YOUR GIBLETS, DREDD!
RAAAGHHH!

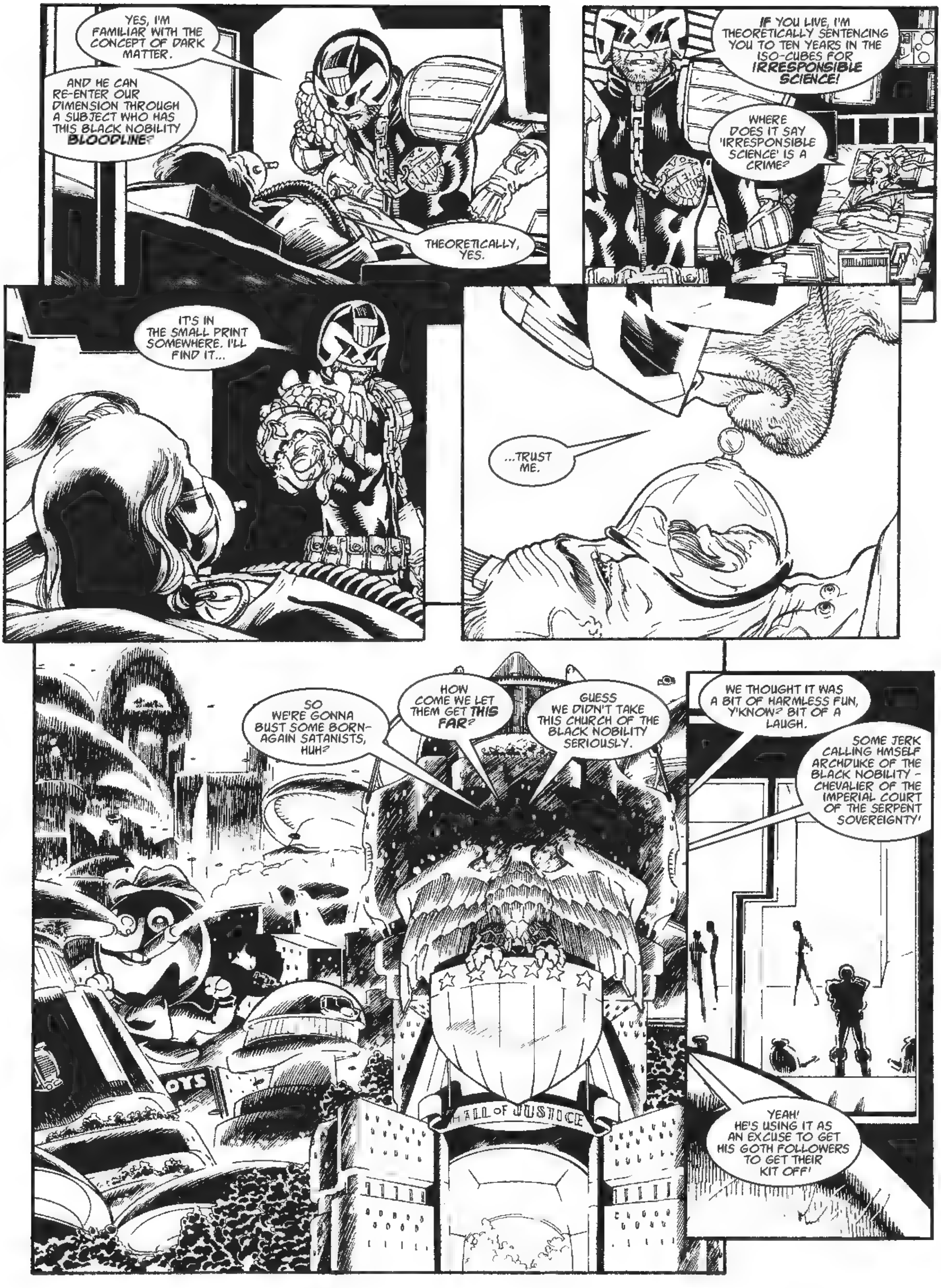

DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT YOU'RE **NOT** LIKE THE OTHER SCREAM SCREAMS. I REMEMBER YOUR **SMELL** FROM A LONG TIME AGO...
YOU HAVE THE SMELL OF **THE HURT MAN**.
SNIFF! SNIFF!
YOU'RE JUDGE DREDD... YOU WERE OFFERED UP TO ME AT **BLACK ROCK**, BUT YOU **HURT** ME... YOU ESCAPED...
YOU DESTROYED MY TOWN OF **REPENTANCE**, AND TRIED TO DESTROY ME...
GIVE IT -- **WHITE HEAT!**
SEE THE CURSED EARTH, **2000 AD** PROGS 61-85.
YOU HURT ME BAD. NOW IT'S **MY** TURN!
NO! **PLEASE**, CALEB! YOU CAN'T KILL A JUDGE! LET'S GO OVER TO THE CHURCH!
COME ON! I'LL CALL THE ARCHDUKE ON THE WAY.
CALEB -- **OBEY ME!**

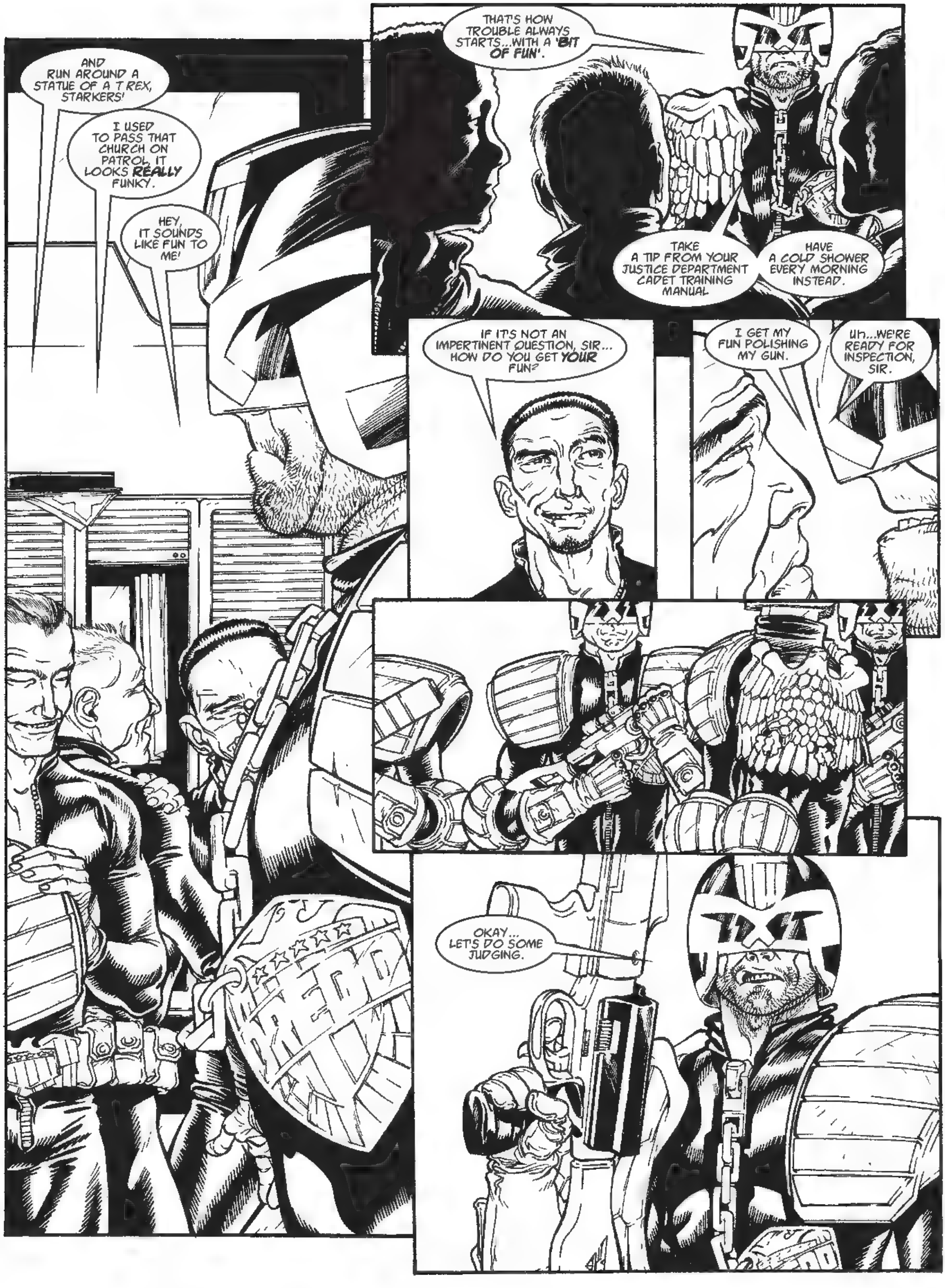

CHURCH OF BLACK NOBILITY
PASTOR: ALGERNON CHRISTIE
EVALIER OF THE IMPERIAL
AL COURT OF THE SERPENT
IGHTLY BLACK MASS
SUNDAY UNHOLY COMMUNION
BAPTISMS
CALEB... JASMINE... I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE GOT YOURSELVES INTO A LITTLE BIT OF POO...
IT'S ALL HIS DOING! HE WON'T LISTEN TO ME AND NOW WE'VE GOT THE LAW ON OUR BACKS!
MY HYPNOTIC COMMAND BARELY STOPPED HIM EATING JUDGE DREDD! I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH HIM!
JUDGE DREDD, EH? INTERESTING. DREDD AND I GO BACK A LONG TIME. I FEEL THE HAND OF FATE IN THIS...
HE IS A TOTAL LOSER, MASTER! HE'S BEEN SO STUPID AND ARROGANT RECENTLY!
IT'S THE DINOSAUR CONSCIOUSNESS TAKING OVER...
REMEMBER 'THE BELOVED ONE' HAS A BRAIN THE SIZE OF A PEA.
BUT IT IS STILL ONLY TEMPORARY. THE TIME OF THE FINAL METAMORPHOSIS IS COMING -- WHEN THE BELOVED WILL REGAIN THE KINGDOM HE LOST IN THE CURSED EARTH.
CALEB, HIS HOST, DOESN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND WHATS GOING ON — OR WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO HIM...
IT'S YOUR FAULT, ARCHDUKE! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO PROTECT ME! I'M THE GOD! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE TREATED LIKE ROYALTY!
I WANT SOME RESPECT! I'M MORE THAN ONE OF YOUR 'BOYS' I'M NOT LIKE MR EVER READY OVER THERE!
WANT TO SEE HOW READY I REALLY AM?
DON'T LET THE PERSON UPSET YOU, THEO. I THINK IT'S TIME WE PREPARED HIM FOR THE COMING OF THE BELOVED...
BEFORE JUDGE DREDD JOINS US, AS HE UNDOUBTEDLY WILL.

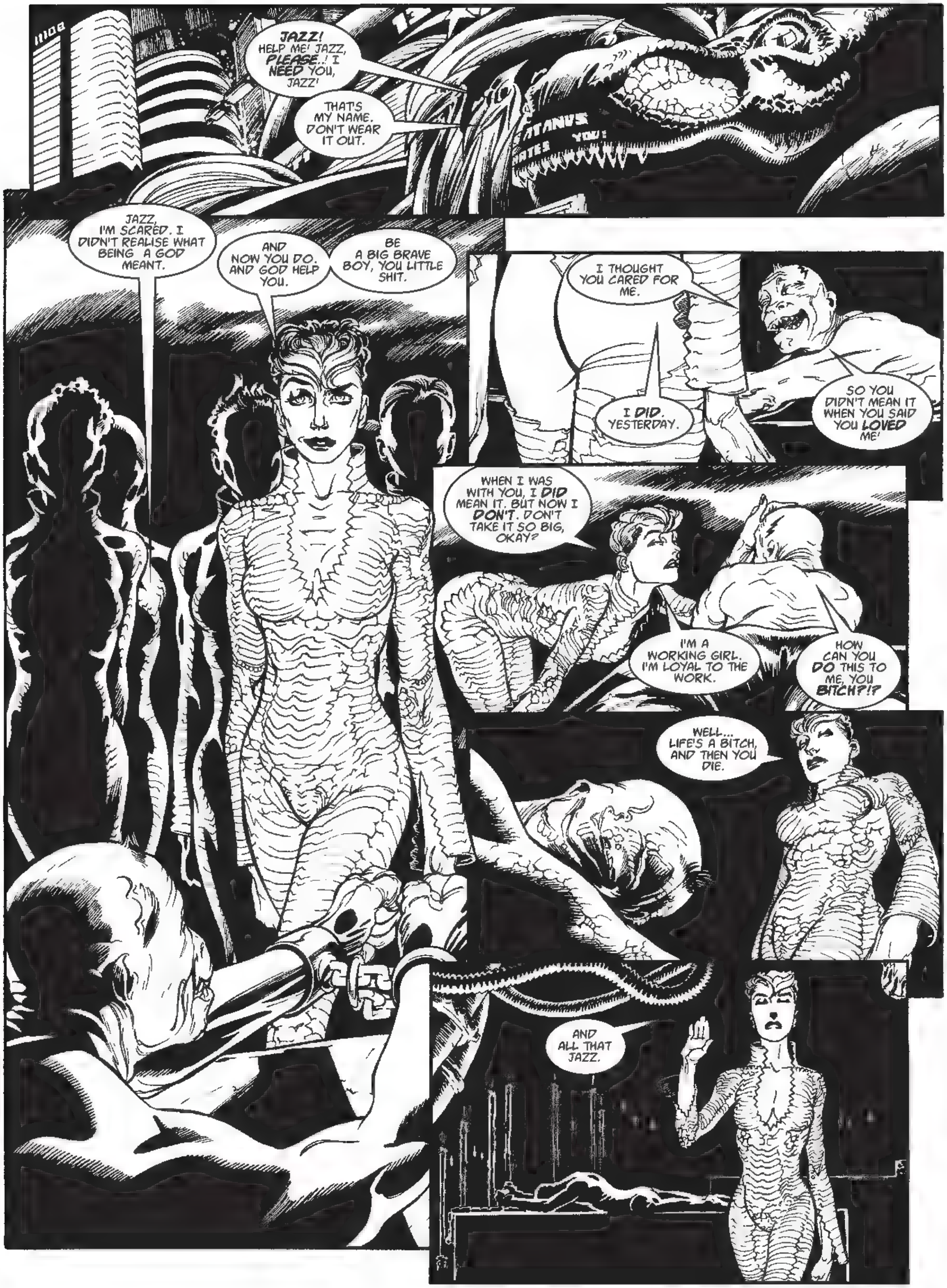

SATANUS HATES YOU!
COME INSIDE, CALEB, DEAR BOY.
AH, SISTERS! CHAIN HIM TO THE ALTAR.
EH? NOW WAIT A MINUTE ...
THEY'D BETTER NOT MESS WITH ME! I HAVE THE POWER! I'M **THE CHOSEN ONE,** I AM!
YES, YOU CERTAINLY ARE.
AND THESE ARE THE **SISTERS OF SATANUS** — HANDMAIDENS OF HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.
THEY HAVE BATHED IN THE **DARK MATTER** FROM THE BLACK LAKE. THEY ARE MISTRESSES OF SAURIAN COMBAT.
LET ME GO -- AAAHH!
BRING HIM TO THE ALTAR, SISTERS...
... IT IS TIME FOR THE **PASSING OVER!**
SATANUS HATES YOU!

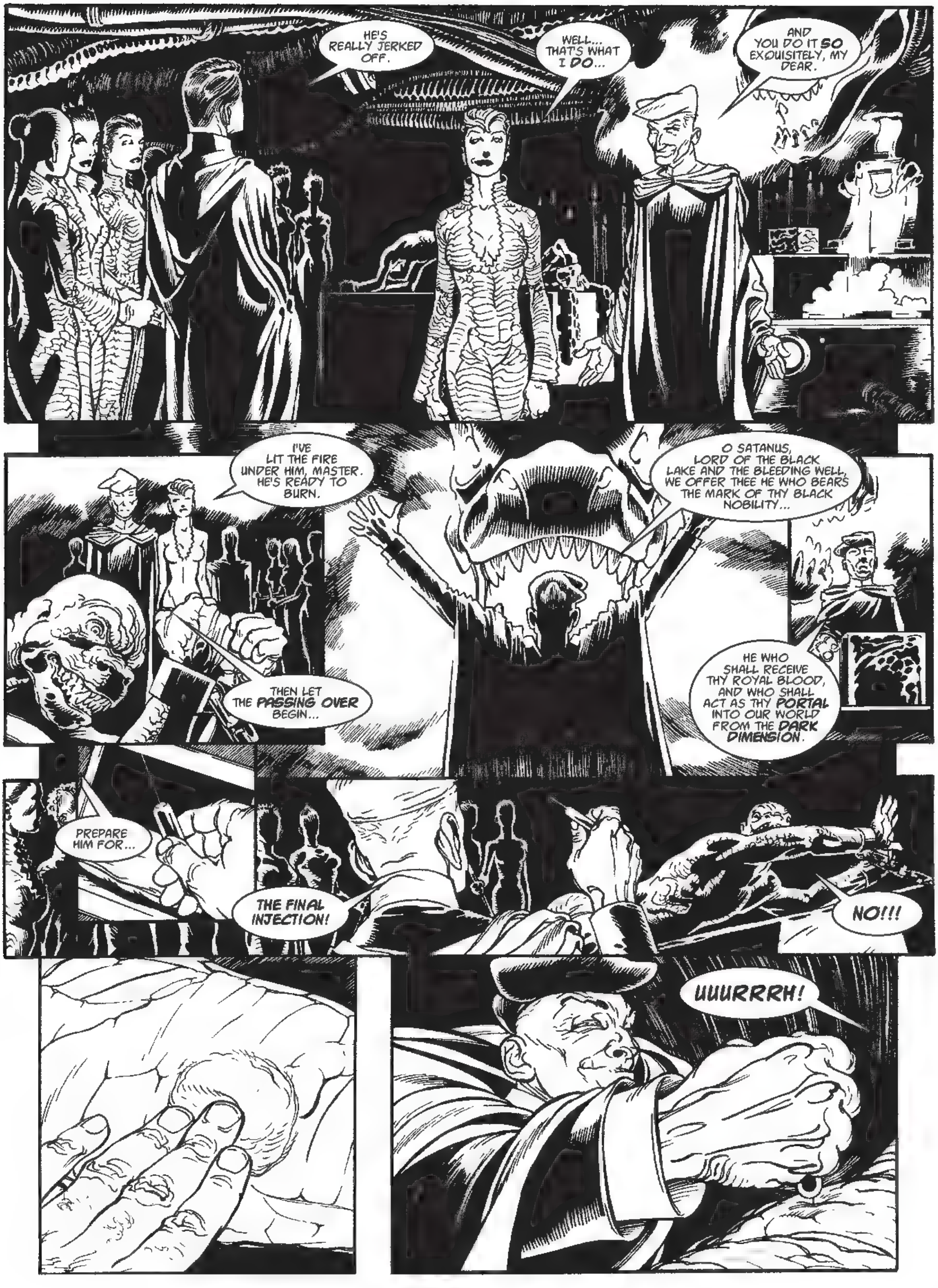

LEAVE ME ALONE, JUDGE. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M A SICK MAN?
SORRY I DIDN'T BRING YOU ANY FLOWERS.
NOW LET'S GO OVER IT AGAIN. YOU WERE THE CHIEF SCIENTIST WHO DEVELOPED THE **PLASMA** TAKEN FROM SATANUS IN THE CURSED EARTH?
THE SAMPLE RATFINKLE STOLE YEARS AGO.
YES, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE **ELSE** WAS GOING TO GET HOLD OF IT. I **THOUGHT** RATFINKLE HAD USED IT ALL UP.
APPARENTLY NOT. NOW TELL ME...WHAT IS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE **BLACK NOBILITY**?
SOME OF US SCIENTISTS BELIEVE THAT THERE WERE TWO **OLDER** SPECIES OF HUMAN BEFORE HOMO SAPIENS...
THEIR DESCENDANTS ARE THE **MEROVINGIANS** AND THE **BLACK NOBILITY**.
ORDINARY HUMAN BLOOD HAS EIGHT POTENTIAL MUTATIONS. BUT THE BLOOD OF THESE ELDER RACES HAS **AT LEAST** 30, MAKING IT HIGHLY SUITABLE FOR BIOMORPHOSIS.
THERE'S A THEORY THAT SOMEONE FROM AN **ELDER RACE BLOODLINE** CAN BE RECOGNISED BY HIS **SECOND TOE** EXTENDING MUCH **FURTHER** THAN HIS BIG TOE...
ALTHOUGH EXPERTS DISAGREE WHETHER THEY ARE MEROVINGIAN OR BLACK NOBILITY.
SUCH **'BLACK NOBLES'** ARE USUALLY COLD, RUTHLESS AND BRUTAL...LACKING IN EMOTION. WITH OBSESSIVE PERSONALITIES. SIMILAR TO PSYCHOPATHS.
AND YOUR POINT?

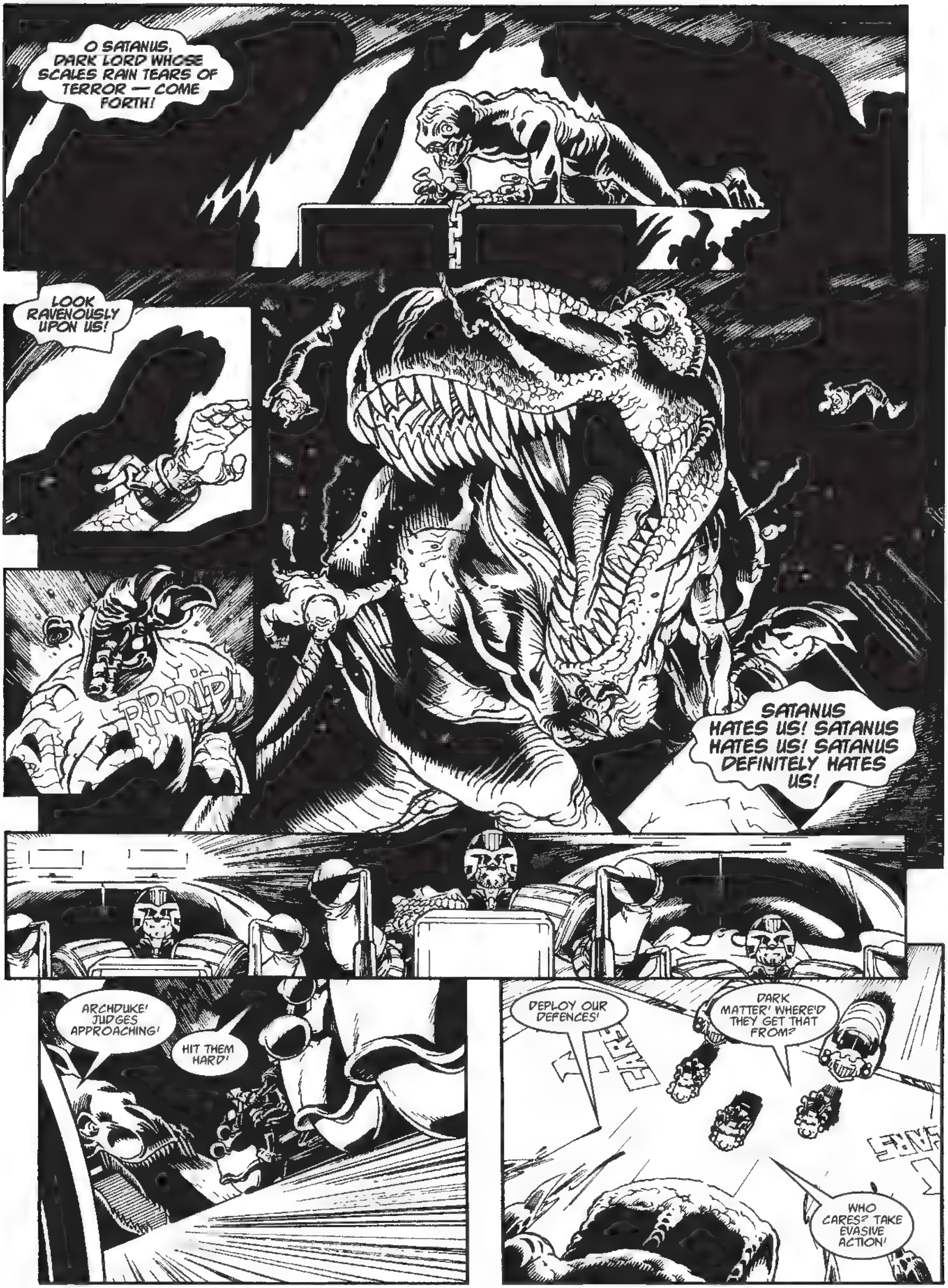

THE POINT IS, THESE ELDER HUMANS WALK AMONGST US EVEN TO THIS DAY.
NOW *PLEASE*...I NEED TO BE LEFT ALONE, JUDGE.
IF YOU WANT TO USE THE BEDPAN - GO AHEAD.
LOOK- WHAT **MORE** CAN I TELL YOU?!? WHAT **ELSE** DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?!?
OKAY! THE BLOOD OF SATANUS INJECTED INTO SUCH A MUTANT WOULD NOT **ONLY** CREATE *HOMO TYRANNOSAURUS*, AS IN THE RATFINKLE CASE...
...IT WOULD ACTUALLY MAKE A **BIOMORPHIC LINK** WITH **SATANUS HIMSELF** IN HIS **OWN** DIMENSION!
BUT I HAD INFORMATION SATANUS WAS RETURNED TO HIS OWN TIME IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA.*
*SEE NEMESIS BOOK VII, **2000 AD** PROGS 546-557.
MY DEAR JUDGE, THE CRETACEOUS WAS **65 MILLION YEARS AGO**. SATANUS IS **DEAD AGAIN**...HIS DIMENSION NOW IS THE **DARK PLACE**.
'DARK PLACE'?
MOST MATTER IS **DARK MATTER**, NOT REFLECTING LIGHT LIKE US.
WE SEE REFLECTED LIGHT - BUT WHERE THE DEAD ARE, THERE IS NO LIGHT. ONLY **DARKNESS**.
AND THE WEEPING AND GNASHING OF TEETH.

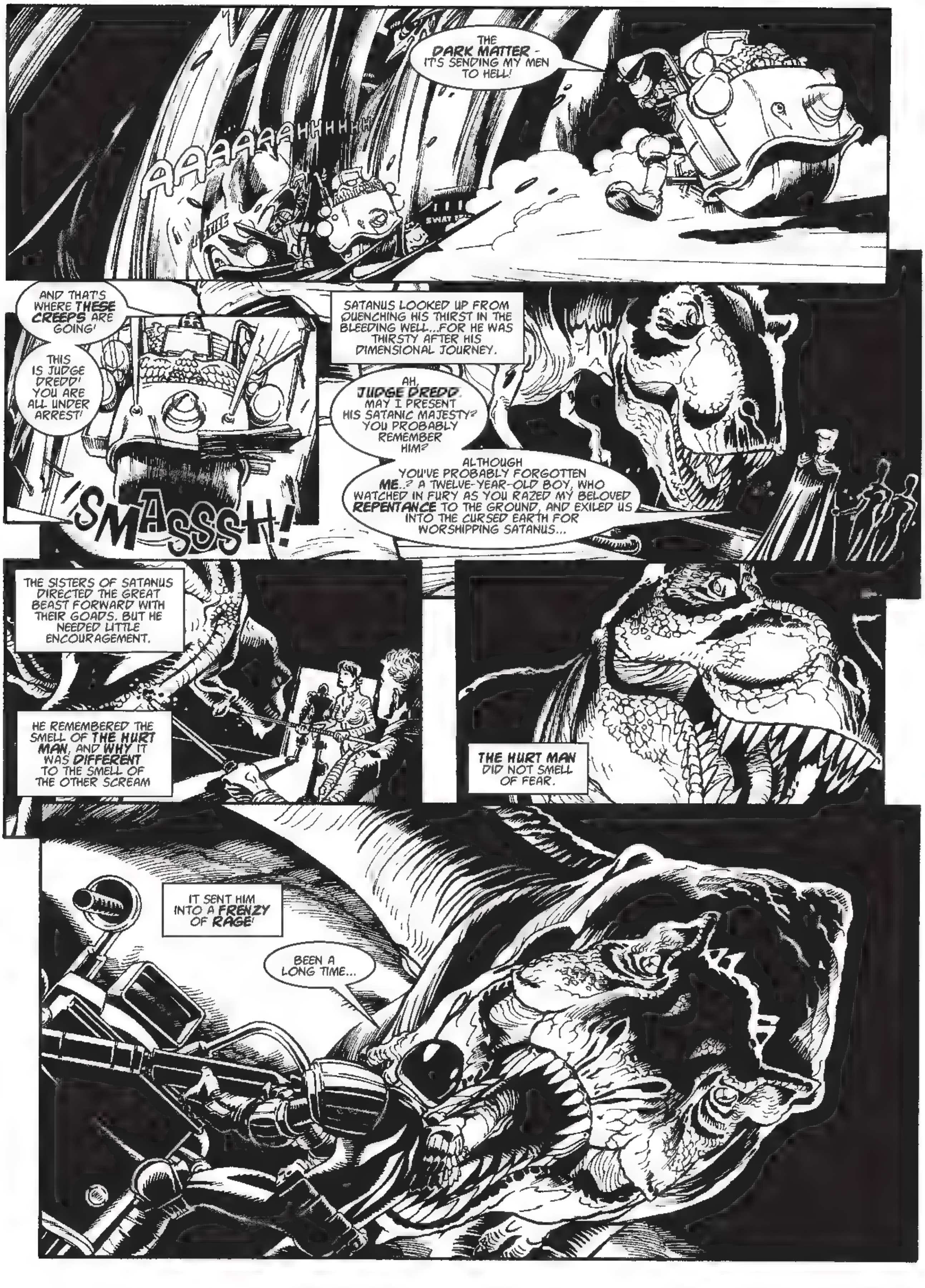

YES, I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE CONCEPT OF DARK MATTER.
AND HE CAN RE-ENTER OUR DIMENSION THROUGH A SUBJECT WHO HAS THIS BLACK NOBILITY **BLOODLINE**?
THEORETICALLY, YES.
IF YOU LIVE, I'M THEORETICALLY SENTENCING YOU TO TEN YEARS IN THE ISO-CUBES FOR **IRRESPONSIBLE SCIENCE!**
WHERE DOES IT SAY 'IRRESPONSIBLE SCIENCE' IS A CRIME?
IT'S IN THE SMALL PRINT SOMEWHERE. I'LL FIND IT...
...TRUST ME.
SO WE'RE GONNA BUST SOME BORN-AGAIN SATANISTS, HUH?
HOW COME WE LET THEM GET **THIS FAR**?
GUESS WE DIDN'T TAKE THIS CHURCH OF THE BLACK NOBILITY SERIOUSLY.
WE THOUGHT IT WAS A BIT OF HARMLESS FUN, Y'KNOW? BIT OF A LAUGH.
SOME JERK CALLING HMSELF ARCHDUKE OF THE BLACK NOBILITY - CHEVALIER OF THE IMPERIAL COURT OF THE SERPENT SOVEREIGNTY'
YEAH! HE'S USING IT AS AN EXCUSE TO GET HIS GOTH FOLLOWERS TO GET THEIR KIT OFF!
OYS
HALL OF JUSTICE

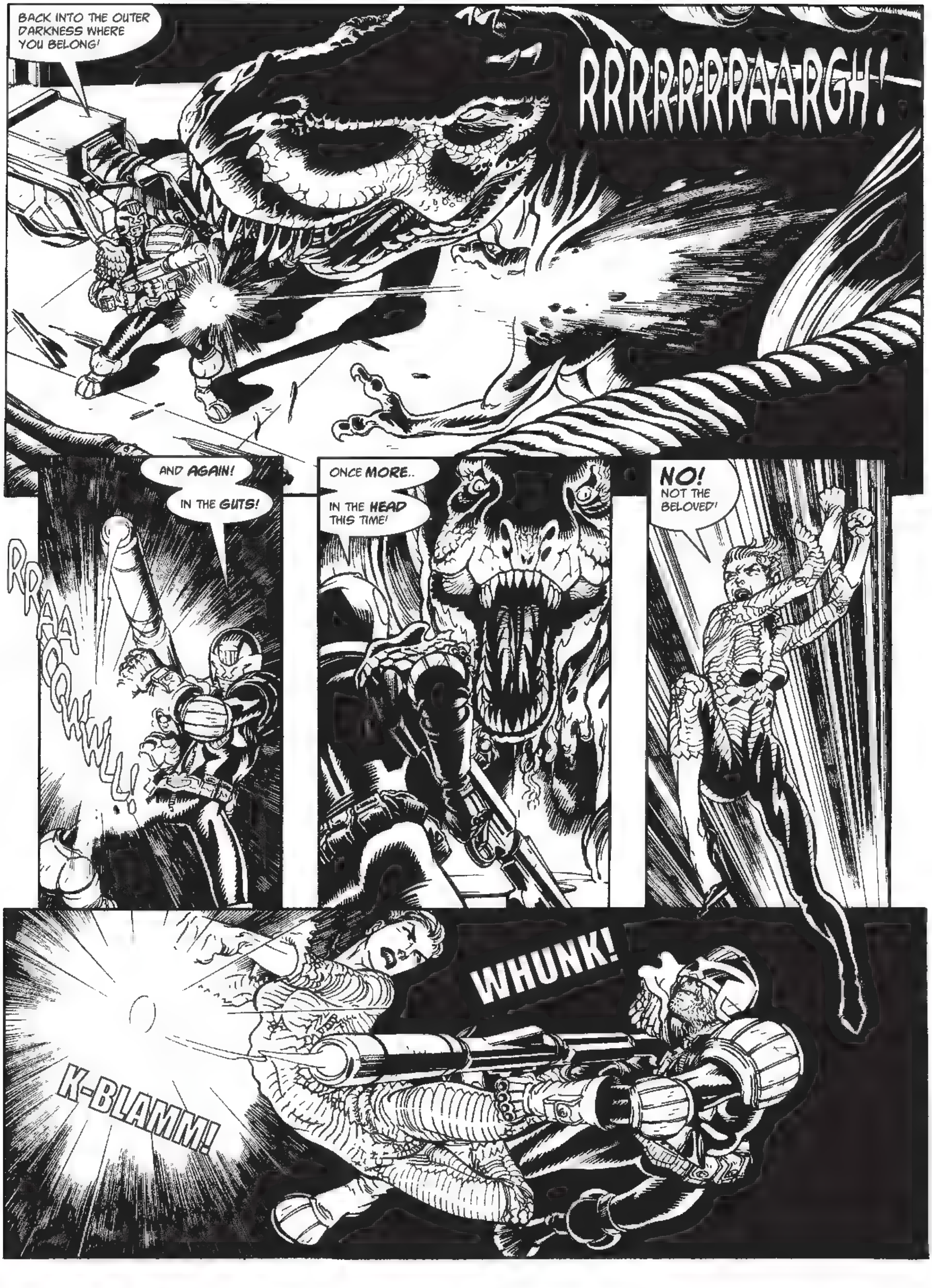

AND RUN AROUND A STATUE OF A T REX, STARKERS!
I USED TO PASS THAT CHURCH ON PATROL, IT LOOKS **REALLY** FUNKY.
HEY, IT SOUNDS LIKE FUN TO ME!
THAT'S HOW TROUBLE ALWAYS STARTS...WITH A '**BIT OF FUN**'.
TAKE A TIP FROM YOUR JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CADET TRAINING MANUAL
HAVE A COLD SHOWER EVERY MORNING INSTEAD.
IF IT'S NOT AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION, SIR... HOW DO YOU GET **YOUR** FUN?
I GET MY FUN POLISHING MY GUN.
UH...WE'RE READY FOR INSPECTION, SIR.
OKAY... LET'S DO SOME JUDGING.

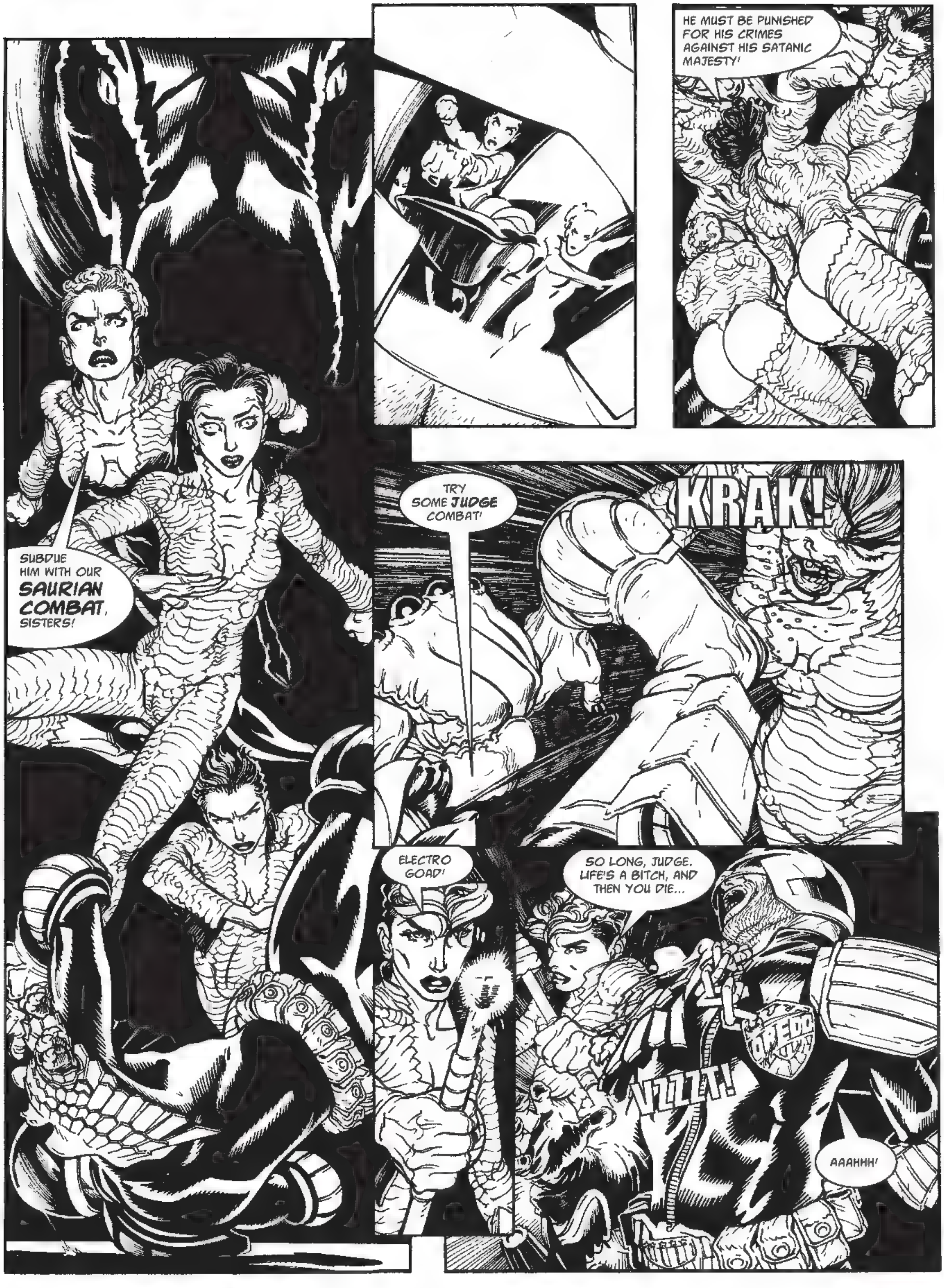

1110B
JAZZ! HELP ME! JAZZ, PLEASE..! I NEED YOU, JAZZ!
THAT'S MY NAME. DON'T WEAR IT OUT.
SATANUS HATES YOU!
JAZZ, I'M SCARED. I DIDN'T REALISE WHAT BEING A GOD MEANT.
AND NOW YOU DO. AND GOD HELP YOU.
BE A BIG BRAVE BOY, YOU LITTLE SHIT.
I THOUGHT YOU CARED FOR ME.
I DID. YESTERDAY.
SO YOU DIDN'T MEAN IT WHEN YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME!
WHEN I WAS WITH YOU, I DID MEAN IT. BUT NOW I DON'T. DON'T TAKE IT SO BIG, OKAY?
I'M A WORKING GIRL. I'M LOYAL TO THE WORK.
HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME, YOU BITCH?!?
WELL... LIFE'S A BITCH, AND THEN YOU DIE.
AND ALL THAT JAZZ.

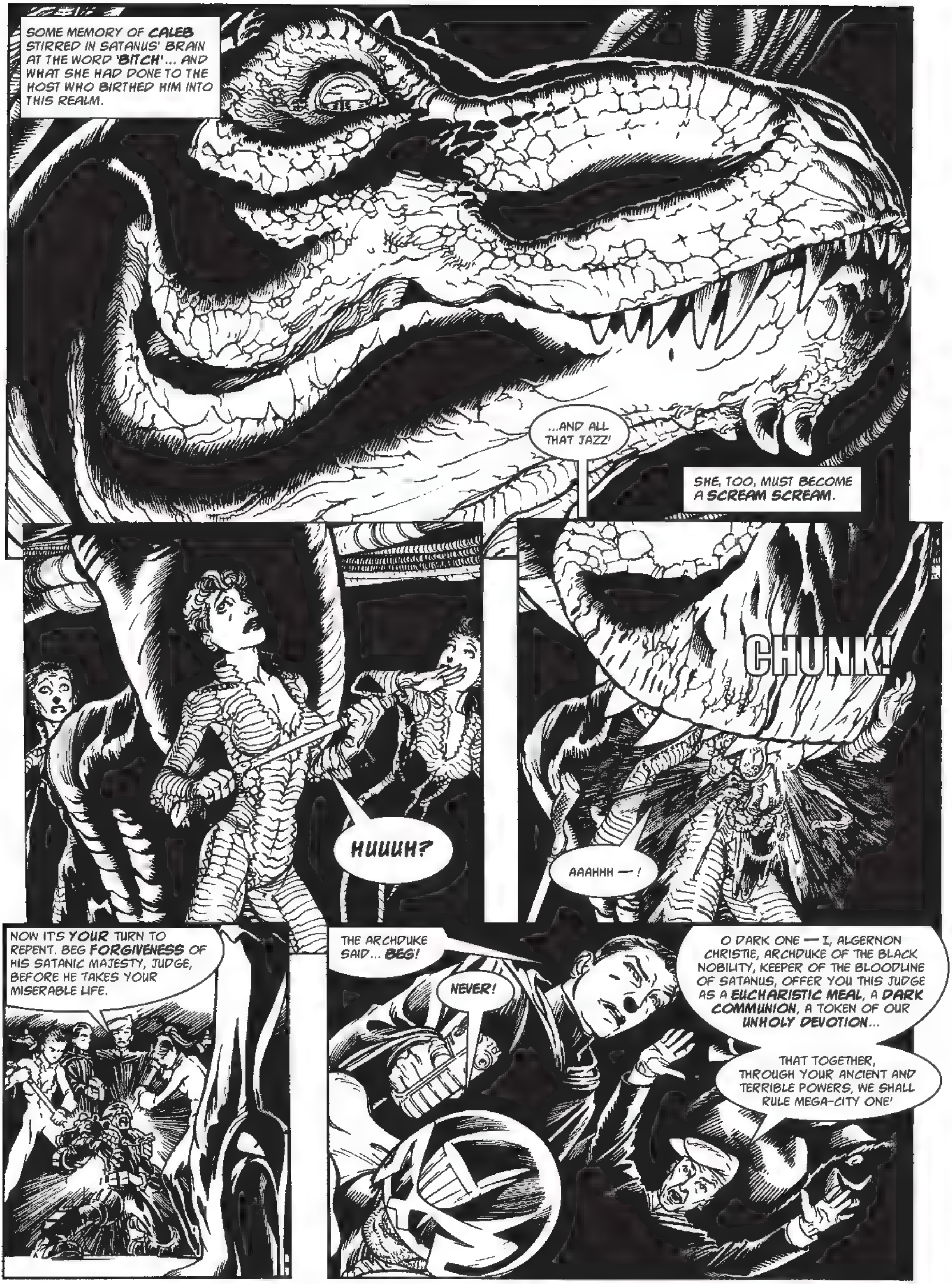

HE'S REALLY JERKED OFF.
WELL... THAT'S WHAT I DO...
AND YOU DO IT SO EXQUISITELY, MY DEAR.
I'VE LIT THE FIRE UNDER HIM, MASTER. HE'S READY TO BURN.
O SATANUS, LORD OF THE BLACK LAKE AND THE BLEEDING WELL, WE OFFER THEE HE WHO BEARS THE MARK OF THY BLACK NOBILITY...
HE WHO SHALL RECEIVE THY ROYAL BLOOD, AND WHO SHALL ACT AS THY PORTAL INTO OUR WORLD FROM THE DARK DIMENSION.
THEN LET THE PASSING OVER BEGIN...
PREPARE HIM FOR...
THE FINAL INJECTION!
NO!!!
UUURRRH!

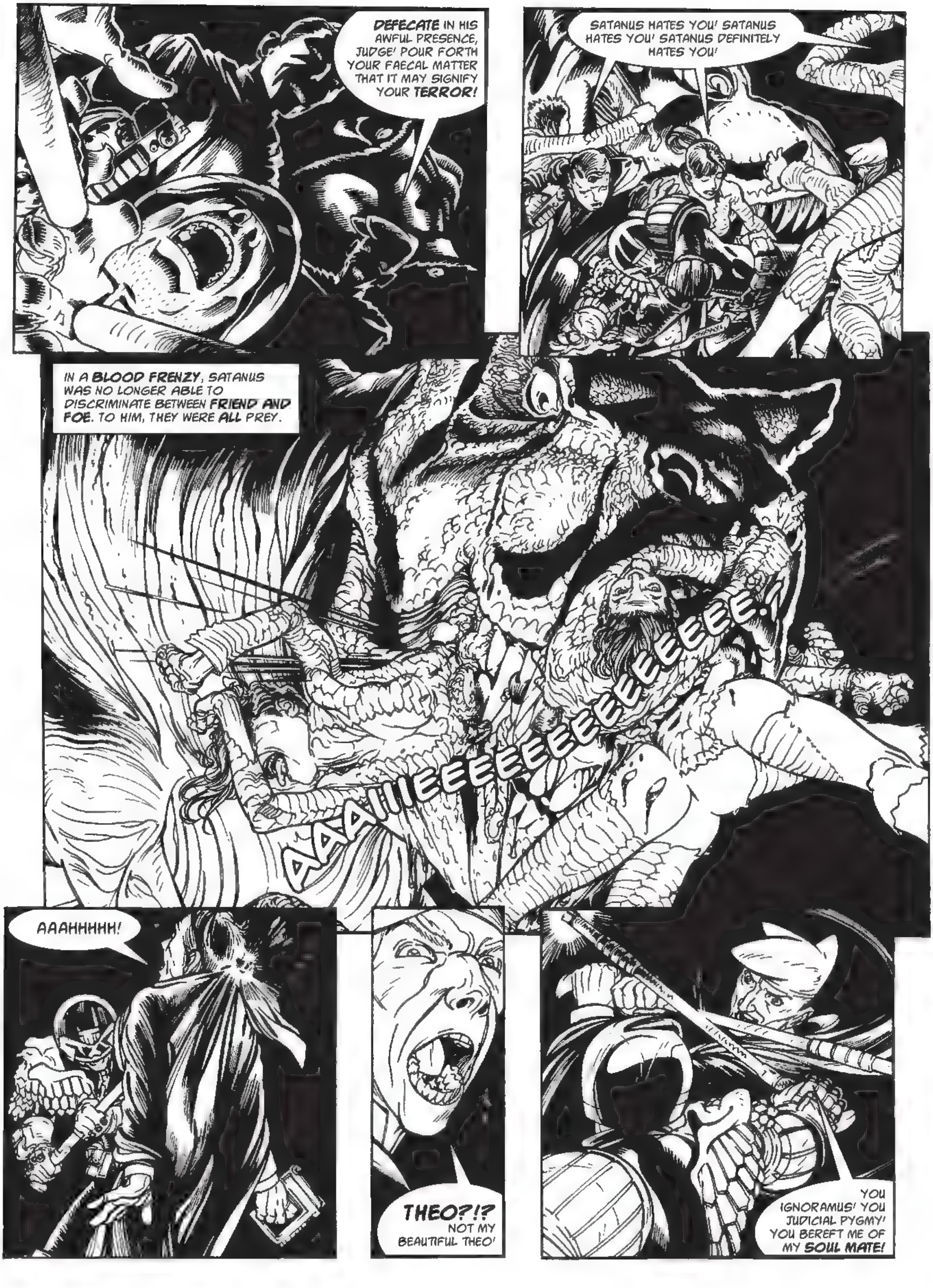

O SATANUS, DARK LORD WHOSE SCALES RAIN TEARS OF TERROR — COME FORTH!
LOOK RAVENOUSLY UPON US!
RRRIP!
SATANUS HATES US! SATANUS HATES US! SATANUS DEFINITELY HATES US!
ARCHDUKE! JUDGES APPROACHING!
HIT THEM HARD!
DEPLOY OUR DEFENCES!
DARK MATTER! WHERE'D THEY GET THAT FROM?
WHO CARES? TAKE EVASIVE ACTION!

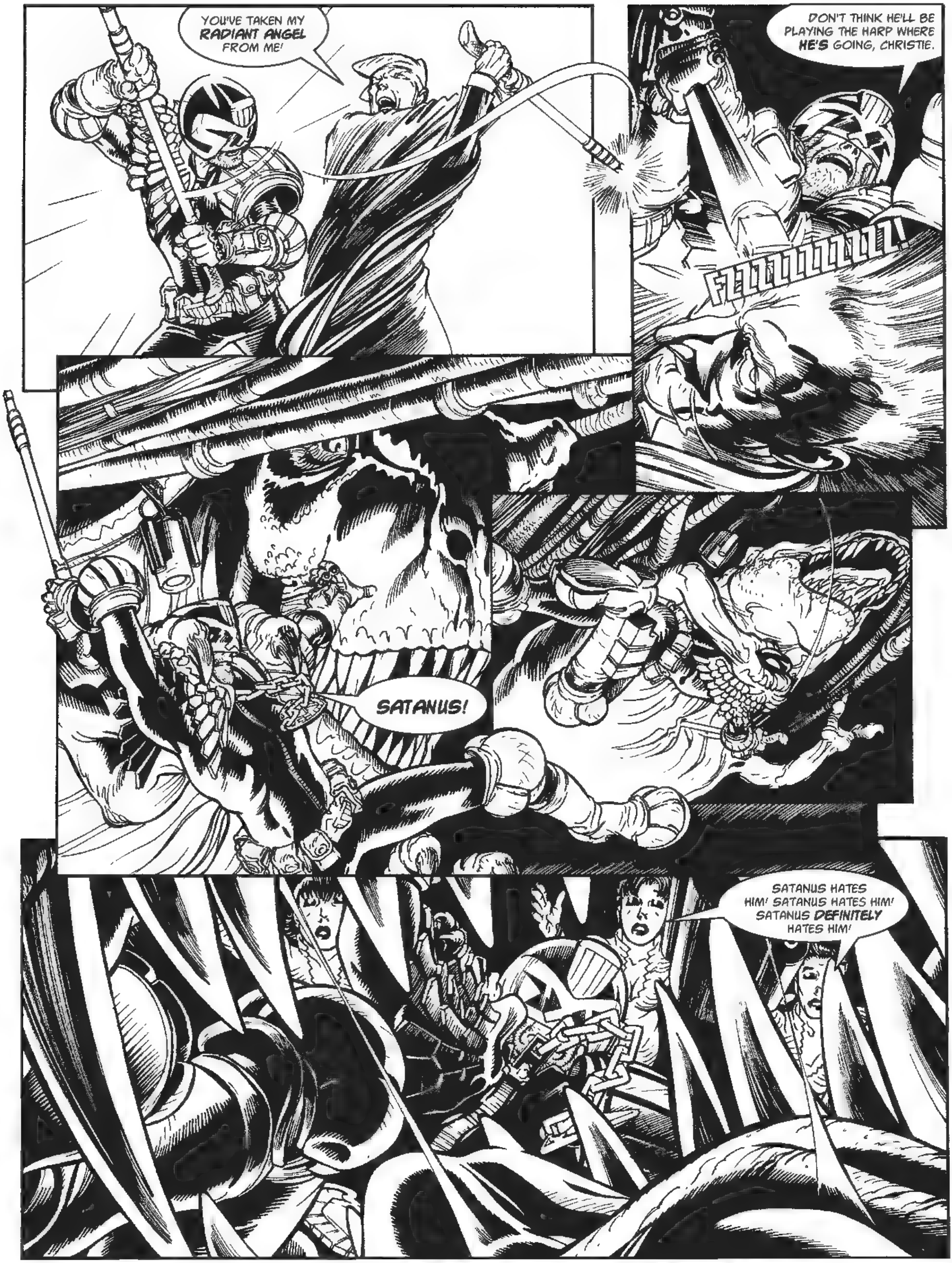

THE DARK MATTER - IT'S SENDING MY MEN TO HELL!
...AAAAAAAHHHHHH
AND THAT'S WHERE THESE CREEPS ARE GOING!
THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! YOU ARE ALL UNDER ARREST!
SMASSSH!
SATANUS LOOKED UP FROM QUENCHING HIS THIRST IN THE BLEEDING WELL...FOR HE WAS THIRSTY AFTER HIS DIMENSIONAL JOURNEY.
AH, JUDGE DREDD. MAY I PRESENT HIS SATANIC MAJESTY? YOU PROBABLY REMEMBER HIM?
ALTHOUGH YOU'VE PROBABLY FORGOTTEN ME..? A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY, WHO WATCHED IN FURY AS YOU RAZED MY BELOVED REPENTANCE TO THE GROUND, AND EXILED US INTO THE CURSED EARTH FOR WORSHIPPING SATANUS...
THE SISTERS OF SATANUS DIRECTED THE GREAT BEAST FORWARD WITH THEIR GOADS. BUT HE NEEDED LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.
HE REMEMBERED THE SMELL OF THE HURT MAN, AND WHY IT WAS DIFFERENT TO THE SMELL OF THE OTHER SCREAM
THE HURT MAN DID NOT SMELL OF FEAR.
IT SENT HIM INTO A FRENZY OF RAGE!
BEEN A LONG TIME...

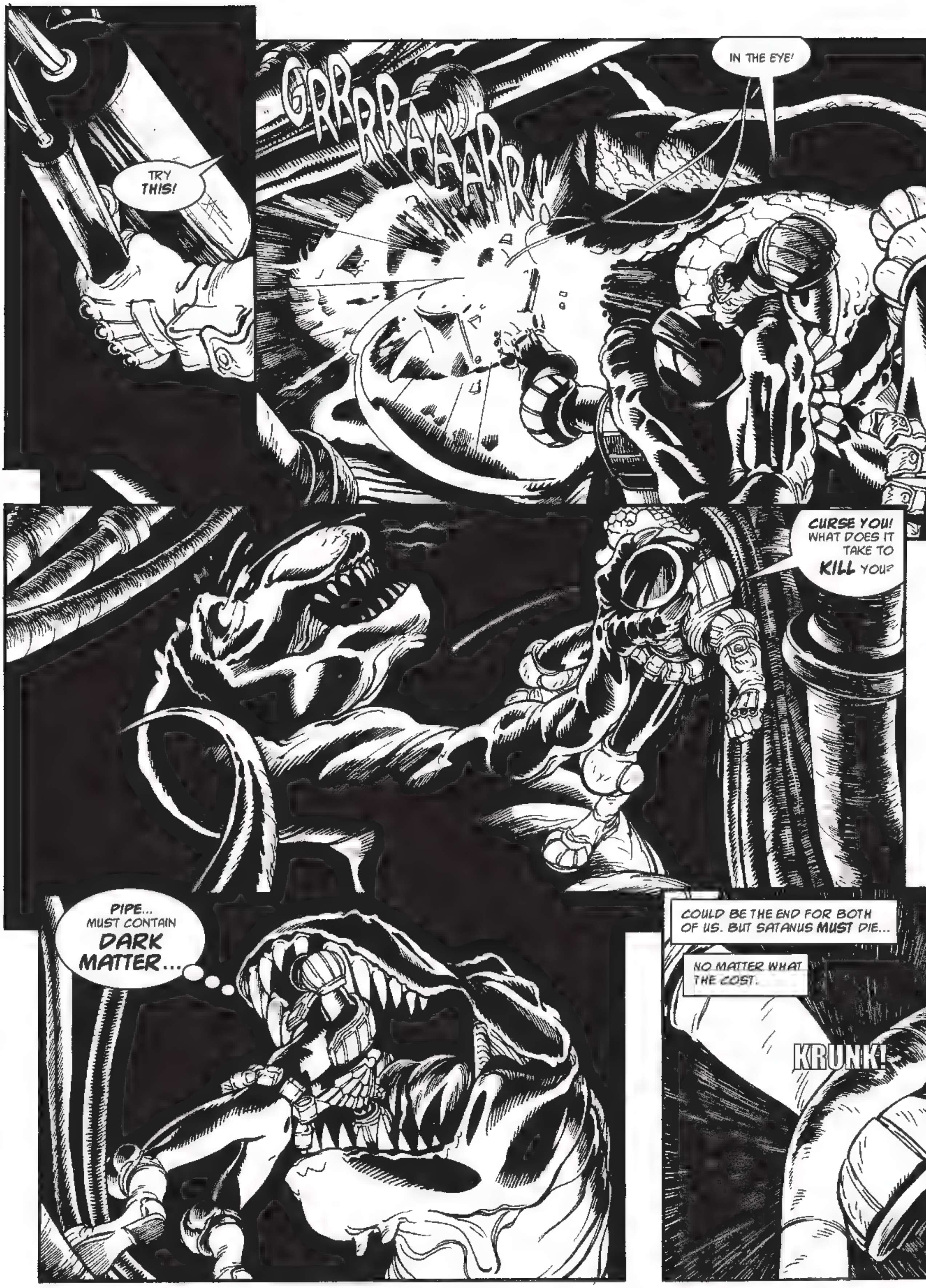

BACK INTO THE OUTER DARKNESS WHERE YOU BELONG!
RRRRRRRAARGH!
AND AGAIN!
IN THE GUTS!
RRAAOOWWLL!
ONCE MORE..
IN THE HEAD THIS TIME!
NO! NOT THE BELOVED!
WHUNK!
K-BLAMM!

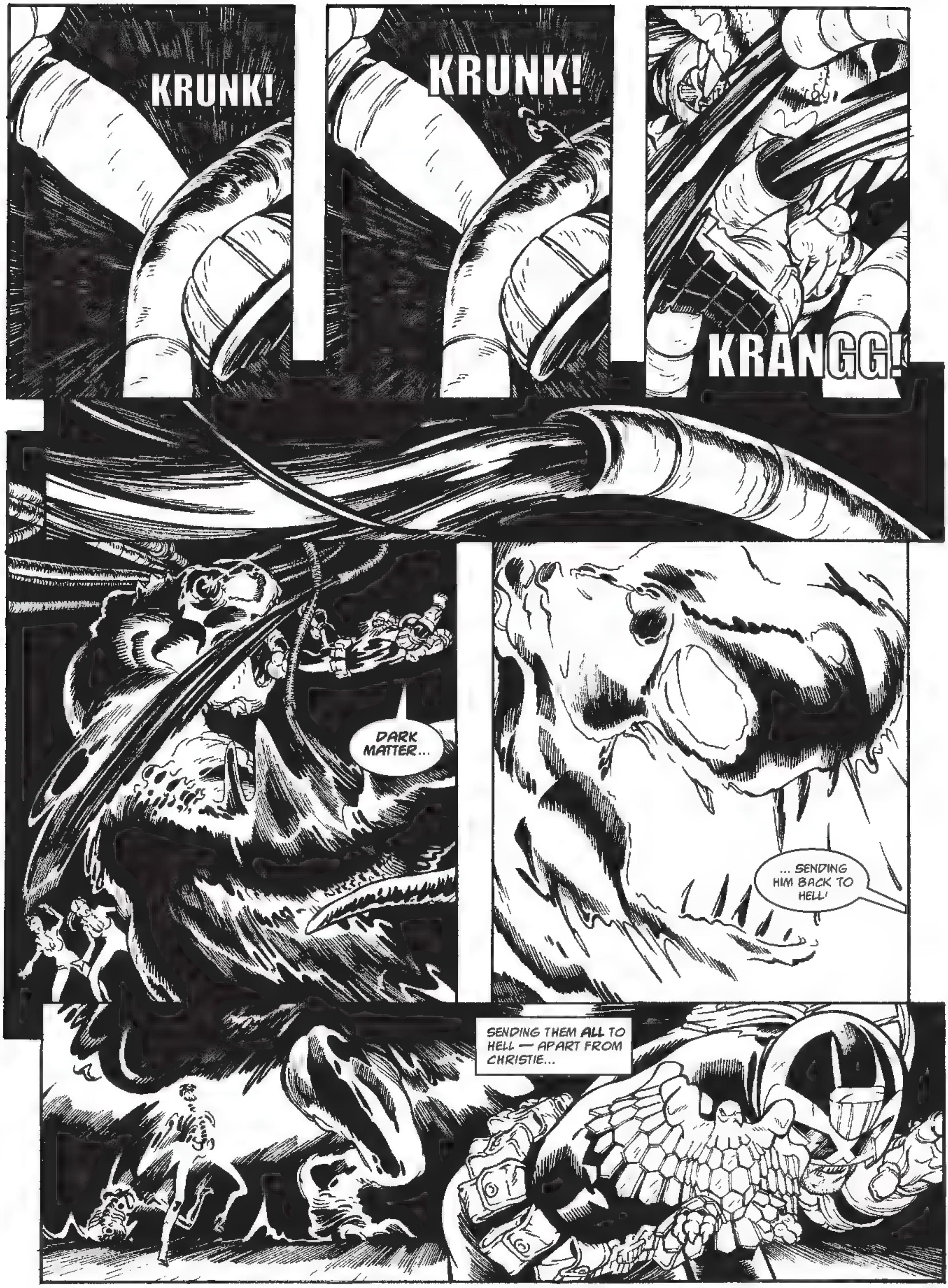

SUBDUE HIM WITH OUR **SAURIAN COMBAT**, SISTERS!
HE MUST BE PUNISHED FOR HIS CRIMES AGAINST HIS SATANIC MAJESTY!
TRY SOME **JUDGE** COMBAT!
KRAK!
ELECTRO GOAD!
SO LONG, JUDGE. LIFE'S A BITCH, AND THEN YOU DIE...
DREDD
VZZZT!
AAAHHH!

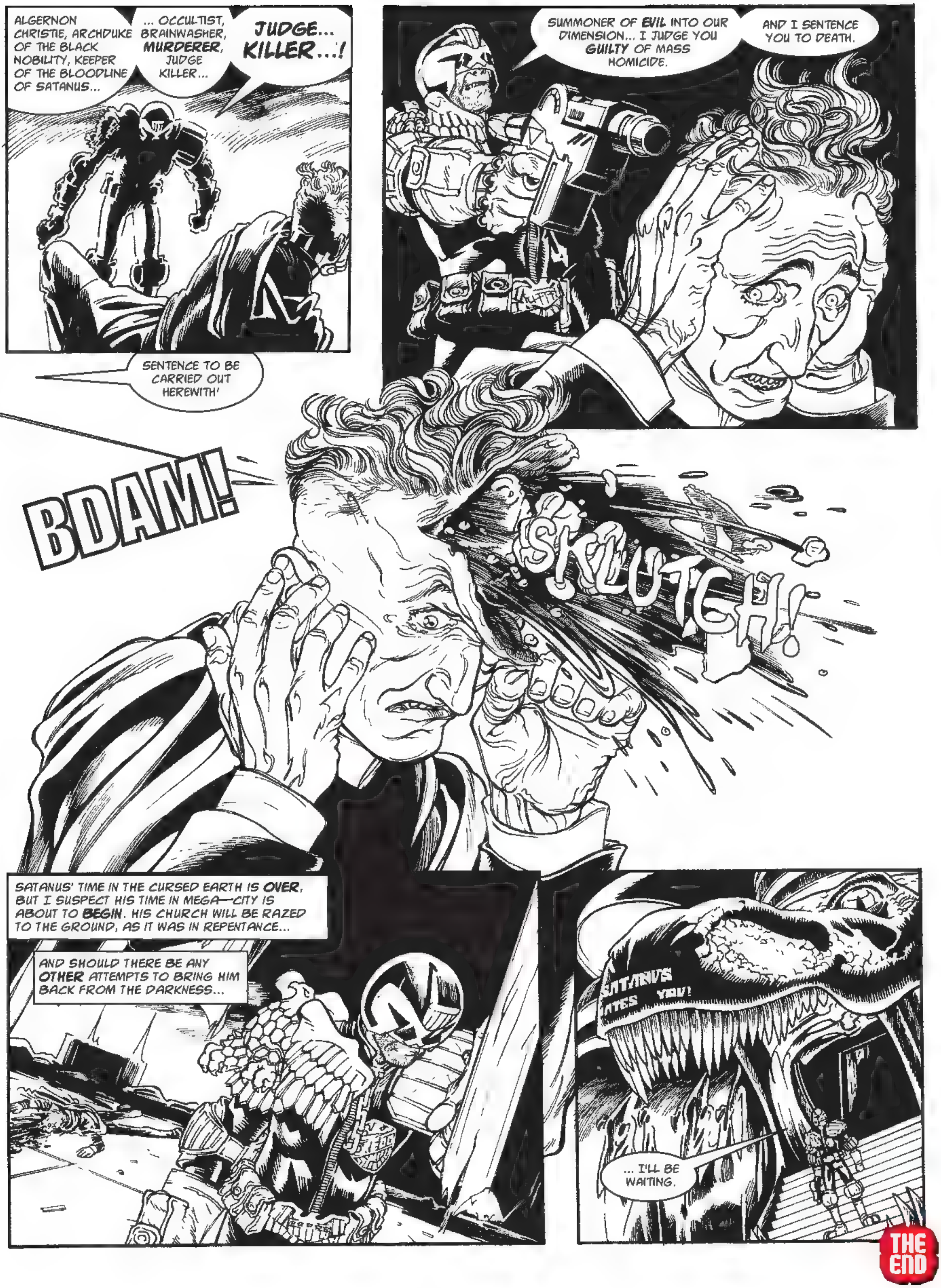

SOME MEMORY OF **CALEB** STIRRED IN SATANUS' BRAIN AT THE WORD **'BITCH'**... AND WHAT SHE HAD DONE TO THE HOST WHO BIRTHED HIM INTO THIS REALM.
...AND ALL THAT JAZZ!
SHE, TOO, MUST BECOME A **SCREAM SCREAM.**
HUUUH?
CHUNK!
AAAHHH —!
NOW ITS **YOUR** TURN TO REPENT. BEG **FORGIVENESS** OF HIS SATANIC MAJESTY, JUDGE, BEFORE HE TAKES YOUR MISERABLE LIFE.
THE ARCHDUKE SAID... **BEG!**
NEVER!
O DARK ONE — I, ALGERNON CHRISTIE, ARCHDUKE OF THE BLACK NOBILITY, KEEPER OF THE BLOODLINE OF SATANUS, OFFER YOU THIS JUDGE AS A **EUCHARISTIC MEAL**, A **DARK COMMUNION**, A TOKEN OF OUR **UNHOLY DEVOTION**...
THAT TOGETHER, THROUGH YOUR ANCIENT AND TERRIBLE POWERS, WE SHALL RULE MEGA-CITY ONE!


DEFECATE IN HIS AWFUL PRESENCE, JUDGE! POUR FORTH YOUR FAECAL MATTER THAT IT MAY SIGNIFY YOUR TERROR!
SATANUS HATES YOU! SATANUS HATES YOU! SATANUS DEFINITELY HATES YOU!
IN A BLOOD FRENZY, SATANUS WAS NO LONGER ABLE TO DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN FRIEND AND FOE. TO HIM, THEY WERE ALL PREY.
AAAIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
AAAHHHHH!
THEO?!? NOT MY BEAUTIFUL THEO!
YOU IGNORAMUS! YOU JUDICIAL PYGMY! YOU BEREFT ME OF MY SOUL MATE!


YOU'VE TAKEN MY **RADIANT ANGEL** FROM ME!
DON'T THINK HE'LL BE PLAYING THE HARP WHERE **HE'S** GOING, CHRISTIE.
FZZZZZZZZZZZ!
SATANUS!
SATANUS HATES HIM! SATANUS HATES HIM! SATANUS **DEFINITELY** HATES HIM!


TRY THIS!
GRRRRAAAARRR!
IN THE EYE!
CURSE YOU! WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO KILL YOU?
PIPE... MUST CONTAIN DARK MATTER...
COULD BE THE END FOR BOTH OF US. BUT SATANUS MUST DIE...
NO MATTER WHAT THE COST.
KRUNK!

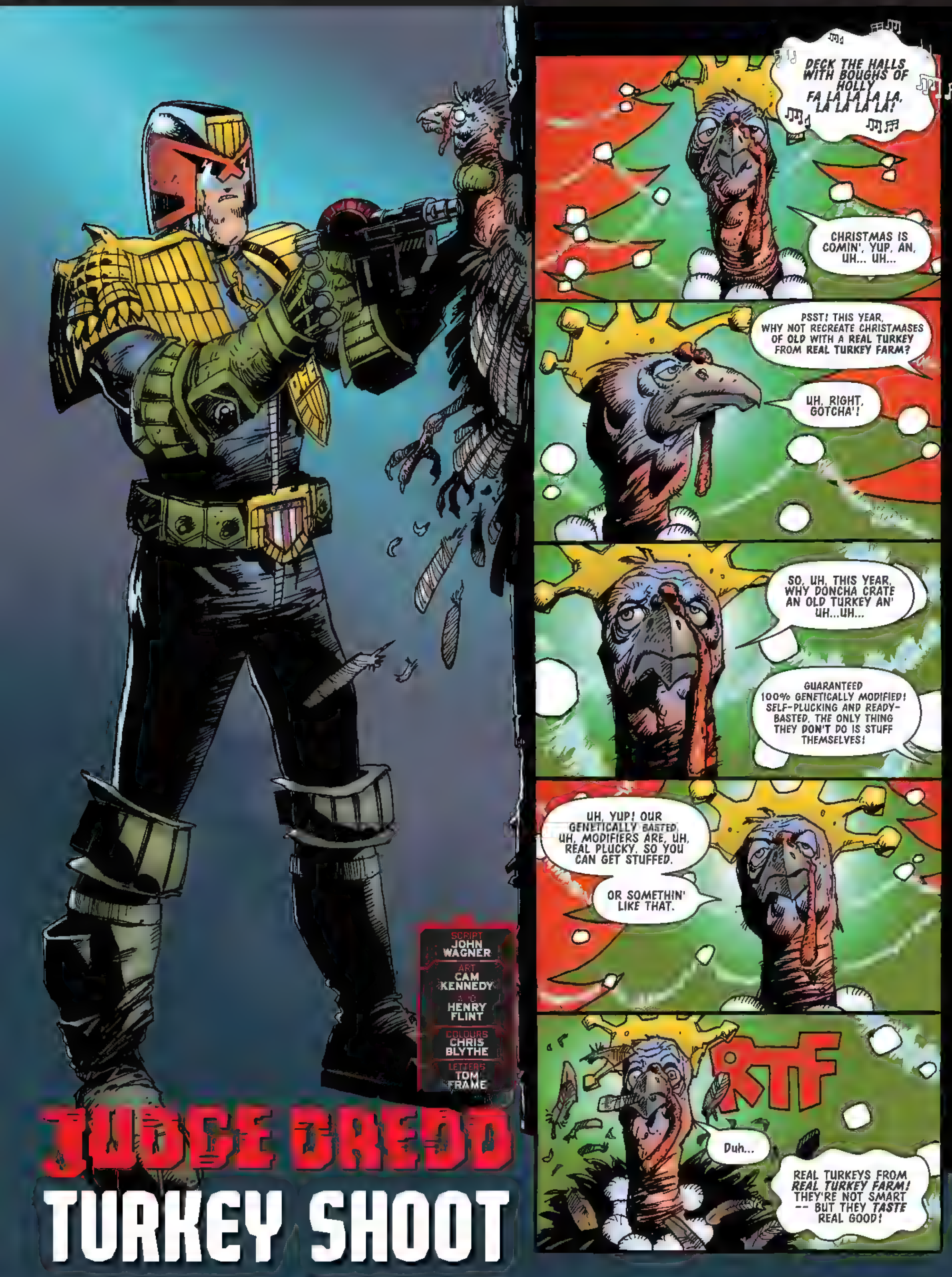

KRUNK!
KRUNK!
KRANGG!
DARK MATTER...
... SENDING HIM BACK TO HELL!
SENDING THEM **ALL** TO HELL — APART FROM CHRISTIE...

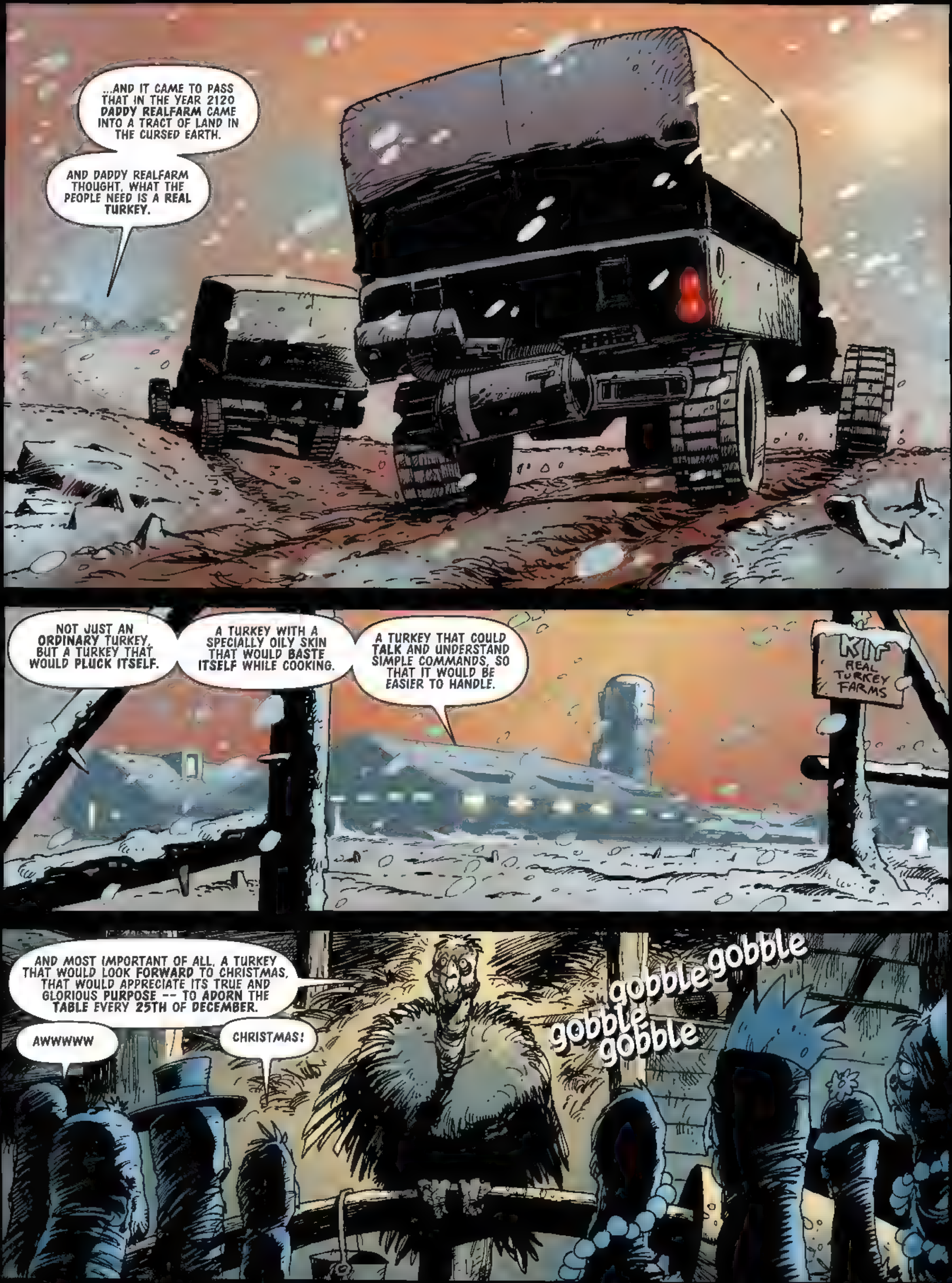

ALGERNON CHRISTIE, ARCHDUKE OF THE BLACK NOBILITY, KEEPER OF THE BLOODLINE OF SATANUS...
... OCCULTIST, BRAINWASHER, **MURDERER**, JUDGE KILLER...
JUDGE... KILLER...!
SUMMONER OF **EVIL** INTO OUR DIMENSION... I JUDGE YOU **GUILTY** OF MASS HOMICIDE.
AND I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH.
SENTENCE TO BE CARRIED OUT HEREWITH'
BDAM!
SKLUTCH!
SATANUS' TIME IN THE CURSED EARTH IS **OVER**. BUT I SUSPECT HIS TIME IN MEGA—CITY IS ABOUT TO **BEGIN**. HIS CHURCH WILL BE RAZED TO THE GROUND, AS IT WAS IN REPENTANCE...
AND SHOULD THERE BE ANY **OTHER** ATTEMPTS TO BRING HIM BACK FROM THE DARKNESS...
SATANUS HATES YOU!
... I'LL BE WAITING.
THE END

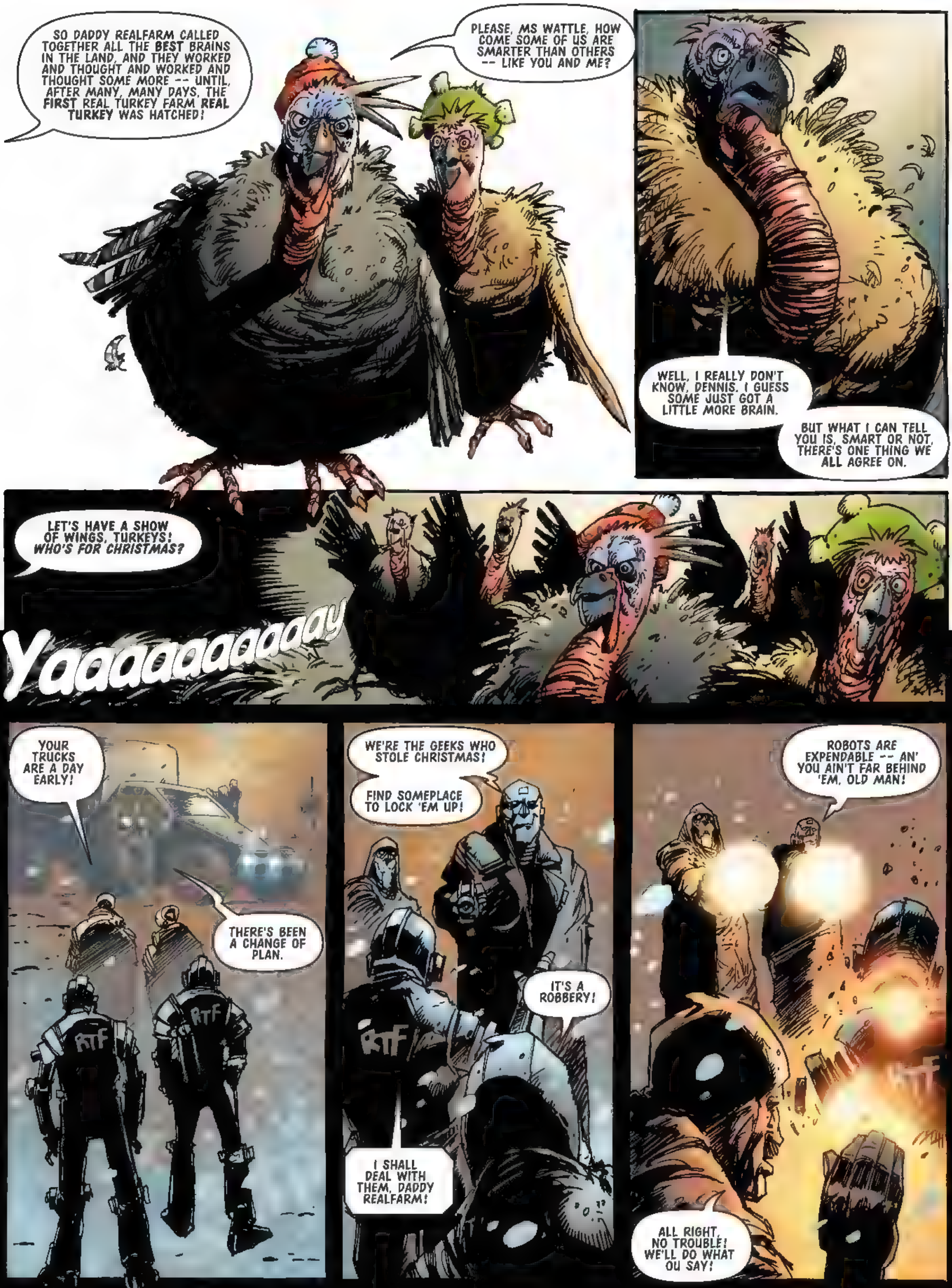
JUDGE DREDD

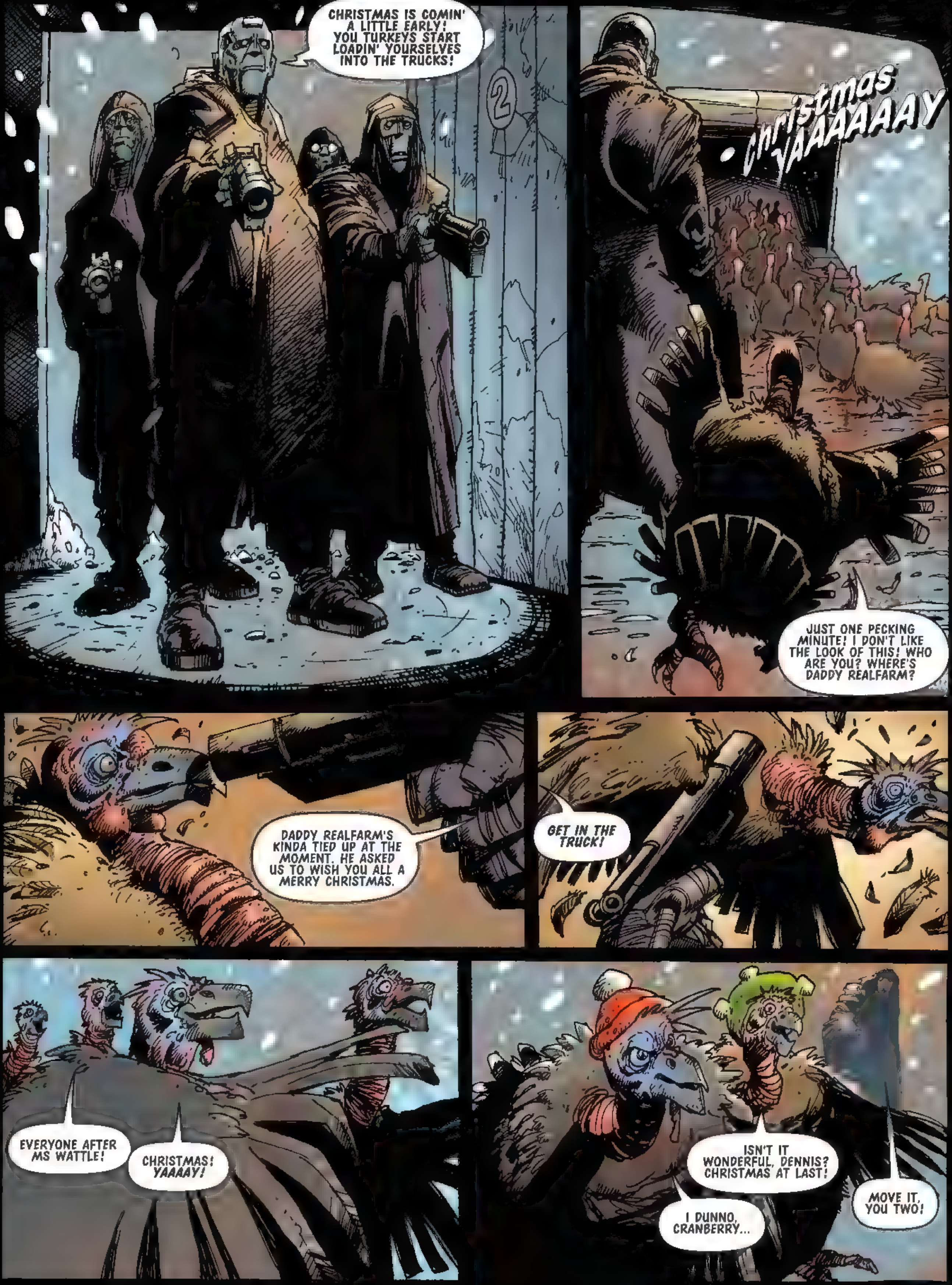
TURKEY SHOOT

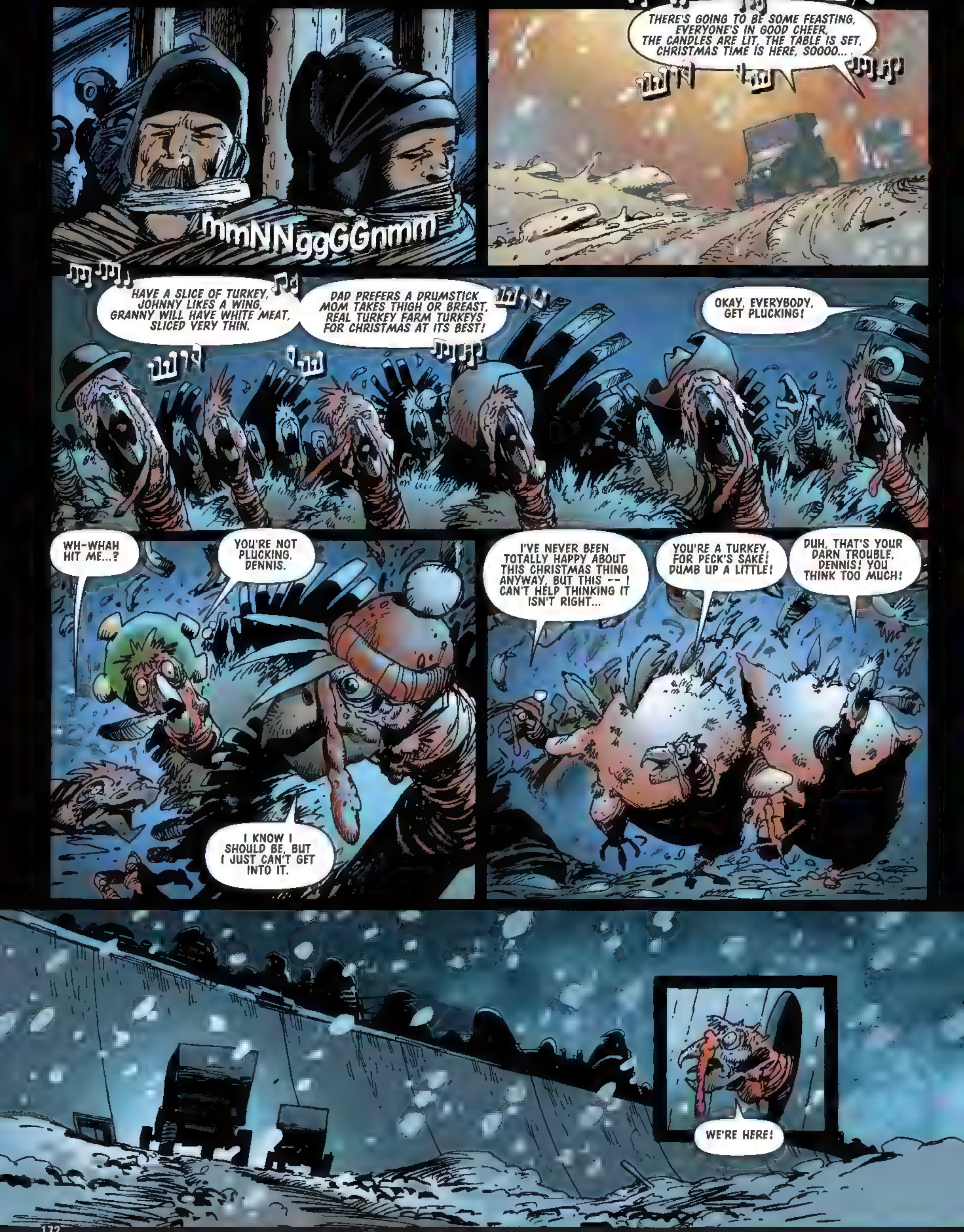
SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
CAM KENNEDY
AND
HENRY FLINT
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
TOM FRAME

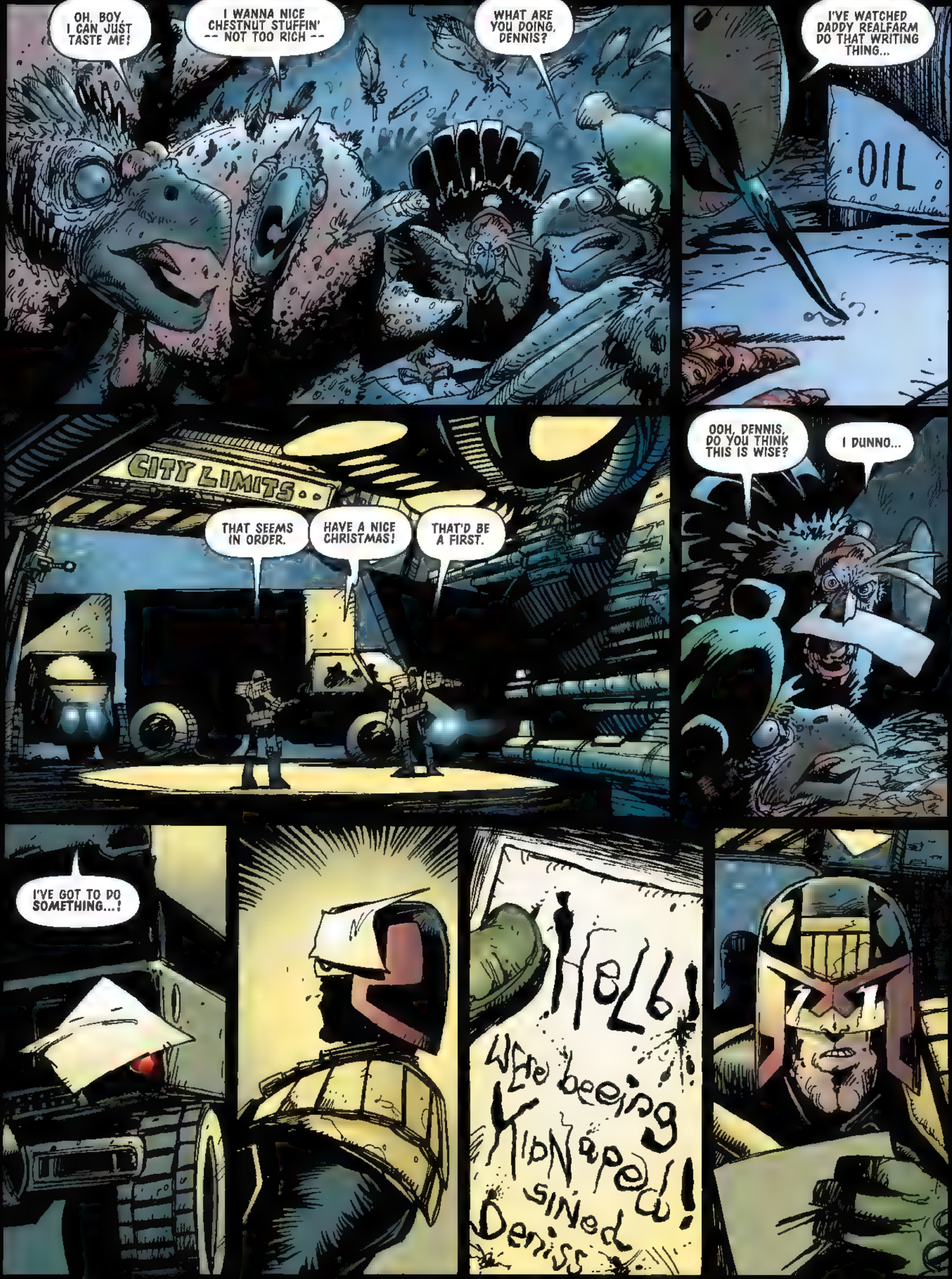

DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY FA LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA!
CHRISTMAS IS COMIN', YUP, AN, UH... UH...
PSST! THIS YEAR, WHY NOT RECREATE CHRISTMASES OF OLD WITH A REAL TURKEY FROM REAL TURKEY FARM?
UH, RIGHT, GOTCHA'!
SO, UH, THIS YEAR, WHY DONCHA CRATE AN OLD TURKEY AN' UH...UH...
GUARANTEED 100% GENETICALLY MODIFIED! SELF-PLUCKING AND READY-BASTED, THE ONLY THING THEY DON'T DO IS STUFF THEMSELVES!
UH, YUP! OUR GENETICALLY BASTED UH, MODIFIERS ARE, UH, REAL PLUCKY, SO YOU CAN GET STUFFED.
OR SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT.
PTF
Duh...
REAL TURKEYS FROM REAL TURKEY FARM! THEY'RE NOT SMART -- BUT THEY TASTE REAL GOOD!

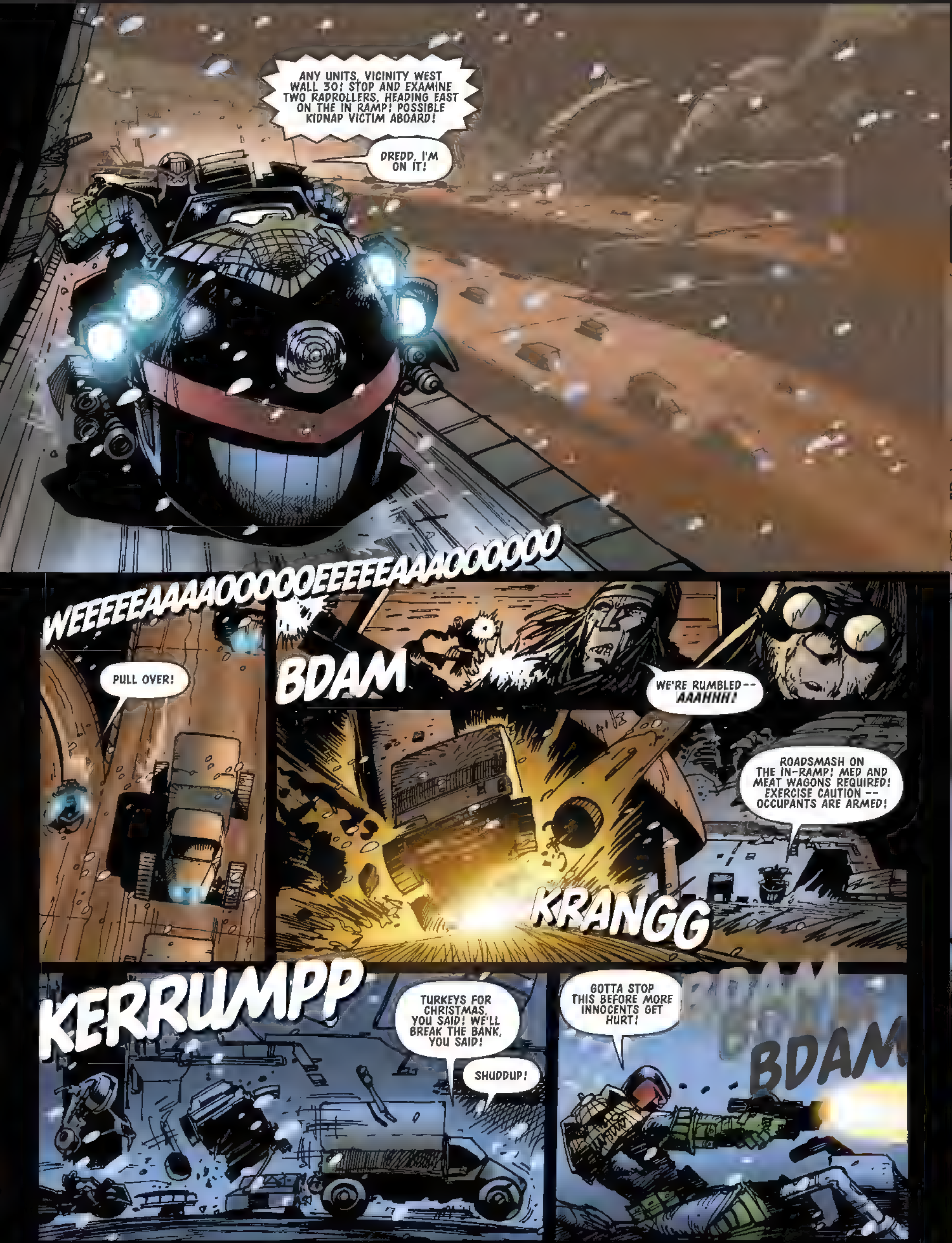

...AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT IN THE YEAR 2120 DADDY REALFARM CAME INTO A TRACT OF LAND IN THE CURSED EARTH.
AND DADDY REALFARM THOUGHT, WHAT THE PEOPLE NEED IS A REAL TURKEY.
NOT JUST AN ORDINARY TURKEY, BUT A TURKEY THAT WOULD PLUCK ITSELF.
A TURKEY WITH A SPECIALLY OILY SKIN THAT WOULD BASTE ITSELF WHILE COOKING.
A TURKEY THAT COULD TALK AND UNDERSTAND SIMPLE COMMANDS, SO THAT IT WOULD BE EASIER TO HANDLE.
KTF REAL TURKEY FARMS
AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, A TURKEY THAT WOULD LOOK FORWARD TO CHRISTMAS, THAT WOULD APPRECIATE ITS TRUE AND GLORIOUS PURPOSE -- TO ADORN THE TABLE EVERY 25TH OF DECEMBER.
AWWWWW
CHRISTMAS!
gobble gobble
gobble gobble
gobble

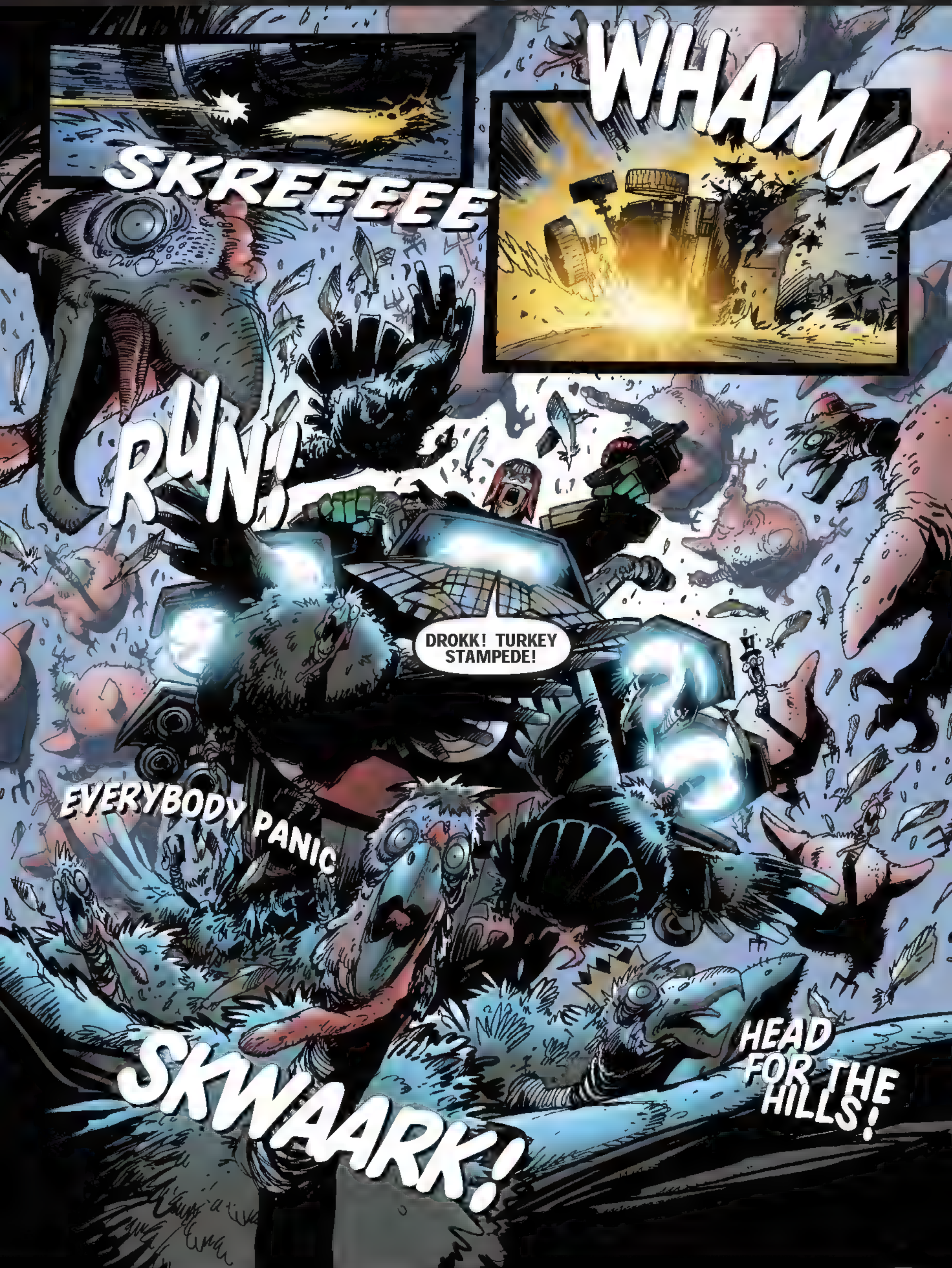

SO DADDY REALFARM CALLED TOGETHER ALL THE BEST BRAINS IN THE LAND, AND THEY WORKED AND THOUGHT AND WORKED AND THOUGHT SOME MORE -- UNTIL, AFTER MANY, MANY DAYS, THE FIRST REAL TURKEY FARM REAL TURKEY WAS HATCHED!
PLEASE, MS WATTLE, HOW COME SOME OF US ARE SMARTER THAN OTHERS -- LIKE YOU AND ME?
WELL, I REALLY DON'T KNOW, DENNIS. I GUESS SOME JUST GOT A LITTLE MORE BRAIN.
BUT WHAT I CAN TELL YOU IS, SMART OR NOT, THERE'S ONE THING WE ALL AGREE ON.
LET'S HAVE A SHOW OF WINGS, TURKEYS! WHO'S FOR CHRISTMAS?
Yaaaaaaaaaay
YOUR TRUCKS ARE A DAY EARLY!
THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE OF PLAN.
RTF
RTF
WE'RE THE GEEKS WHO STOLE CHRISTMAS!
FIND SOMEPLACE TO LOCK 'EM UP!
IT'S A ROBBERY!
RTF
I SHALL DEAL WITH THEM, DADDY REALFARM!
ROBOTS ARE EXPENDABLE -- AN' YOU AIN'T FAR BEHIND 'EM, OLD MAN!
RTF
ALL RIGHT, NO TROUBLE! WE'LL DO WHAT OU SAY!

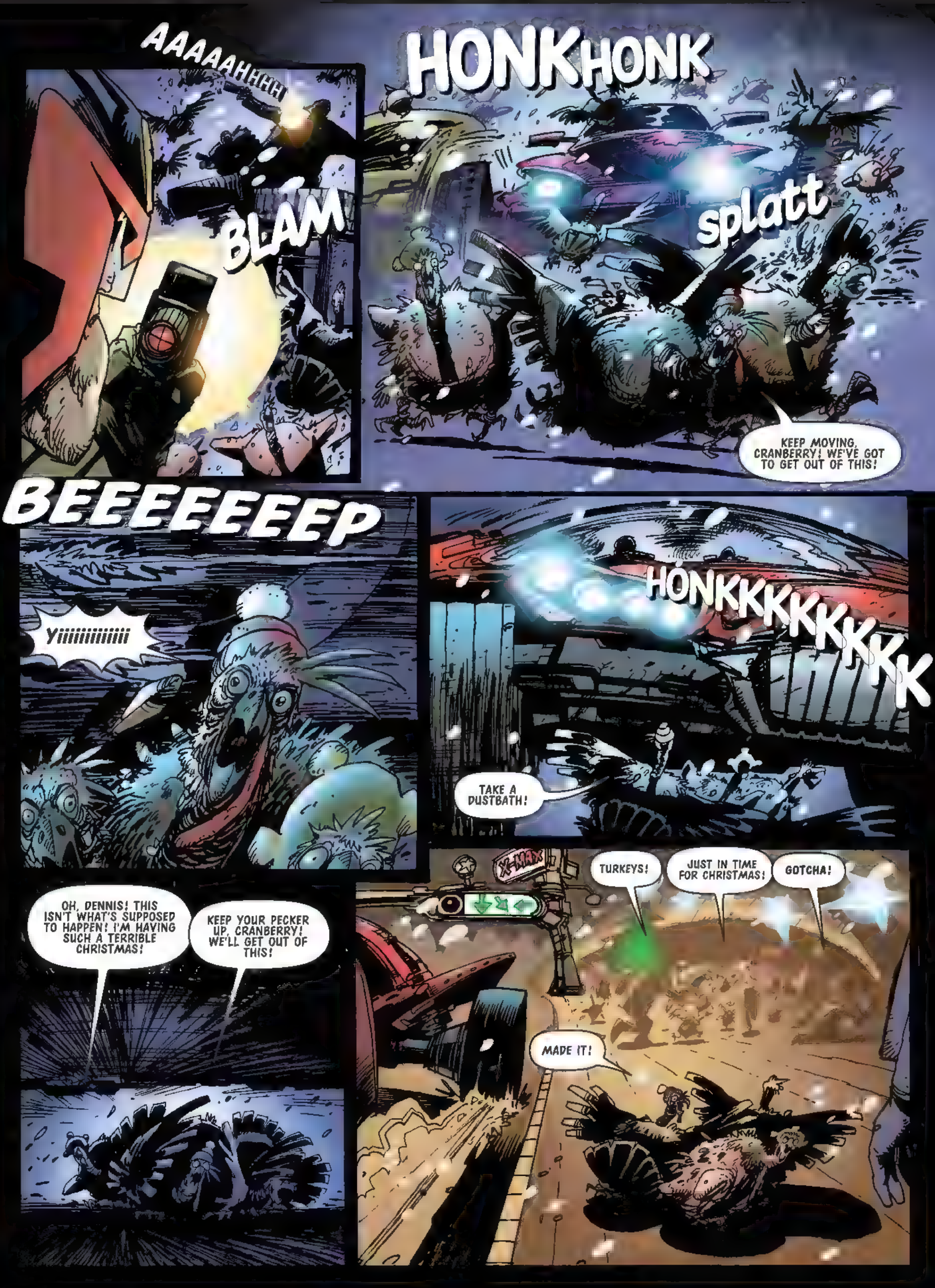

CHRISTMAS IS COMIN' A LITTLE EARLY! YOU TURKEYS START LOADIN' YOURSELVES INTO THE TRUCKS!
Christmas YAAAAAAY
JUST ONE PECKING MINUTE! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE'S DADDY REALFARM?
DADDY REALFARM'S KINDA TIED UP AT THE MOMENT. HE ASKED US TO WISH YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS.
GET IN THE TRUCK!
EVERYONE AFTER MS WATTLE!
CHRISTMAS! YAAAAY!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, DENNIS? CHRISTMAS AT LAST!
I DUNNO, CRANBERRY...
MOVE IT, YOU TWO!

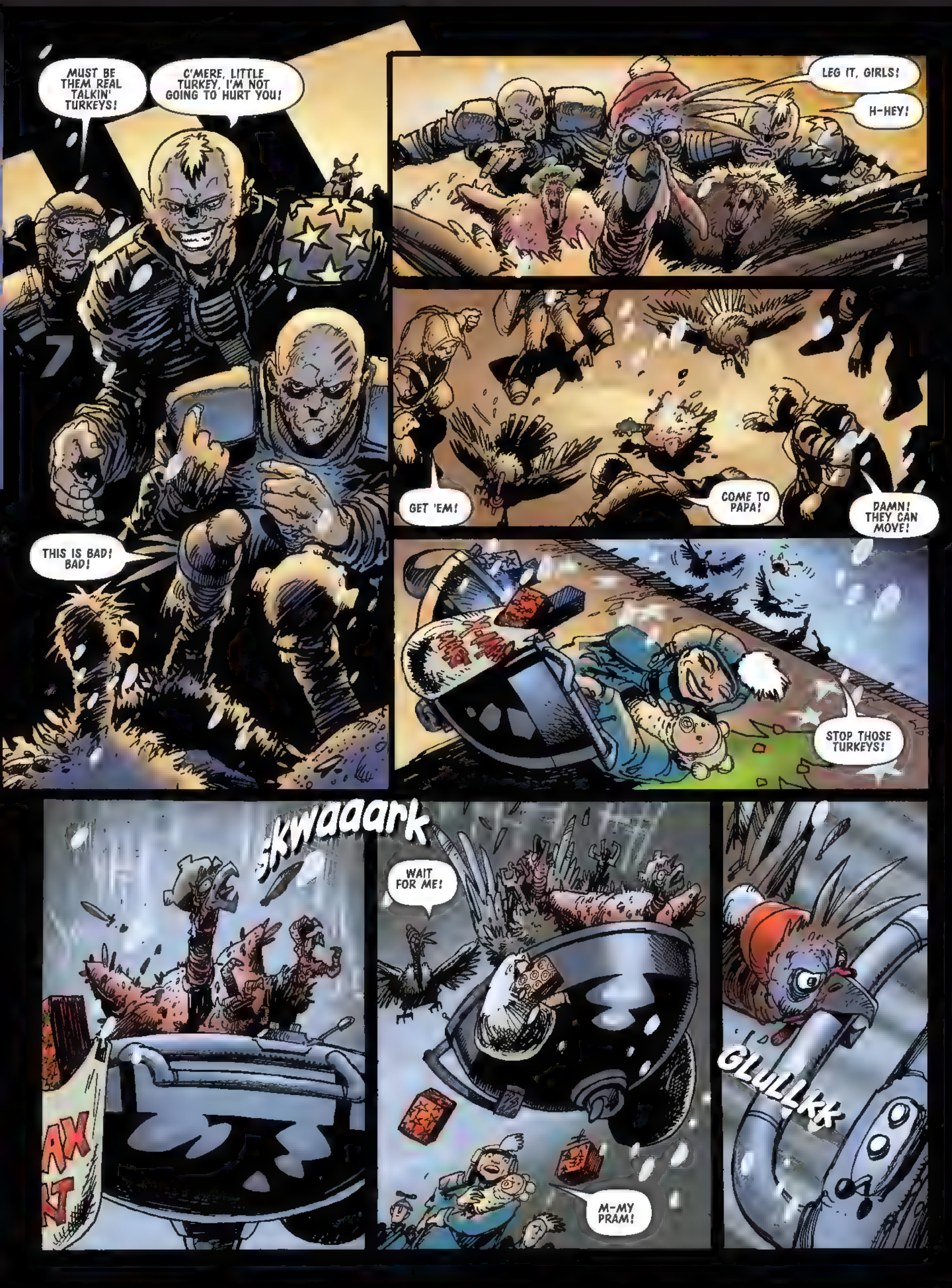

mmNNggGGnmm
THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME FEASTING, EVERYONE'S IN GOOD CHEER, THE CANDLES ARE LIT, THE TABLE IS SET, CHRISTMAS TIME IS HERE, SOOOO...
HAVE A SLICE OF TURKEY, JOHNNY LIKES A WING, GRANNY WILL HAVE WHITE MEAT, SLICED VERY THIN.
DAD PREFERS A DRUMSTICK MOM TAKES THIGH OR BREAST. REAL TURKEY FARM TURKEYS FOR CHRISTMAS AT ITS BEST!
OKAY, EVERYBODY, GET PLUCKING!
WH-WHAH HIT ME...?
YOU'RE NOT PLUCKING, DENNIS.
I KNOW I SHOULD BE, BUT I JUST CAN'T GET INTO IT.
I'VE NEVER BEEN TOTALLY HAPPY ABOUT THIS CHRISTMAS THING ANYWAY, BUT THIS -- I CAN'T HELP THINKING IT ISN'T RIGHT...
YOU'RE A TURKEY, FOR PECK'S SAKE! DUMB UP A LITTLE!
DUH, THAT'S YOUR DARN TROUBLE, DENNIS! YOU THINK TOO MUCH!
WE'RE HERE!

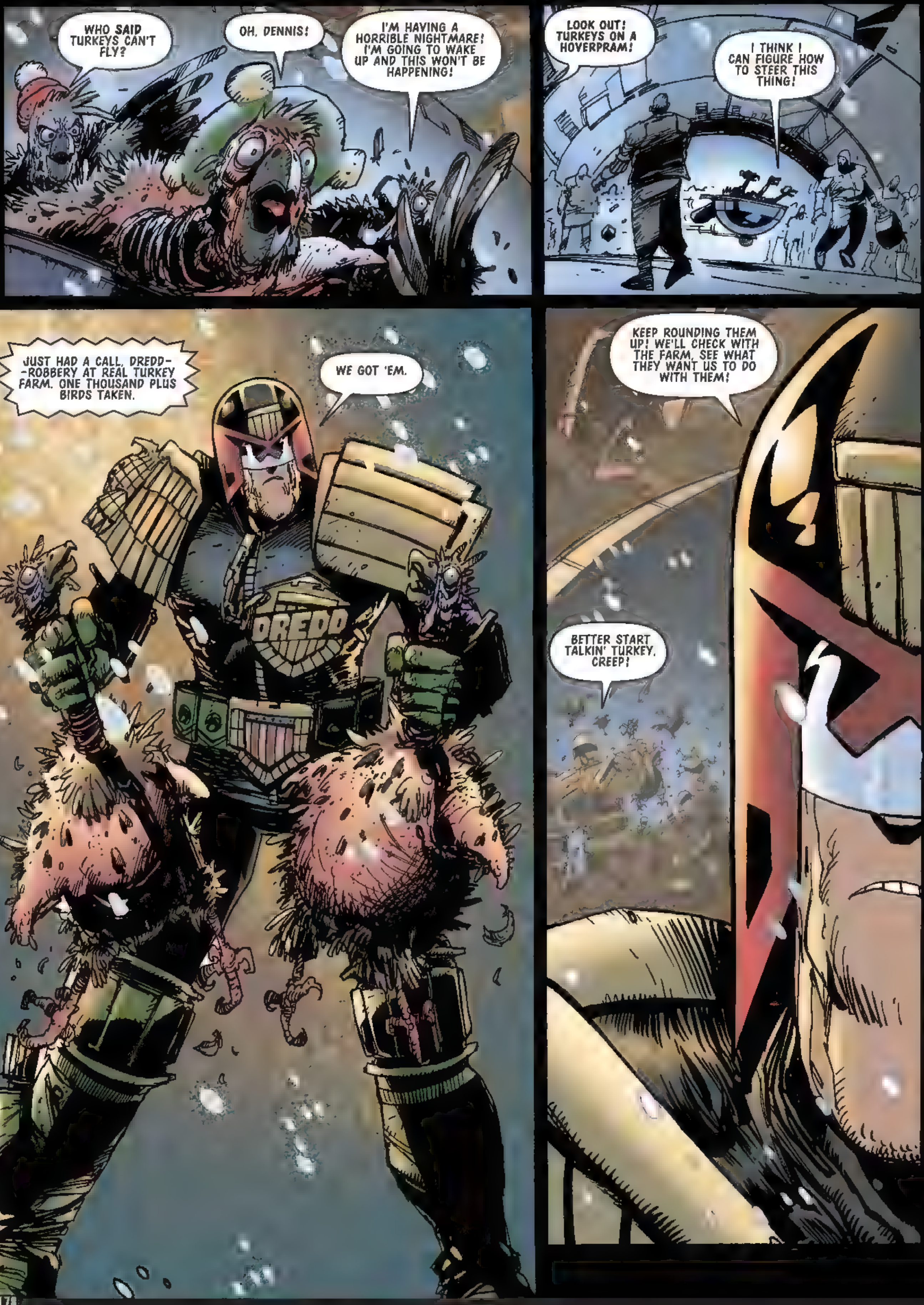

OH, BOY, I CAN JUST TASTE ME!
I WANNA NICE CHESTNUT STUFFIN' -- NOT TOO RICH --
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DENNIS?
I'VE WATCHED DADDY REALFARM DO THAT WRITING THING...
OIL
CITY LIMITS
THAT SEEMS IN ORDER.
HAVE A NICE CHRISTMAS!
THAT'D BE A FIRST.
OOH, DENNIS, DO YOU THINK THIS IS WISE?
I DUNNO...
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING...!
Hell!
We're beeing KidNaped!
siNed
Deniss

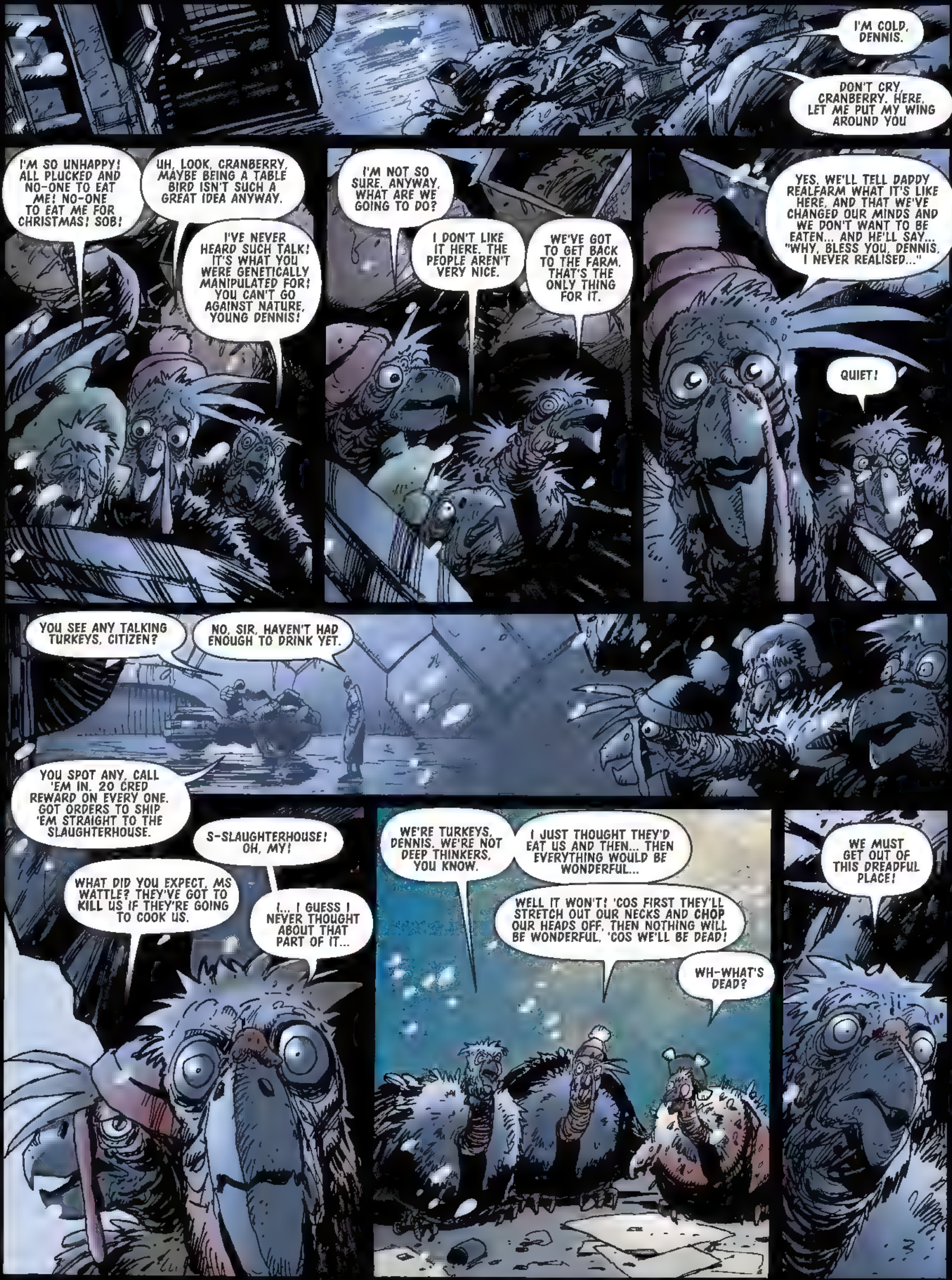

ANY UNITS, VICINITY WEST WALL 30! STOP AND EXAMINE TWO RADROLLERS, HEADING EAST ON THE IN RAMP! POSSIBLE KIDNAP VICTIM ABOARD!
DREDD, I'M ON IT!
WEEEEEAAAAOOOOOEEEEEAAAOOOOOO
PULL OVER!
BDAM
WE'RE RUMBLED-- AAAHHH!
ROADSMASH ON THE IN-RAMP! MED AND MEAT WAGONS REQUIRED! EXERCISE CAUTION -- OCCUPANTS ARE ARMED!
KRANGG
KERRUMPP
TURKEYS FOR CHRISTMAS, YOU SAID! WE'LL BREAK THE BANK, YOU SAID!
SHUDDUP!
GOTTA STOP THIS BEFORE MORE INNOCENTS GET HURT!
BDAM
BDAM

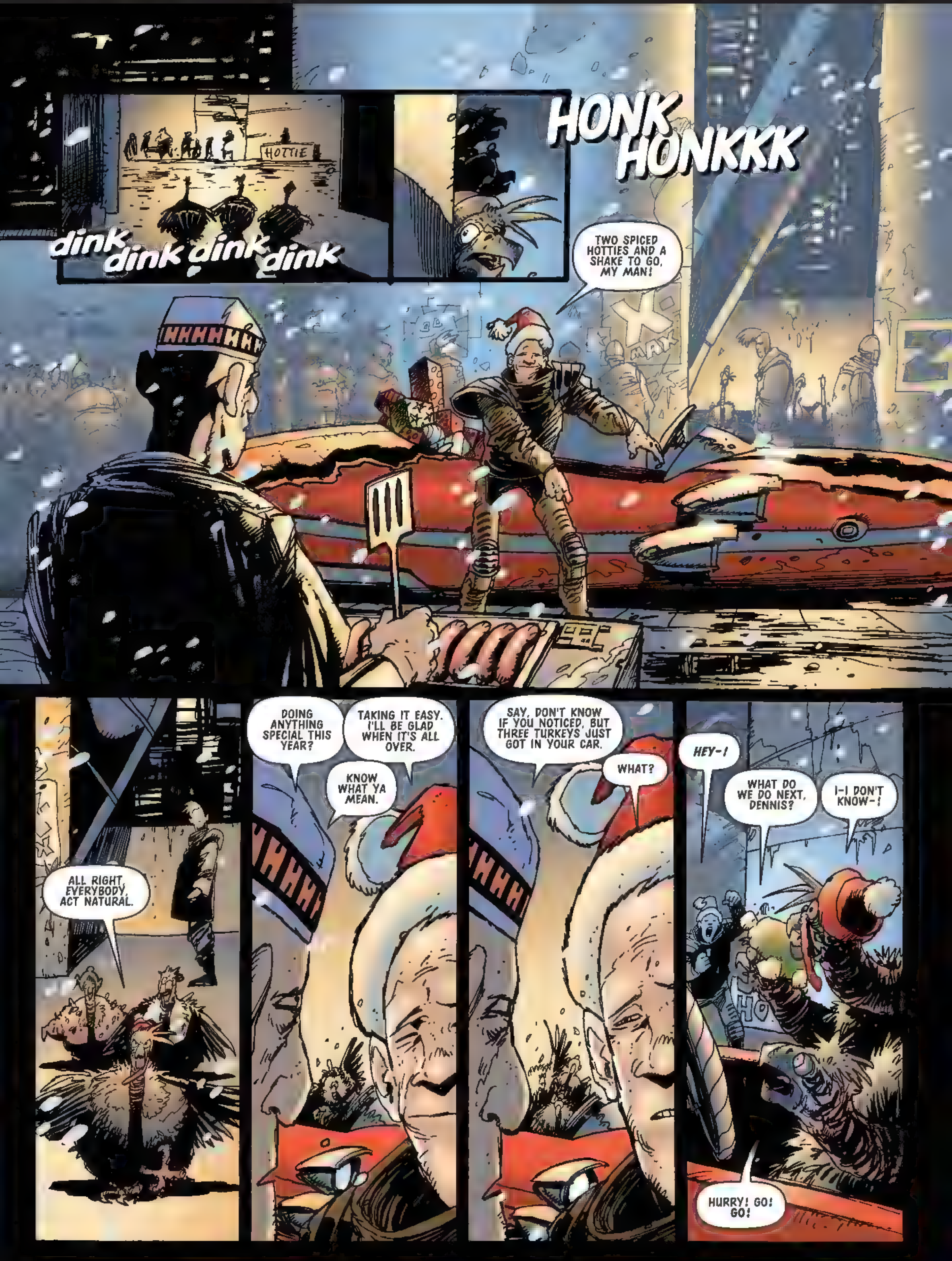

SKREEEEEE
WHAMM
RUN!
DROKK! TURKEY STAMPEDE!
EVERYBODY PANIC
SKWAARK!
HEAD FOR THE HILLS!

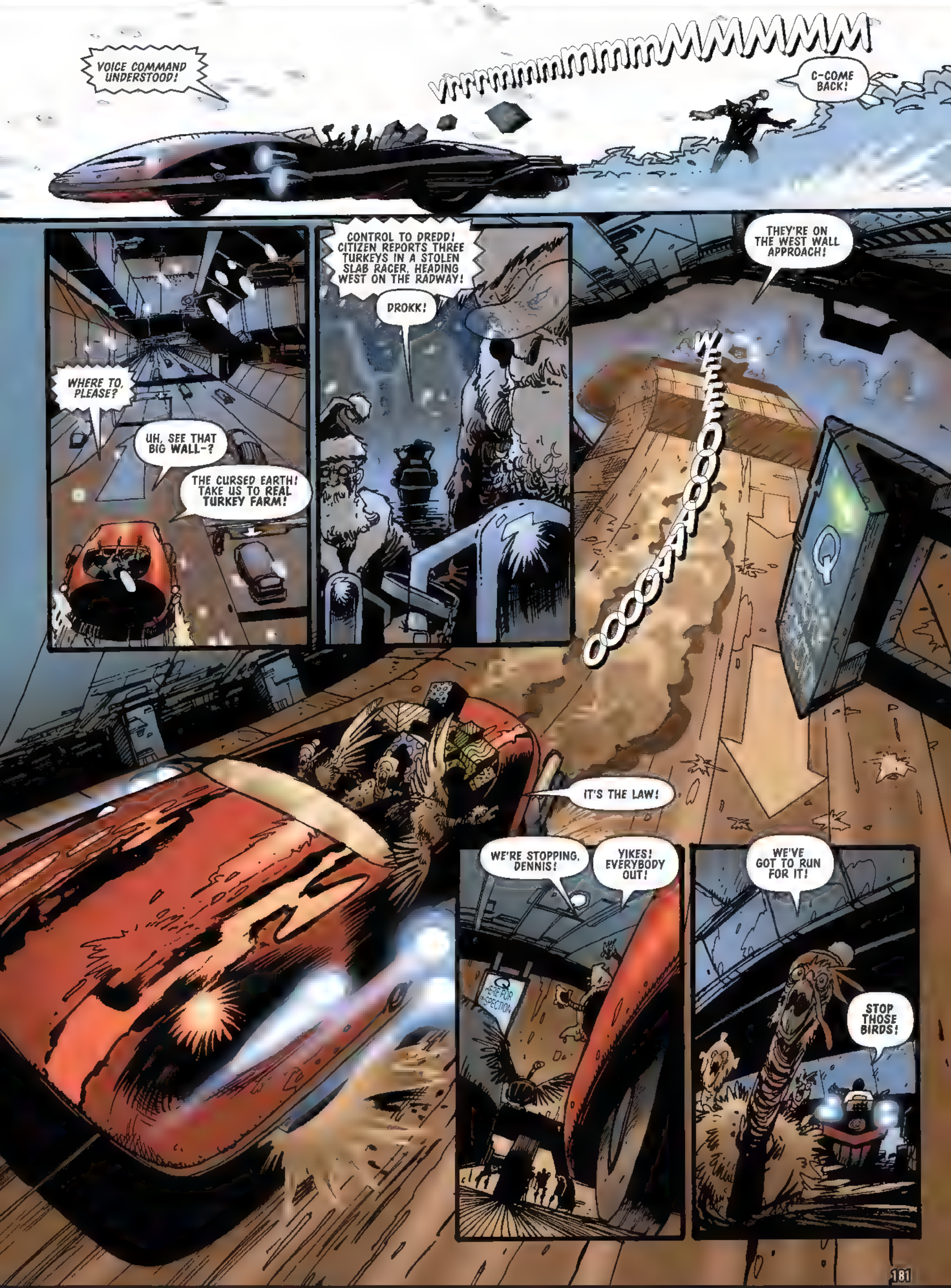

AAAAAHHHHH
BLAM
HONKHONK
splatt
KEEP MOVING, CRANBERRY! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS!
BEEEEEEEEP
Yiiiiiiiiiii
HONKKKKKKKK
TAKE A DUSTBATH!
OH, DENNIS! THIS ISN'T WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN! I'M HAVING SUCH A TERRIBLE CHRISTMAS!
KEEP YOUR PECKER UP, CRANBERRY! WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS!
X-MAX
TURKEYS!
JUST IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS!
GOTCHA!
MADE IT!

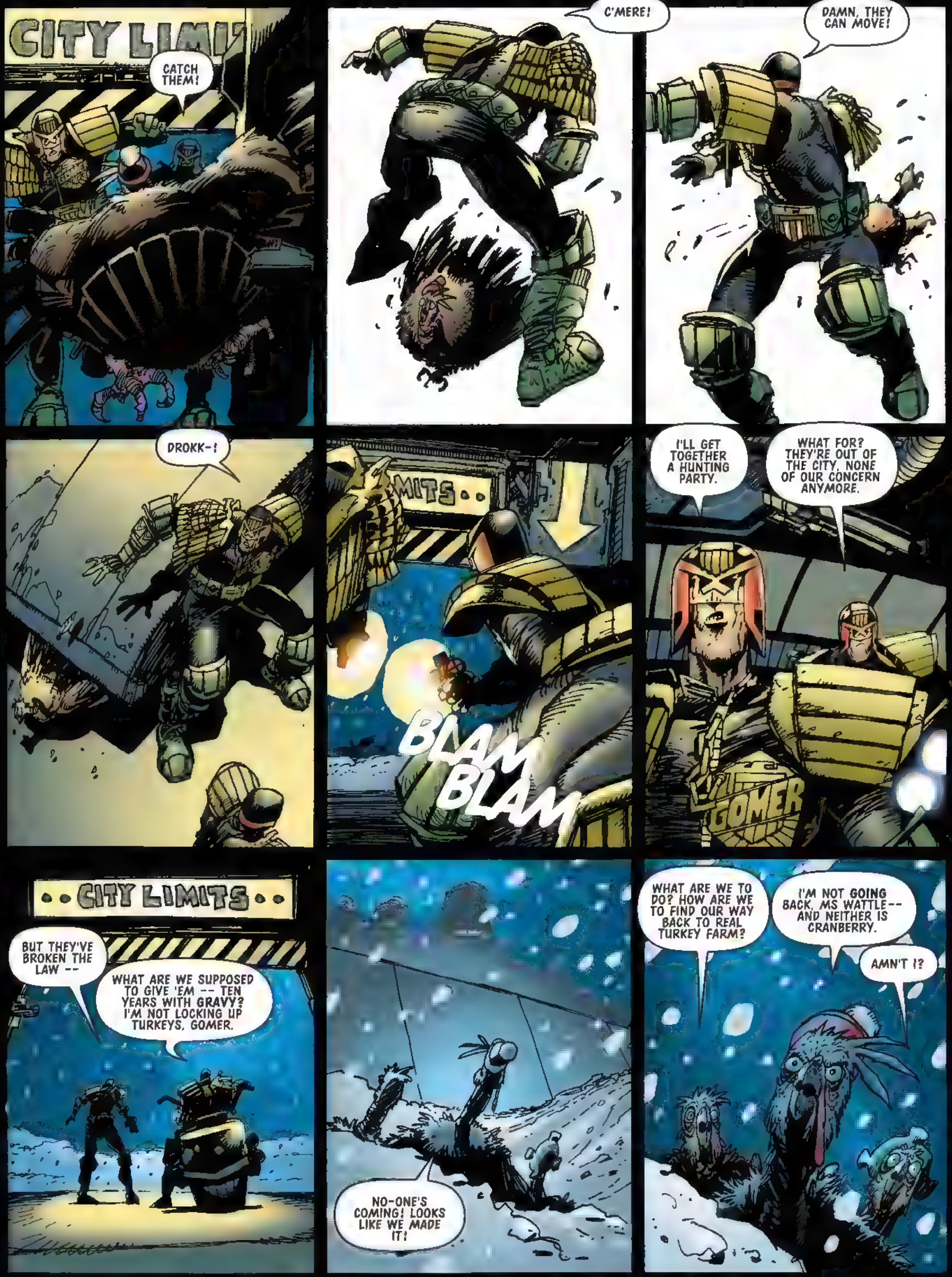

MUST BE THEM REAL TALKIN' TURKEYS!
C'MERE, LITTLE TURKEY, I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU!
THIS IS BAD! BAD!
LEG IT, GIRLS!
H-HEY!
GET 'EM!
COME TO PAPA!
DAMN! THEY CAN MOVE!
STOP THOSE TURKEYS!
SKWAAARK
WAIT FOR ME!
M-MY PRAM!
GLULLKK

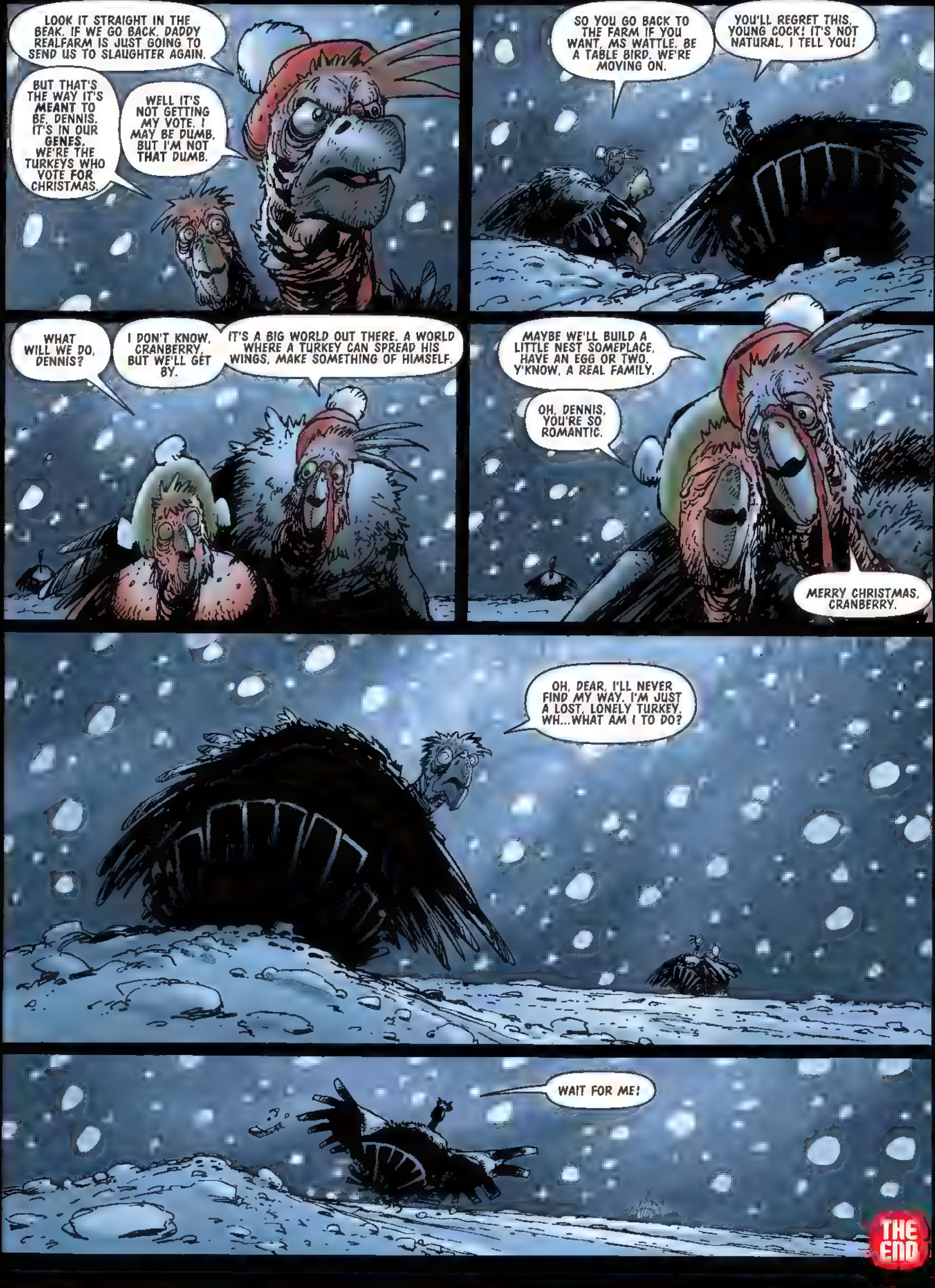

WHO SAID TURKEYS CAN'T FLY?
OH, DENNIS!
I'M HAVING A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! I'M GOING TO WAKE UP AND THIS WON'T BE HAPPENING!
LOOK OUT! TURKEYS ON A HOVERPRAM!
I THINK I CAN FIGURE HOW TO STEER THIS THING!
JUST HAD A CALL, DREDD--ROBBERY AT REAL TURKEY FARM. ONE THOUSAND PLUS BIRDS TAKEN.
WE GOT 'EM.
DREDD
KEEP ROUNDING THEM UP! WE'LL CHECK WITH THE FARM, SEE WHAT THEY WANT US TO DO WITH THEM!
BETTER START TALKIN' TURKEY, CREEP!


I'M COLD, DENNIS.
DON'T CRY, CRANBERRY. HERE, LET ME PUT MY WING AROUND YOU
I'M SO UNHAPPY! ALL PLUCKED AND NO-ONE TO EAT ME! NO-ONE TO EAT ME FOR CHRISTMAS! SOB!
UH, LOOK, CRANBERRY, MAYBE BEING A TABLE BIRD ISN'T SUCH A GREAT IDEA ANYWAY.
I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH TALK! IT'S WHAT YOU WERE GENETICALLY MANIPULATED FOR! YOU CAN'T GO AGAINST NATURE, YOUNG DENNIS!
I'M NOT SO SURE. ANYWAY, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
I DON'T LIKE IT HERE. THE PEOPLE AREN'T VERY NICE.
WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE FARM. THAT'S THE ONLY THING FOR IT.
YES. WE'LL TELL DADDY REALFARM WHAT IT'S LIKE HERE, AND THAT WE'VE CHANGED OUR MINDS AND WE DON'T WANT TO BE EATEN... AND HE'LL SAY... "WHY, BLESS YOU, DENNIS, I NEVER REALISED..."
QUIET!
YOU SEE ANY TALKING TURKEYS, CITIZEN?
NO, SIR, HAVEN'T HAD ENOUGH TO DRINK YET.
YOU SPOT ANY, CALL 'EM IN. 20 CRED REWARD ON EVERY ONE. GOT ORDERS TO SHIP 'EM STRAIGHT TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
S-SLAUGHTERHOUSE! OH, MY!
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT, MS WATTLE? THEY'VE GOT TO KILL US IF THEY'RE GOING TO COOK US.
I... I GUESS I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT THAT PART OF IT...
WE'RE TURKEYS, DENNIS. WE'RE NOT DEEP THINKERS, YOU KNOW.
I JUST THOUGHT THEY'D EAT US AND THEN... THEN EVERYTHING WOULD BE WONDERFUL...
WELL IT WON'T! 'COS FIRST THEY'LL STRETCH OUT OUR NECKS AND CHOP OUR HEADS OFF. THEN NOTHING WILL BE WONDERFUL, 'COS WE'LL BE DEAD!
WH-WHAT'S DEAD?
WE MUST GET OUT OF THIS DREADFUL PLACE!


HOTTIE
dink dink dink dink
HONK HONKKK
TWO SPICED HOTTIES AND A SHAKE TO GO, MY MAN!
X MAX
ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY, ACT NATURAL.
DOING ANYTHING SPECIAL THIS YEAR?
TAKING IT EASY. I'LL BE GLAD WHEN IT'S ALL OVER.
KNOW WHAT YA MEAN.
SAY, DON'T KNOW IF YOU NOTICED, BUT THREE TURKEYS JUST GOT IN YOUR CAR.
WHAT?
HEY-!
WHAT DO WE DO NEXT, DENNIS?
I-I DON'T KNOW-!
HURRY! GO! GO!

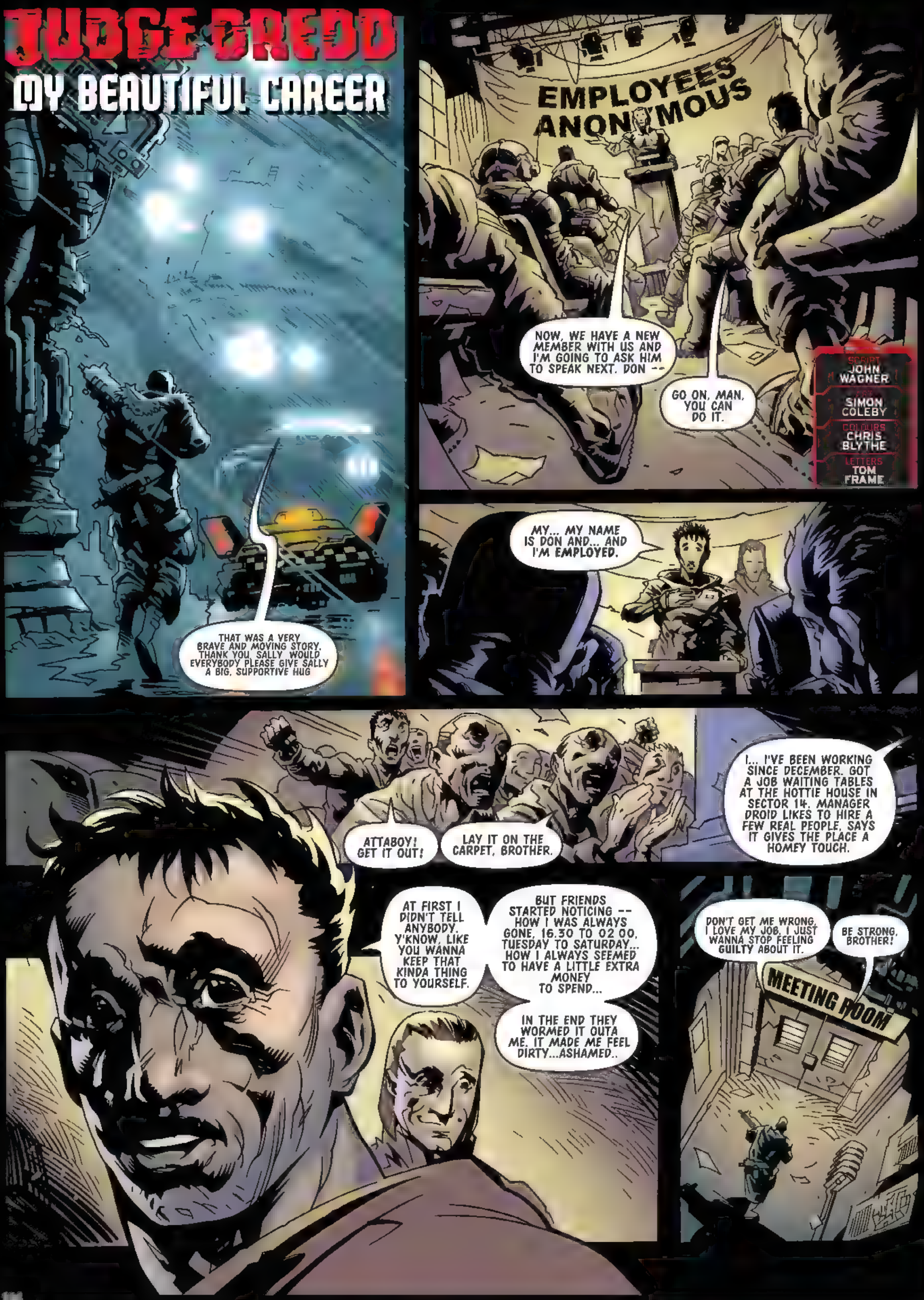

VOICE COMMAND UNDERSTOOD!
VRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
C-COME BACK!
WHERE TO, PLEASE?
UH, SEE THAT BIG WALL-?
THE CURSED EARTH! TAKE US TO REAL TURKEY FARM!
CONTROL TO DREDD! CITIZEN REPORTS THREE TURKEYS IN A STOLEN SLAB RACER, HEADING WEST ON THE RADWAY!
DROKK!
THEY'RE ON THE WEST WALL APPROACH!
WEEOOOOAAOOOOO
Q
IT'S THE LAW!
WE'RE STOPPING, DENNIS!
YIKES! EVERYBODY OUT!
HERE FOR INSPECTION
WE'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT!
STOP THOSE BIRDS!


CITY LIMI
CATCH THEM!
C'MERE!
DAMN, THEY CAN MOVE!
DROKK-!
MITS..
BLAM BLAM
I'LL GET TOGETHER A HUNTING PARTY.
WHAT FOR? THEY'RE OUT OF THE CITY, NONE OF OUR CONCERN ANYMORE.
GOMER
CITY LIMITS
BUT THEY'VE BROKEN THE LAW --
WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GIVE 'EM -- TEN YEARS WITH GRAVY? I'M NOT LOCKING UP TURKEYS, GOMER.
NO-ONE'S COMING! LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT!
WHAT ARE WE TO DO? HOW ARE WE TO FIND OUR WAY BACK TO REAL TURKEY FARM?
I'M NOT GOING BACK, MS WATTLE-- AND NEITHER IS CRANBERRY.
AMN'T I?


LOOK IT STRAIGHT IN THE BEAK. IF WE GO BACK, DADDY REALFARM IS JUST GOING TO SEND US TO SLAUGHTER AGAIN.
BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT'S MEANT TO BE, DENNIS. IT'S IN OUR GENES. WE'RE THE TURKEYS WHO VOTE FOR CHRISTMAS.
WELL IT'S NOT GETTING MY VOTE. I MAY BE DUMB, BUT I'M NOT THAT DUMB.
SO YOU GO BACK TO THE FARM IF YOU WANT, MS WATTLE. BE A TABLE BIRD. WE'RE MOVING ON.
YOU'LL REGRET THIS, YOUNG COCK! IT'S NOT NATURAL, I TELL YOU!
WHAT WILL WE DO, DENNIS?
I DON'T KNOW, CRANBERRY, BUT WE'LL GET BY.
IT'S A BIG WORLD OUT THERE. A WORLD WHERE A TURKEY CAN SPREAD HIS WINGS, MAKE SOMETHING OF HIMSELF.
MAYBE WE'LL BUILD A LITTLE NEST SOMEPLACE, HAVE AN EGG OR TWO. Y'KNOW, A REAL FAMILY.
OH, DENNIS, YOU'RE SO ROMANTIC.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, CRANBERRY.
OH, DEAR, I'LL NEVER FIND MY WAY. I'M JUST A LOST, LONELY TURKEY. WH...WHAT AM I TO DO?
WAIT FOR ME!
THE END

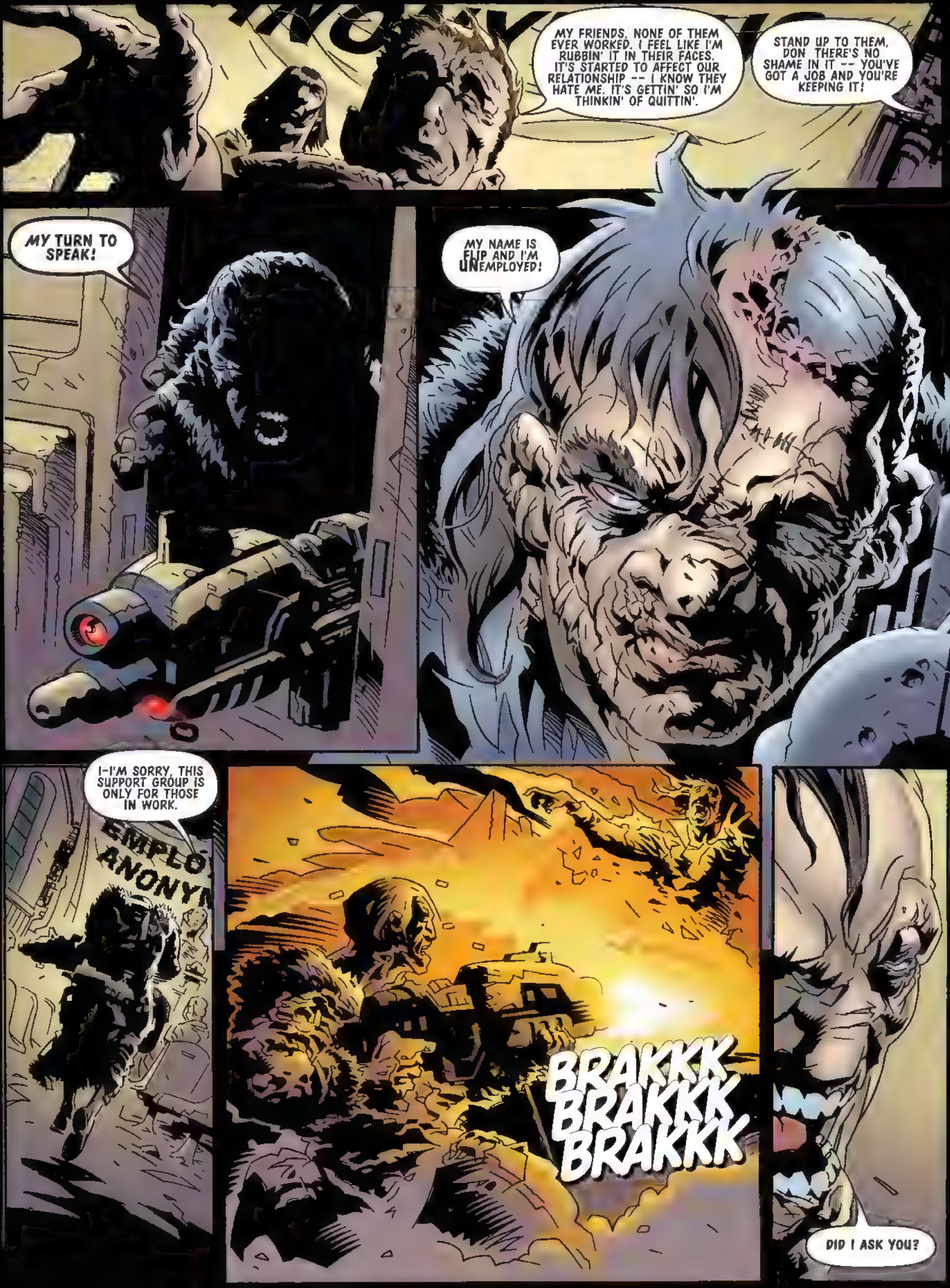
JUDGE DREDD

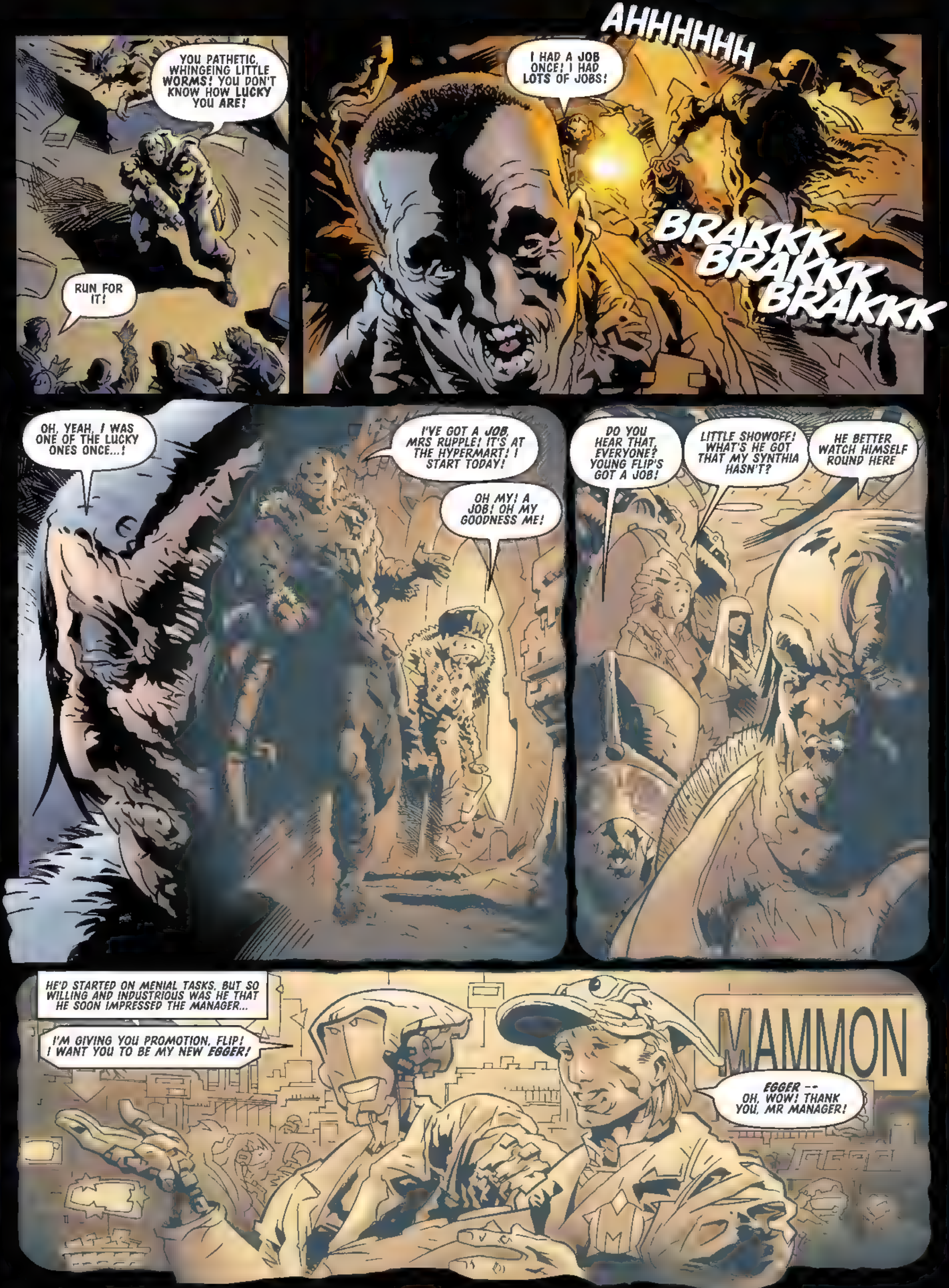
MY BEAUTIFUL CAREER

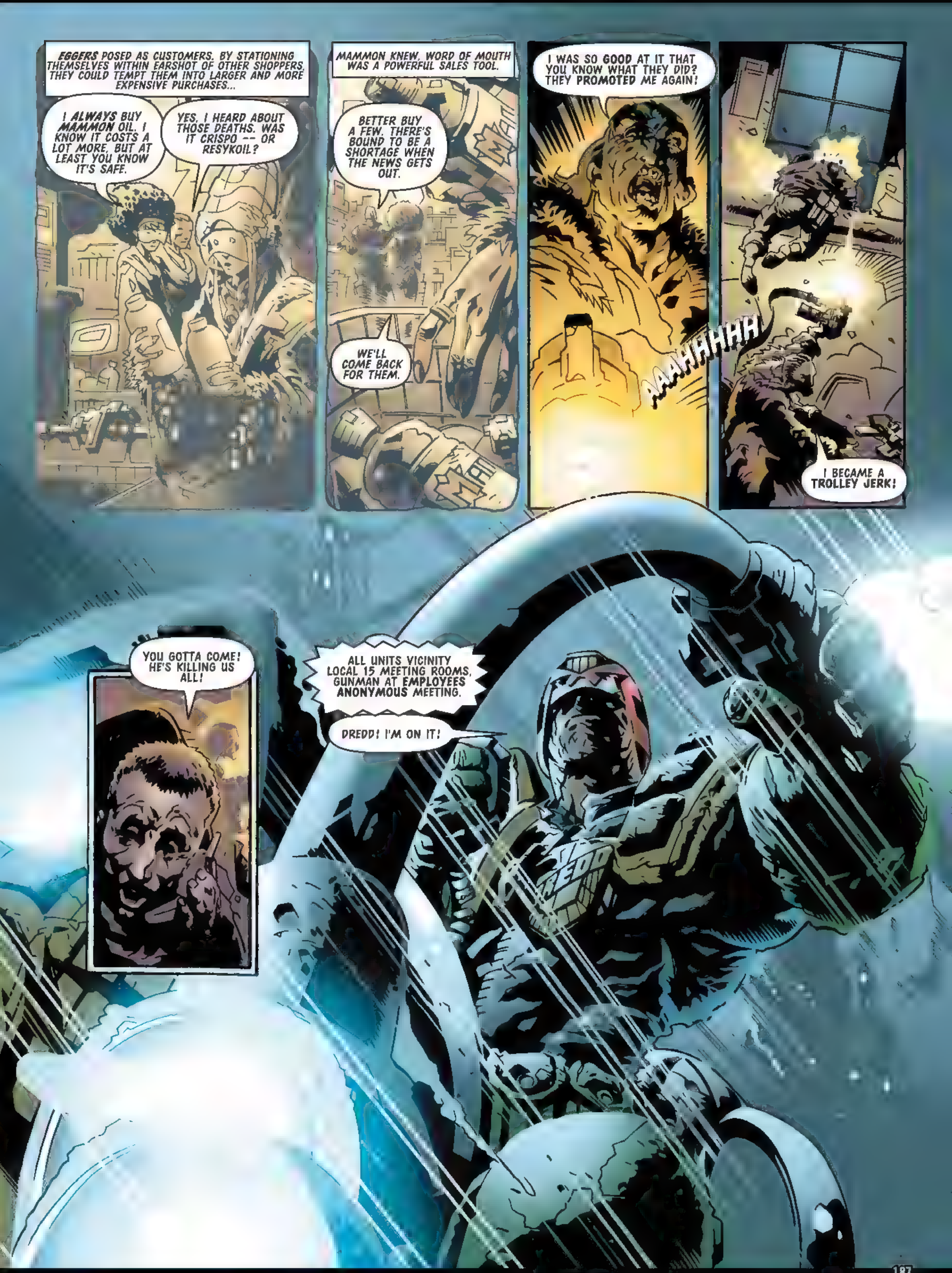


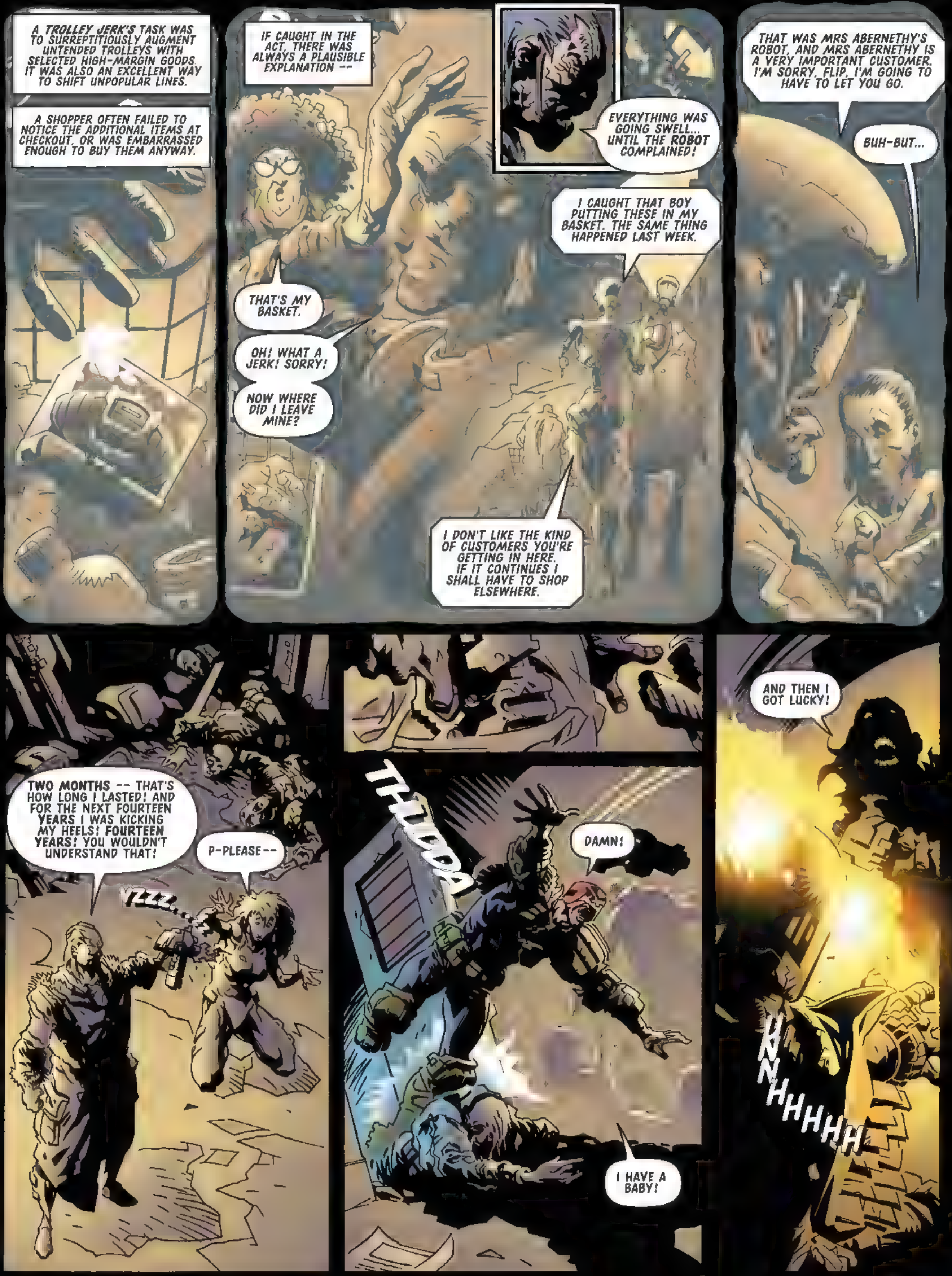
THAT WAS A VERY BRAVE AND MOVING STORY. THANK YOU, SALLY. WOULD EVERYBODY PLEASE GIVE SALLY A BIG, SUPPORTIVE HUG
EMPLOYEES ANONYMOUS
NOW, WE HAVE A NEW MEMBER WITH US AND I'M GOING TO ASK HIM TO SPEAK NEXT. DON --
GO ON, MAN. YOU CAN DO IT.
MY... MY NAME IS DON AND... AND I'M EMPLOYED.
ATTABOY! GET IT OUT!
LAY IT ON THE CARPET, BROTHER.
I... I'VE BEEN WORKING SINCE DECEMBER. GOT A JOB WAITING TABLES AT THE HOTTIE HOUSE IN SECTOR 14. MANAGER DROID LIKES TO HIRE A FEW REAL PEOPLE, SAYS IT GIVES THE PLACE A HOMEY TOUCH.
AT FIRST I DIDN'T TELL ANYBODY. Y'KNOW, LIKE YOU WANNA KEEP THAT KINDA THING TO YOURSELF.
BUT FRIENDS STARTED NOTICING -- HOW I WAS ALWAYS GONE, 16.30 TO 02.00, TUESDAY TO SATURDAY... HOW I ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE A LITTLE EXTRA MONEY TO SPEND...
IN THE END THEY WORMED IT OUTA ME. IT MADE ME FEEL DIRTY...ASHAMED..
DON'T GET ME WRONG. I LOVE MY JOB. I JUST WANNA STOP FEELING GUILTY ABOUT IT.
BE STRONG, BROTHER!
MEETING ROOM

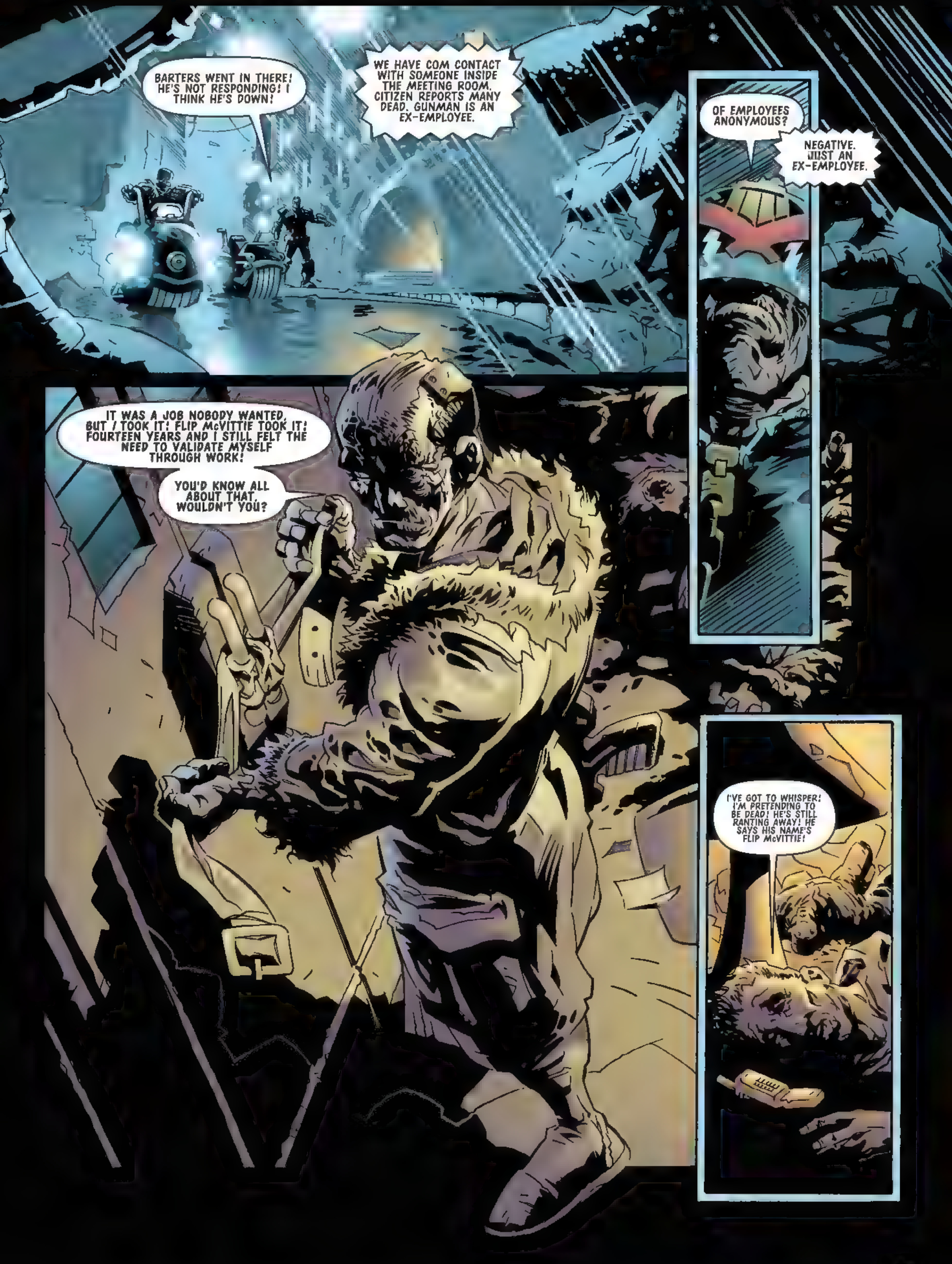
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART SIMON COLEBY
COLOURS CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS TOM FRAME

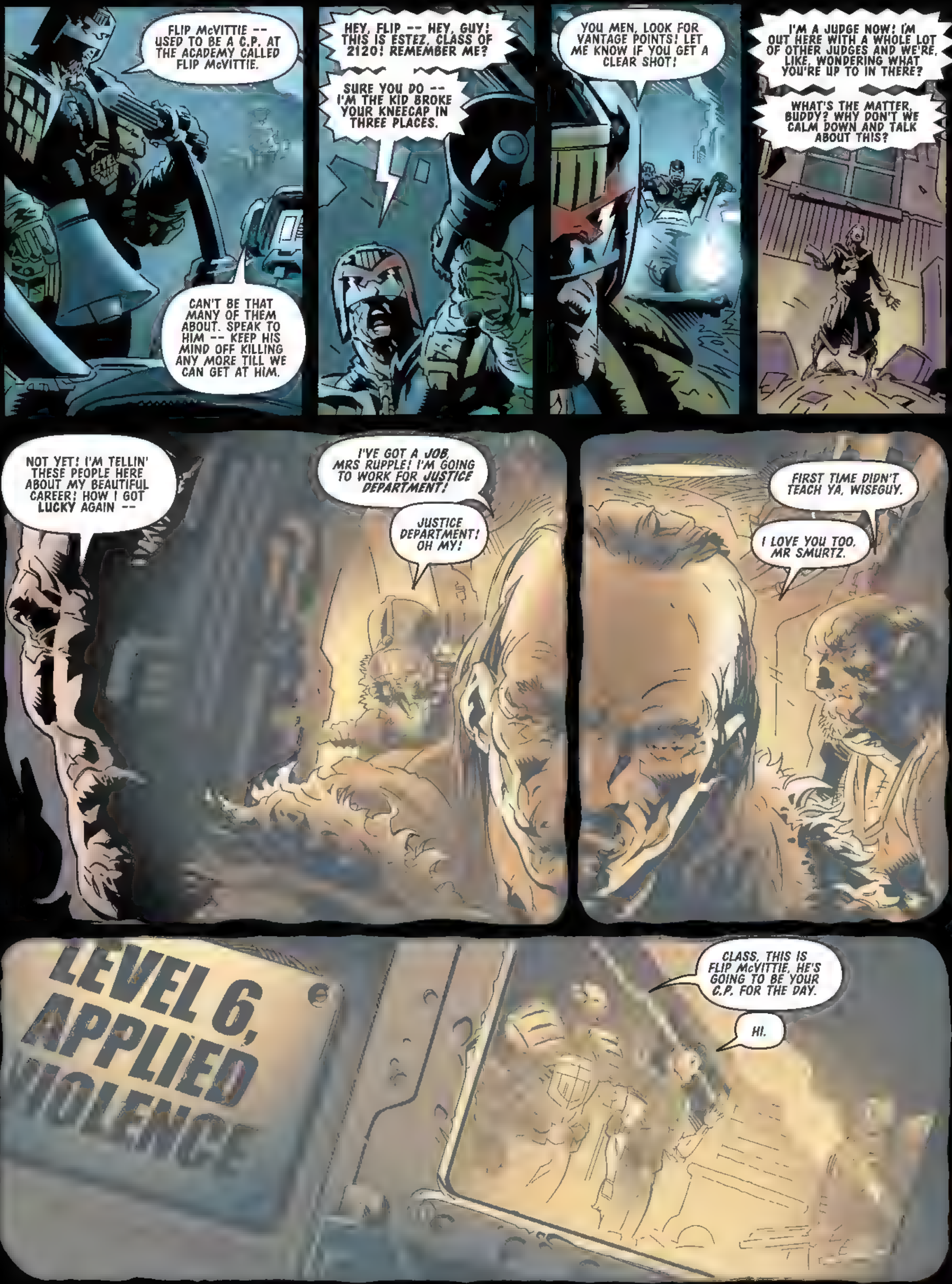

MY FRIENDS, NONE OF THEM EVER WORKED. I FEEL LIKE I'M RUBBIN' IT IN THEIR FACES. IT'S STARTED TO AFFECT OUR RELATIONSHIP -- I KNOW THEY HATE ME. IT'S GETTIN' SO I'M THINKIN' OF QUITTIN'.
STAND UP TO THEM, DON. THERE'S NO SHAME IN IT -- YOU'VE GOT A JOB AND YOU'RE KEEPING IT!
MY TURN TO SPEAK!
MY NAME IS FLIP AND I'M UNEMPLOYED!
I-I'M SORRY, THIS SUPPORT GROUP IS ONLY FOR THOSE IN WORK.
EMPLO
ANONYN
BRAKKK
BRAKKK
BRAKKK
DID I ASK YOU?

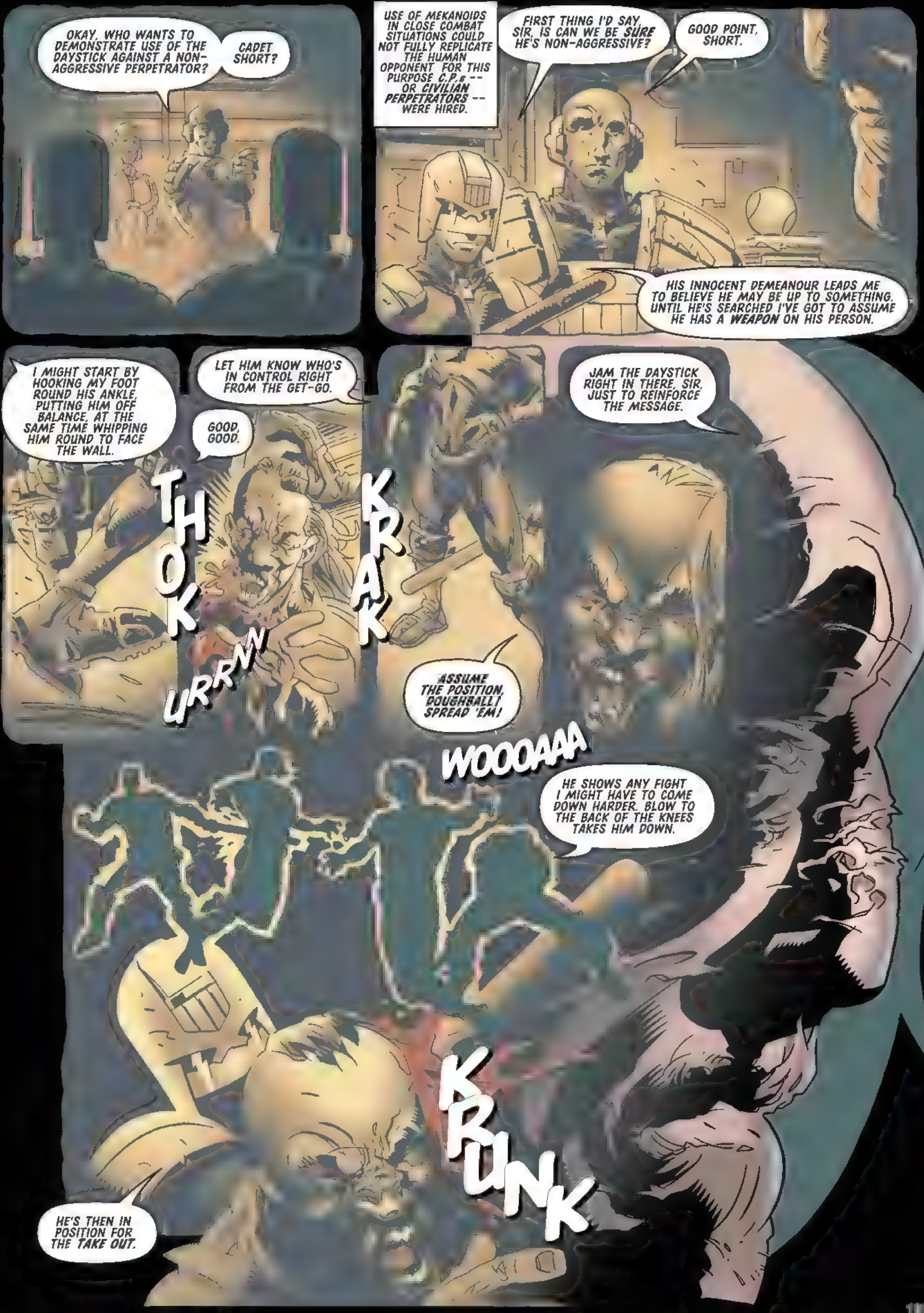

YOU PATHETIC, WHINGEING LITTLE WORMS! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE!
RUN FOR IT!
AHHHHHH
I HAD A JOB ONCE! I HAD LOTS OF JOBS!
BRAKKK BRAKKK BRAKKK
OH, YEAH, I WAS ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES ONCE...!
I'VE GOT A JOB, MRS RUPPLE! IT'S AT THE HYPERMART! I START TODAY!
OH MY! A JOB! OH MY GOODNESS ME!
DO YOU HEAR THAT, EVERYONE? YOUNG FLIP'S GOT A JOB!
LITTLE SHOWOFF! WHAT'S HE GOT THAT MY SYNTHIA HASN'T?
HE BETTER WATCH HIMSELF ROUND HERE
HE'D STARTED ON MENIAL TASKS, BUT SO WILLING AND INDUSTRIOUS WAS HE THAT HE SOON IMPRESSED THE MANAGER...
I'M GIVING YOU PROMOTION, FLIP! I WANT YOU TO BE MY NEW EGGER!
MAMMON
EGGER -- OH, WOW! THANK YOU, MR MANAGER!

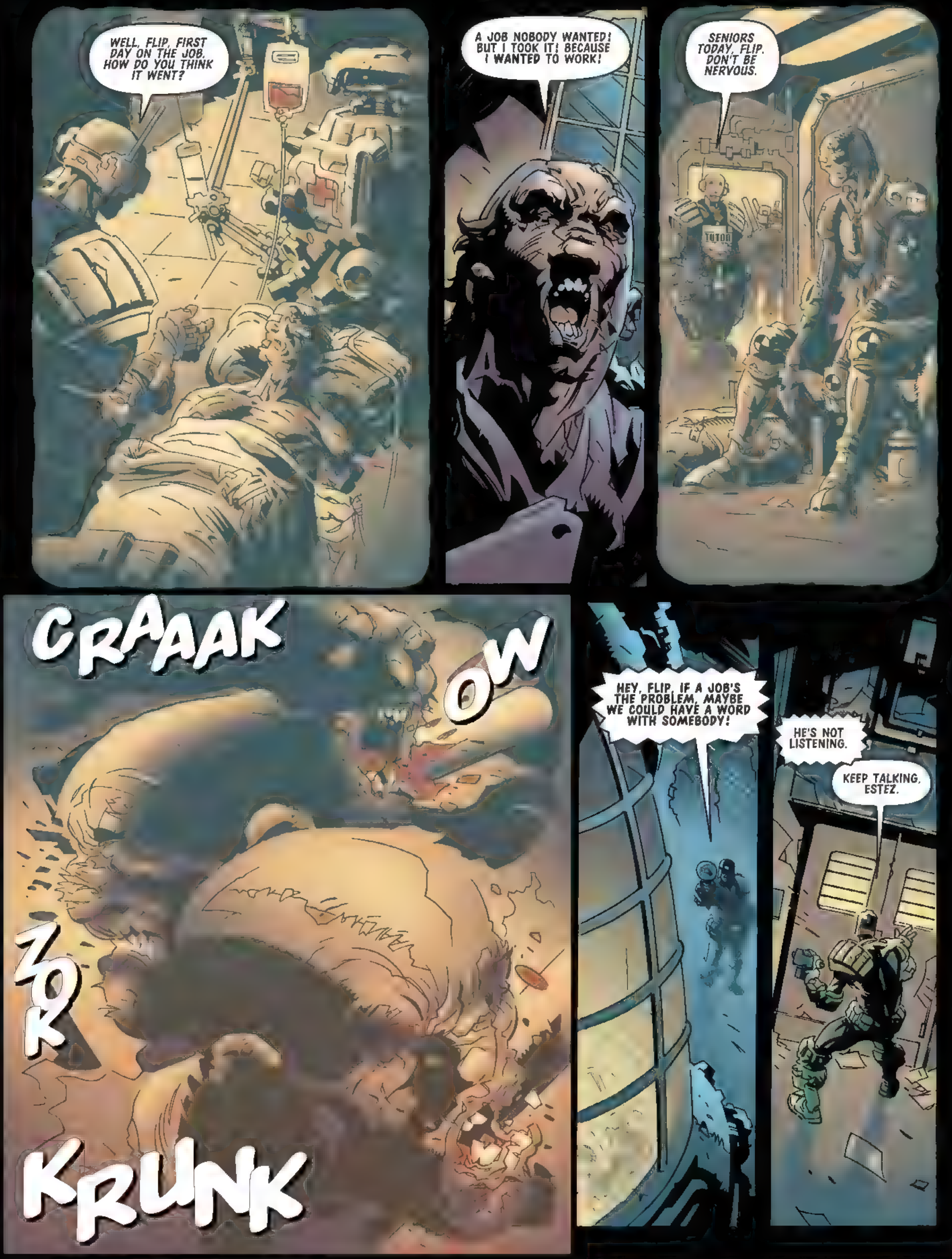

EGGERS POSED AS CUSTOMERS. BY STATIONING THEMSELVES WITHIN EARSHOT OF OTHER SHOPPERS, THEY COULD TEMPT THEM INTO LARGER AND MORE EXPENSIVE PURCHASES...
I ALWAYS BUY MAMMON OIL. I KNOW IT COSTS A LOT MORE, BUT AT LEAST YOU KNOW IT'S SAFE.
YES, I HEARD ABOUT THOSE DEATHS. WAS IT CRISPO -- OR RESYKOIL?
MAMMON KNEW. WORD OF MOUTH WAS A POWERFUL SALES TOOL.
BETTER BUY A FEW. THERE'S BOUND TO BE A SHORTAGE WHEN THE NEWS GETS OUT.
WE'LL COME BACK FOR THEM.
I WAS SO GOOD AT IT THAT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DID? THEY PROMOTED ME AGAIN!
AAAHHHHHH
I BECAME A TROLLEY JERK!
YOU GOTTA COME! HE'S KILLING US ALL!
ALL UNITS VICINITY LOCAL 15 MEETING ROOMS. GUNMAN AT EMPLOYEES ANONYMOUS MEETING.
DREDD! I'M ON IT!

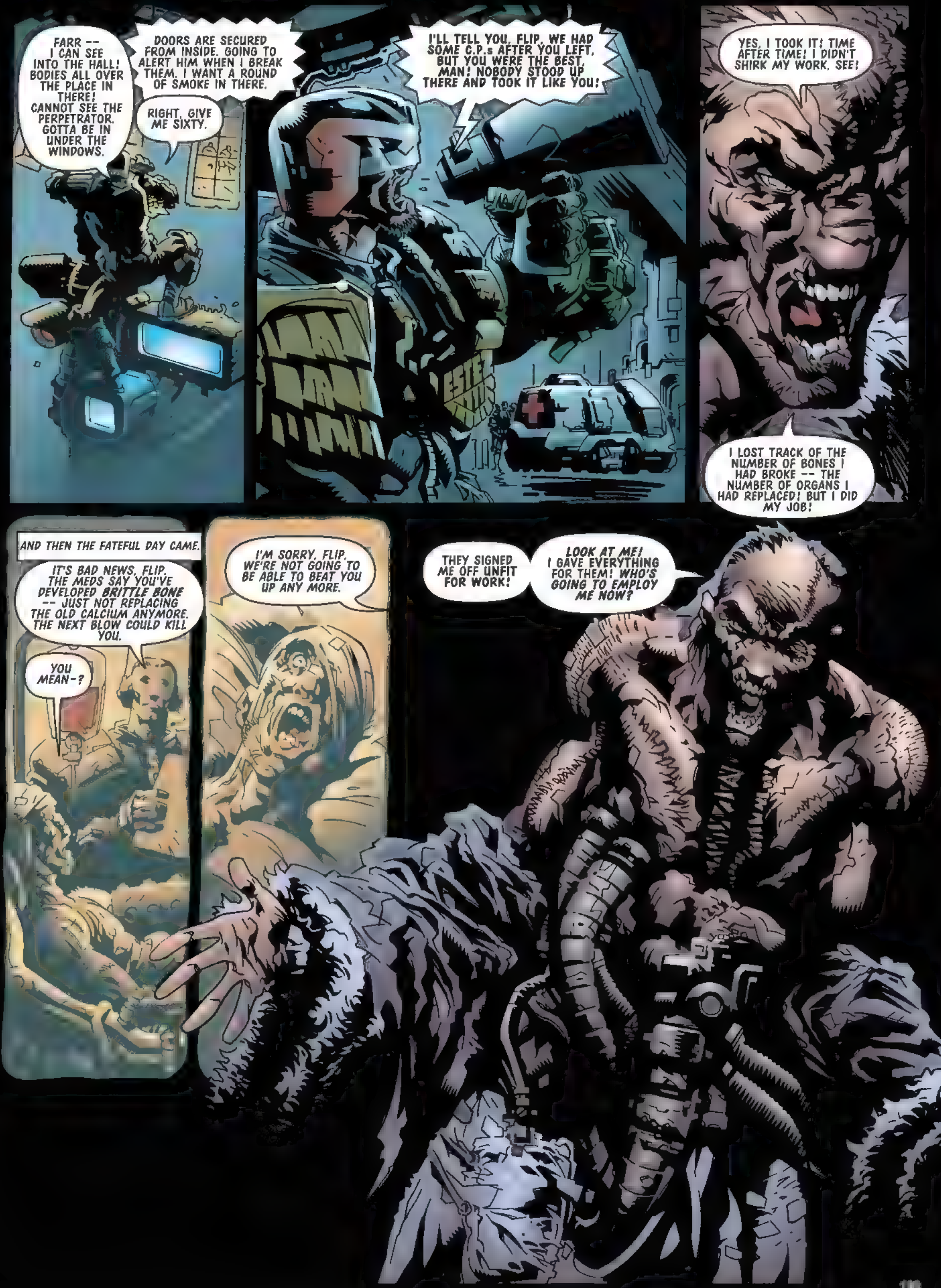

A TROLLEY JERK'S TASK WAS TO SURREPTITIOUSLY AUGMENT UNTENDED TROLLEYS WITH SELECTED HIGH-MARGIN GOODS. IT WAS ALSO AN EXCELLENT WAY TO SHIFT UNPOPULAR LINES.
A SHOPPER OFTEN FAILED TO NOTICE THE ADDITIONAL ITEMS AT CHECKOUT, OR WAS EMBARRASSED ENOUGH TO BUY THEM ANYWAY.
IF CAUGHT IN THE ACT, THERE WAS ALWAYS A PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION --
THAT'S MY BASKET.
OH! WHAT A JERK! SORRY!
NOW WHERE DID I LEAVE MINE?
EVERYTHING WAS GOING SWELL... UNTIL THE ROBOT COMPLAINED!
I CAUGHT THAT BOY PUTTING THESE IN MY BASKET. THE SAME THING HAPPENED LAST WEEK.
I DON'T LIKE THE KIND OF CUSTOMERS YOU'RE GETTING IN HERE. IF IT CONTINUES I SHALL HAVE TO SHOP ELSEWHERE.
THAT WAS MRS ABERNETHY'S ROBOT, AND MRS ABERNETHY IS A VERY IMPORTANT CUSTOMER. I'M SORRY, FLIP, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LET YOU GO.
BUH-BUT...
TWO MONTHS -- THAT'S HOW LONG I LASTED! AND FOR THE NEXT FOURTEEN YEARS I WAS KICKING MY HEELS! FOURTEEN YEARS! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT!
P-PLEASE--
YZZZ...
THUDDA
DAMN!
I HAVE A BABY!
AND THEN I GOT LUCKY!
UNNHHHHH

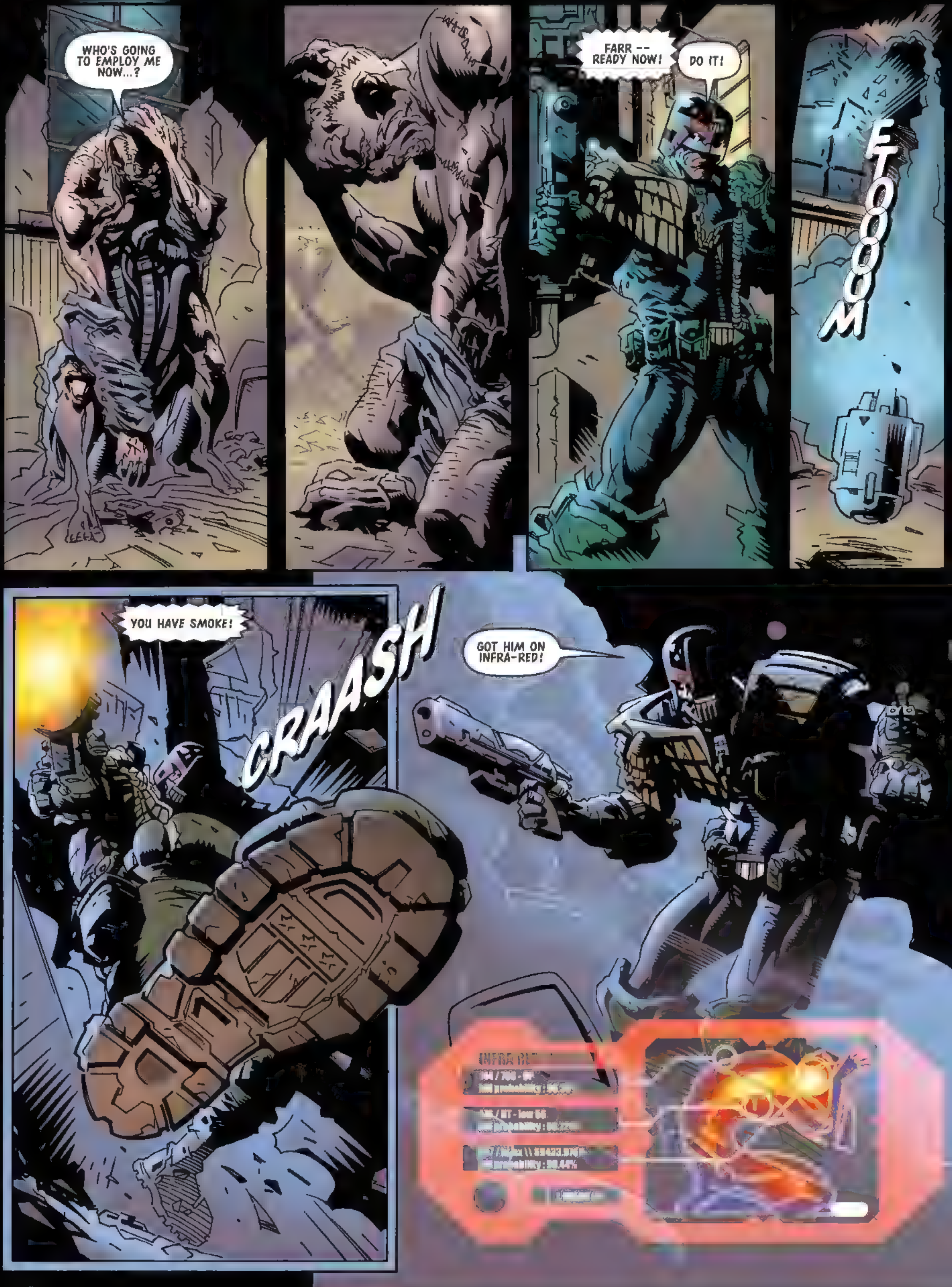

BARTERS WENT IN THERE! HE'S NOT RESPONDING! I THINK HE'S DOWN!
WE HAVE COM CONTACT WITH SOMEONE INSIDE THE MEETING ROOM. CITIZEN REPORTS MANY DEAD. GUNMAN IS AN EX-EMPLOYEE.
OF EMPLOYEES ANONYMOUS?
NEGATIVE. JUST AN EX-EMPLOYEE.
IT WAS A JOB NOBODY WANTED, BUT *I* TOOK IT! FLIP McVITTIE TOOK IT! FOURTEEN YEARS AND I STILL FELT THE NEED TO VALIDATE MYSELF THROUGH WORK!
YOU'D KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT, WOULDN'T YOU?
I'VE GOT TO WHISPER! I'M PRETENDING TO BE DEAD! HE'S STILL RANTING AWAY! HE SAYS HIS NAME'S FLIP McVITTIE!

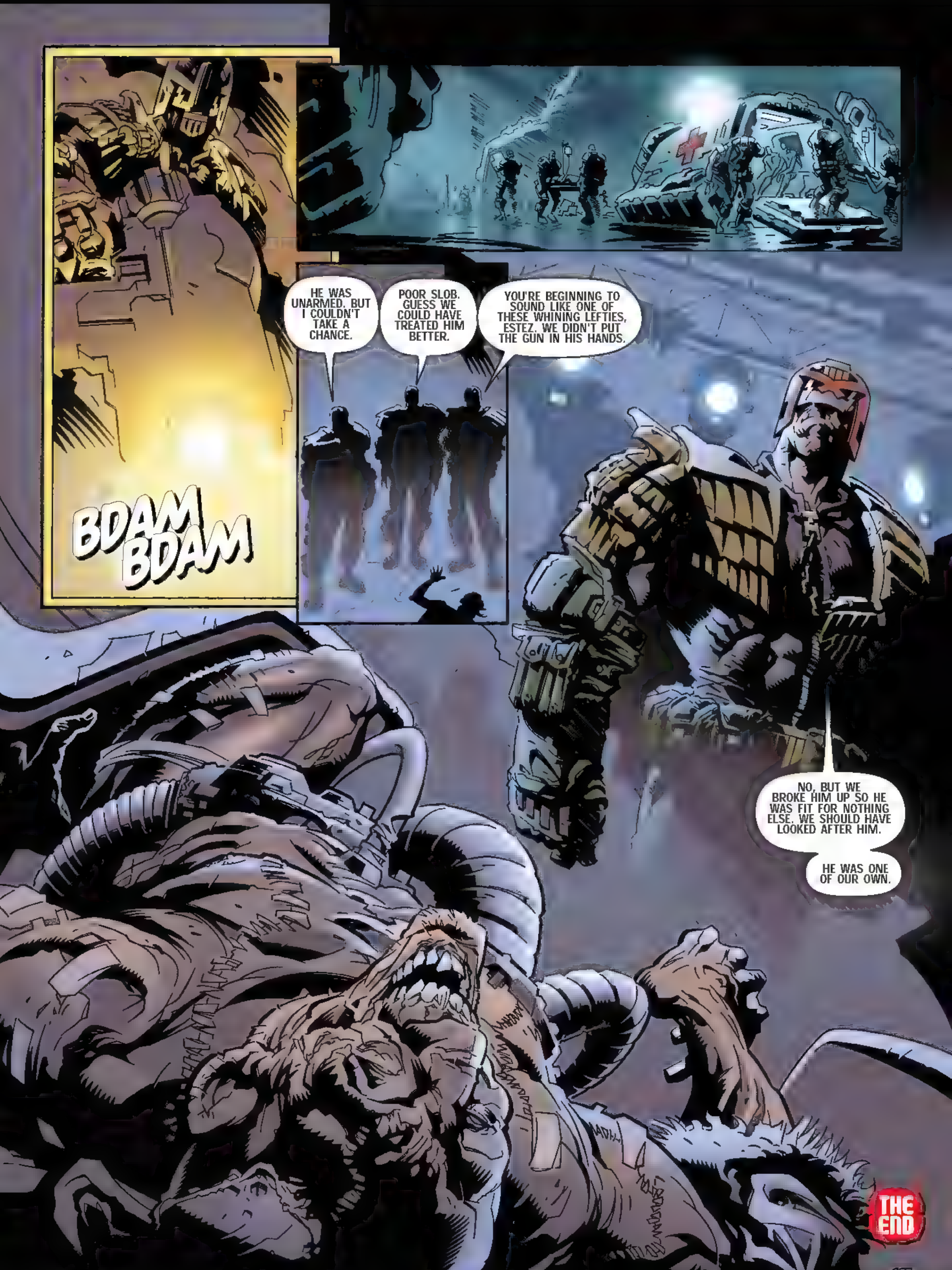

FLIP McVITTIE -- USED TO BE A C.P. AT THE ACADEMY CALLED FLIP McVITTIE.
CAN'T BE THAT MANY OF THEM ABOUT. SPEAK TO HIM -- KEEP HIS MIND OFF KILLING ANY MORE TILL WE CAN GET AT HIM.
ESTEZ
HEY, FLIP -- HEY, GUY! THIS IS ESTEZ, CLASS OF 2120! REMEMBER ME?
SURE YOU DO -- I'M THE KID BROKE YOUR KNEECAP IN THREE PLACES.
YOU MEN, LOOK FOR VANTAGE POINTS! LET ME KNOW IF YOU GET A CLEAR SHOT!
I'M A JUDGE NOW! I'M OUT HERE WITH A WHOLE LOT OF OTHER JUDGES AND WE'RE, LIKE, WONDERING WHAT YOU'RE UP TO IN THERE?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUDDY? WHY DON'T WE CALM DOWN AND TALK ABOUT THIS?
NOT YET! I'M TELLIN' THESE PEOPLE HERE ABOUT MY BEAUTIFUL CAREER! HOW I GOT LUCKY AGAIN --
I'VE GOT A JOB, MRS RUPPLE! I'M GOING TO WORK FOR JUSTICE DEPARTMENT!
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT! OH MY!
FIRST TIME DIDN'T TEACH YA, WISEGUY.
I LOVE YOU TOO, MR SMURTZ.
LEVEL 6, APPLIED VIOLENC
CLASS, THIS IS FLIP McVITTIE. HE'S GOING TO BE YOUR C.P. FOR THE DAY.
HI.


OKAY, WHO WANTS TO DEMONSTRATE USE OF THE DAYSTICK AGAINST A NON-AGGRESSIVE PERPETRATOR?
CADET SHORT?
USE OF MEKANOIDS IN CLOSE COMBAT SITUATIONS COULD NOT FULLY REPLICATE THE HUMAN OPPONENT. FOR THIS PURPOSE C.P.s -- OR CIVILIAN PERPETRATORS -- WERE HIRED.
FIRST THING I'D SAY, SIR, IS CAN WE BE SURE HE'S NON-AGGRESSIVE?
GOOD POINT, SHORT.
HIS INNOCENT DEMEANOUR LEADS ME TO BELIEVE HE MAY BE UP TO SOMETHING. UNTIL HE'S SEARCHED I'VE GOT TO ASSUME HE HAS A WEAPON ON HIS PERSON.
I MIGHT START BY HOOKING MY FOOT ROUND HIS ANKLE, PUTTING HIM OFF BALANCE, AT THE SAME TIME WHIPPING HIM ROUND TO FACE THE WALL.
LET HIM KNOW WHO'S IN CONTROL RIGHT FROM THE GET-GO.
GOOD, GOOD.
THOK
URRNN
KRAK
JAM THE DAYSTICK RIGHT IN THERE, SIR, JUST TO REINFORCE THE MESSAGE.
ASSUME THE POSITION, DOUGHBALL! SPREAD 'EM!
WOOOAAA
HE SHOWS ANY FIGHT I MIGHT HAVE TO COME DOWN HARDER. BLOW TO THE BACK OF THE KNEES TAKES HIM DOWN.
KRUNK
HE'S THEN IN POSITION FOR THE TAKE OUT.


WELL, FLIP, FIRST DAY ON THE JOB. HOW DO YOU THINK IT WENT?
A JOB NOBODY WANTED! BUT I TOOK IT! BECAUSE I WANTED TO WORK!
SENIORS TODAY, FLIP. DON'T BE NERVOUS.
TUTOR
CRAAAK
OW
ZOK
KRUNK
HEY, FLIP, IF A JOB'S THE PROBLEM, MAYBE WE COULD HAVE A WORD WITH SOMEBODY!
HE'S NOT LISTENING.
KEEP TALKING, ESTEZ.


FARR -- I CAN SEE INTO THE HALL! BODIES ALL OVER THE PLACE IN THERE! CANNOT SEE THE PERPETRATOR. GOTTA BE IN UNDER THE WINDOWS.
DOORS ARE SECURED FROM INSIDE. GOING TO ALERT HIM WHEN I BREAK THEM. I WANT A ROUND OF SMOKE IN THERE.
RIGHT. GIVE ME SIXTY.
I'LL TELL YOU, FLIP, WE HAD SOME C.P.s AFTER YOU LEFT, BUT YOU WERE THE BEST, MAN! NOBODY STOOD UP THERE AND TOOK IT LIKE YOU!
YES, I TOOK IT! TIME AFTER TIME! I DIDN'T SHIRK MY WORK, SEE!
I LOST TRACK OF THE NUMBER OF BONES I HAD BROKE -- THE NUMBER OF ORGANS I HAD REPLACED! BUT I DID MY JOB!
AND THEN THE FATEFUL DAY CAME.
IT'S BAD NEWS, FLIP. THE MEDS SAY YOU'VE DEVELOPED BRITTLE BONE -- JUST NOT REPLACING THE OLD CALCIUM ANYMORE. THE NEXT BLOW COULD KILL YOU.
YOU MEAN-?
I'M SORRY, FLIP. WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO BEAT YOU UP ANY MORE.
THEY SIGNED ME OFF UNFIT FOR WORK!
LOOK AT ME! I GAVE EVERYTHING FOR THEM! WHO'S GOING TO EMPLOY ME NOW?

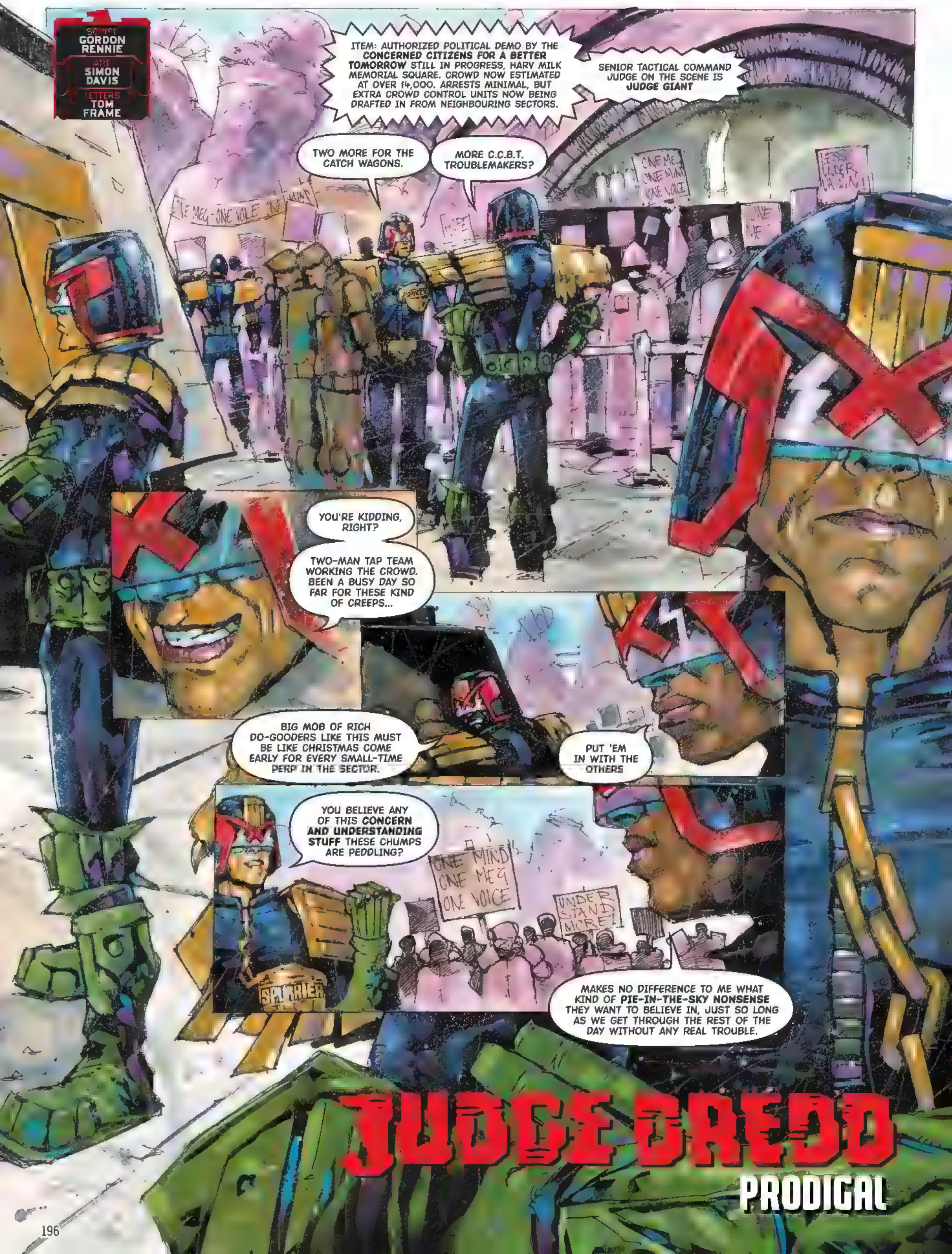

WHO'S GOING TO EMPLOY ME NOW...?
FARR -- READY NOW!
DO IT!
ETOOOUM
YOU HAVE SMOKE!
CRAASH
GOT HIM ON INFRA-RED!

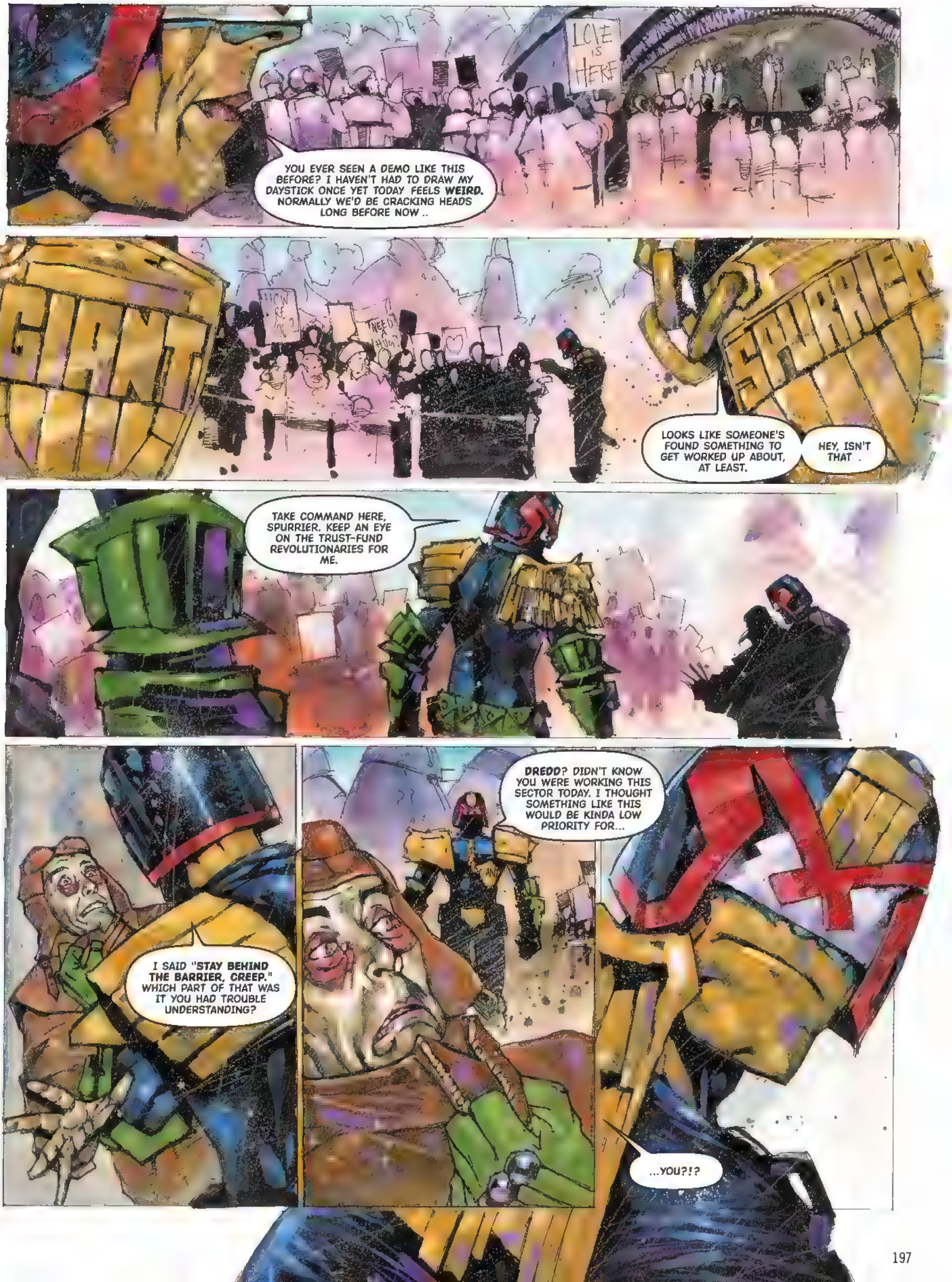

BDAM BDAM
HE WAS UNARMED. BUT I COULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE.
POOR SLOB. GUESS WE COULD HAVE TREATED HIM BETTER.
YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE ONE OF THESE WHINING LEFTIES, ESTEZ. WE DIDN'T PUT THE GUN IN HIS HANDS.
NO, BUT WE BROKE HIM UP SO HE WAS FIT FOR NOTHING ELSE. WE SHOULD HAVE LOOKED AFTER HIM.
HE WAS ONE OF OUR OWN.
THE END

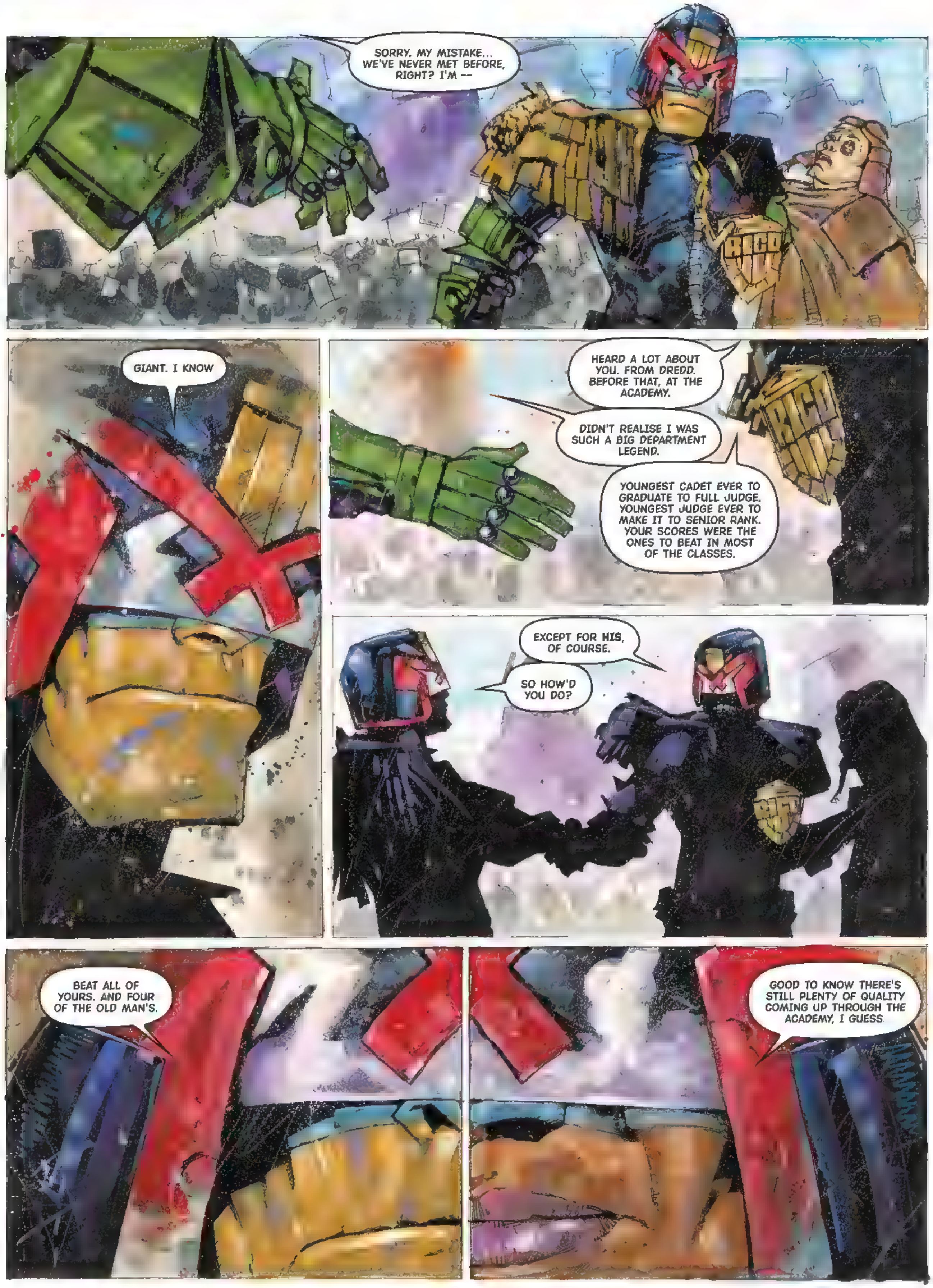
JUDGE DREDD

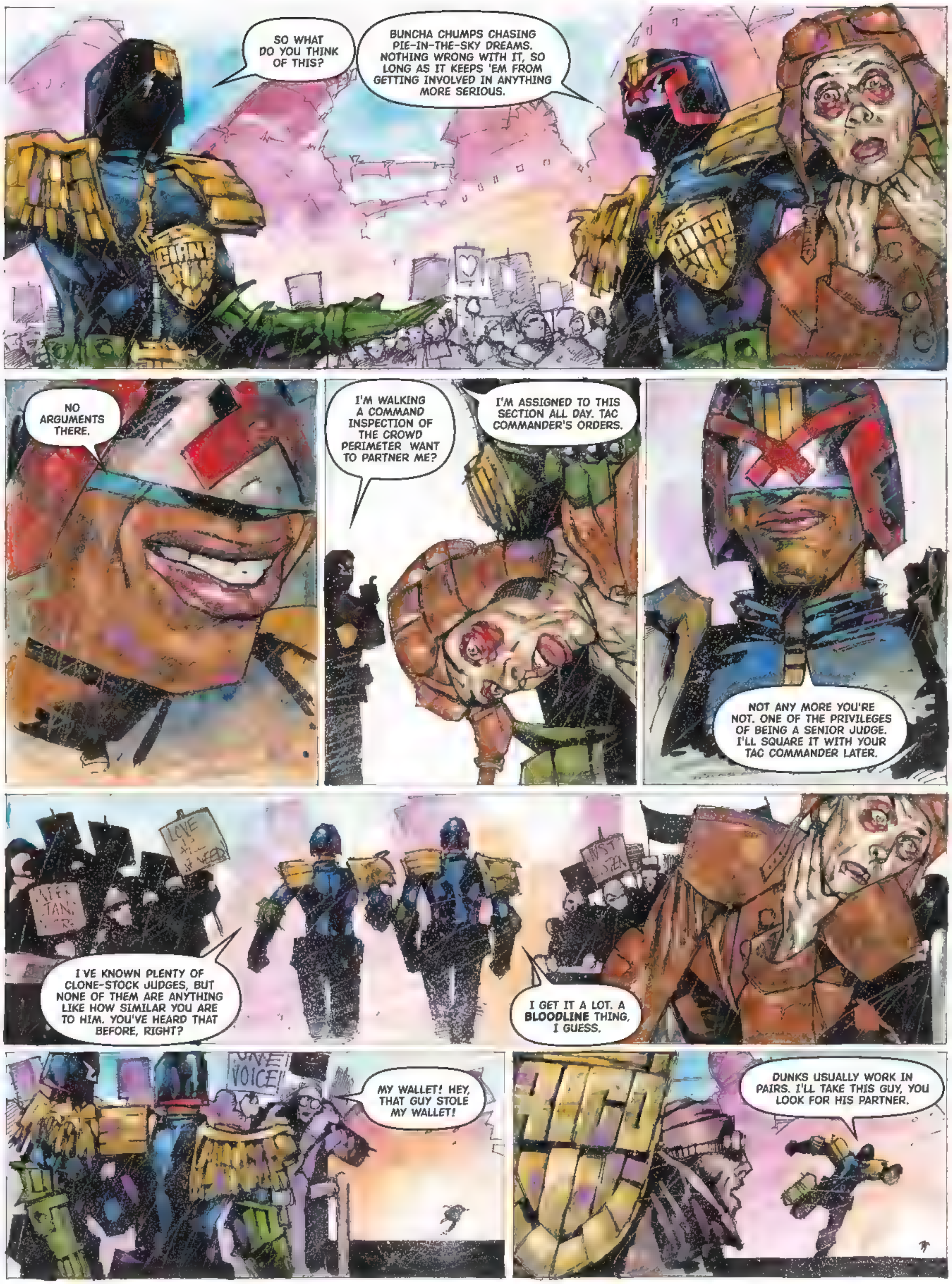
PRODIGAL

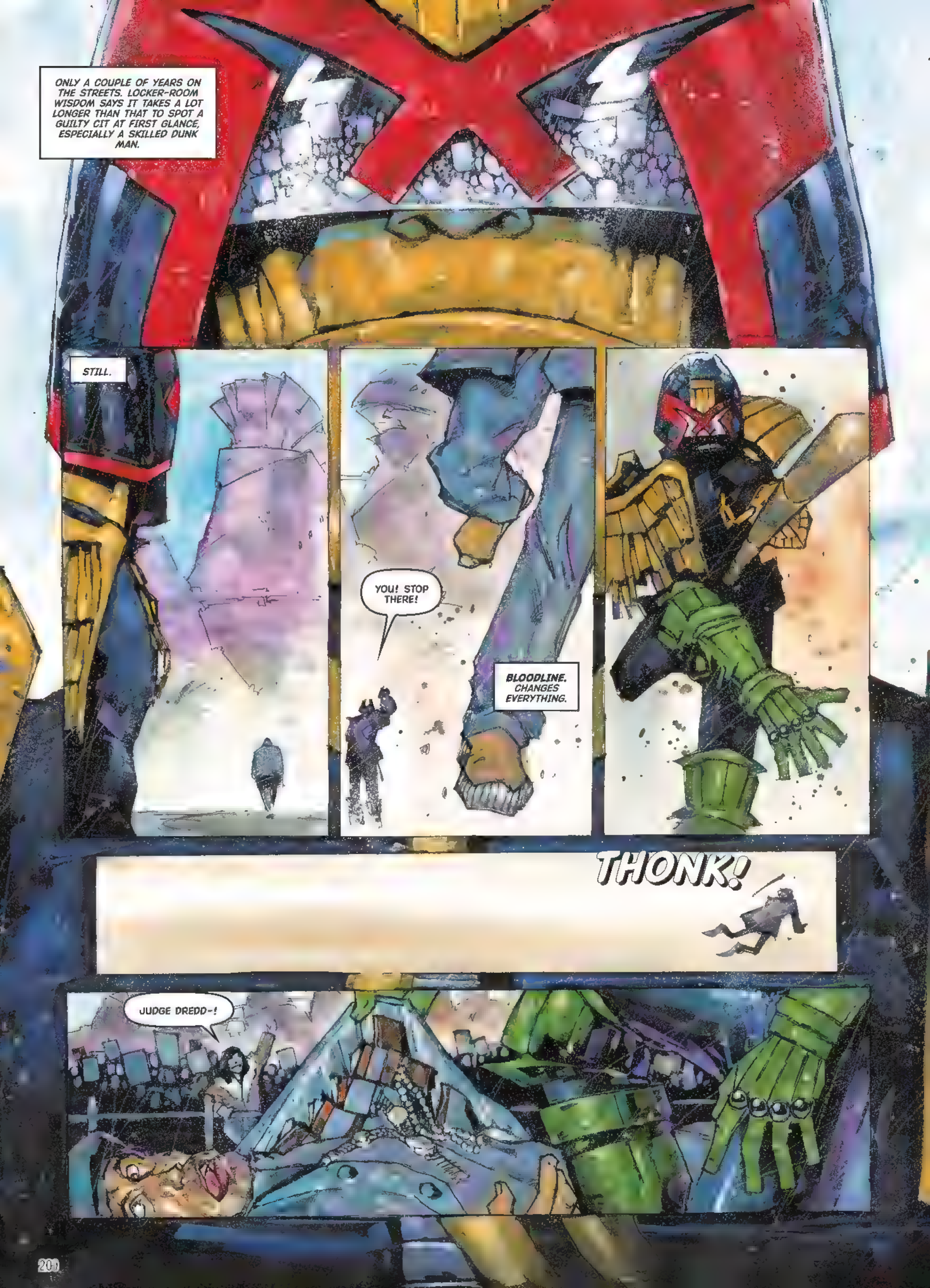
SCRIPT
GORDON RENNIE
ART
SIMON DAVIS
LETTERS
TOM FRAME

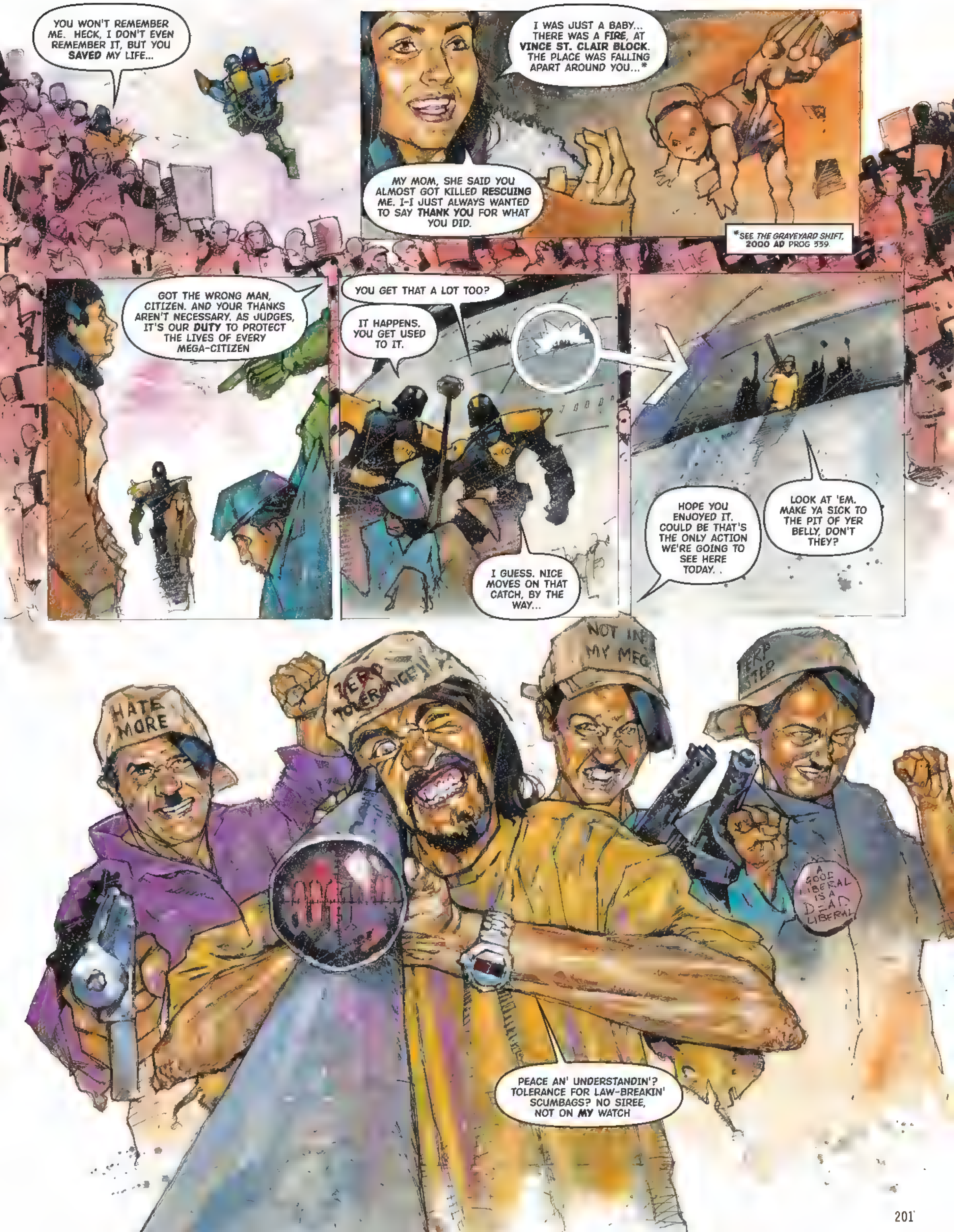

ITEM: AUTHORIZED POLITICAL DEMO BY THE **CONCERNED CITIZENS FOR A BETTER TOMORROW** STILL IN PROGRESS, HARV MILK MEMORIAL SQUARE. CROWD NOW ESTIMATED AT OVER 14,000. ARRESTS MINIMAL, BUT EXTRA CROWD CONTROL UNITS NOW BEING DRAFTED IN FROM NEIGHBOURING SECTORS.
SENIOR TACTICAL COMMAND JUDGE ON THE SCENE IS **JUDGE GIANT**
TWO MORE FOR THE CATCH WAGONS.
MORE C.C.B.T. TROUBLEMAKERS?
ONE MEG - ONE VOICE - ONE MIND
ONE MEG ONE MIND ONE VOICE
HOPE
SPURRIER
YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?
TWO-MAN TAP TEAM WORKING THE CROWD. BEEN A BUSY DAY SO FAR FOR THESE KIND OF CREEPS...
BIG MOB OF RICH DO-GOODERS LIKE THIS MUST BE LIKE CHRISTMAS COME EARLY FOR EVERY SMALL-TIME PERP IN THE SECTOR.
PUT 'EM IN WITH THE OTHERS
YOU BELIEVE ANY OF THIS **CONCERN AND UNDERSTANDING STUFF** THESE CHUMPS ARE PEDDLING?
ONE MIND ONE MEG ONE VOICE
UNDERSTAND MORE!
SPURRIER
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME WHAT KIND OF **PIE-IN-THE-SKY NONSENSE** THEY WANT TO BELIEVE IN, JUST SO LONG AS WE GET THROUGH THE REST OF THE DAY WITHOUT ANY REAL TROUBLE.

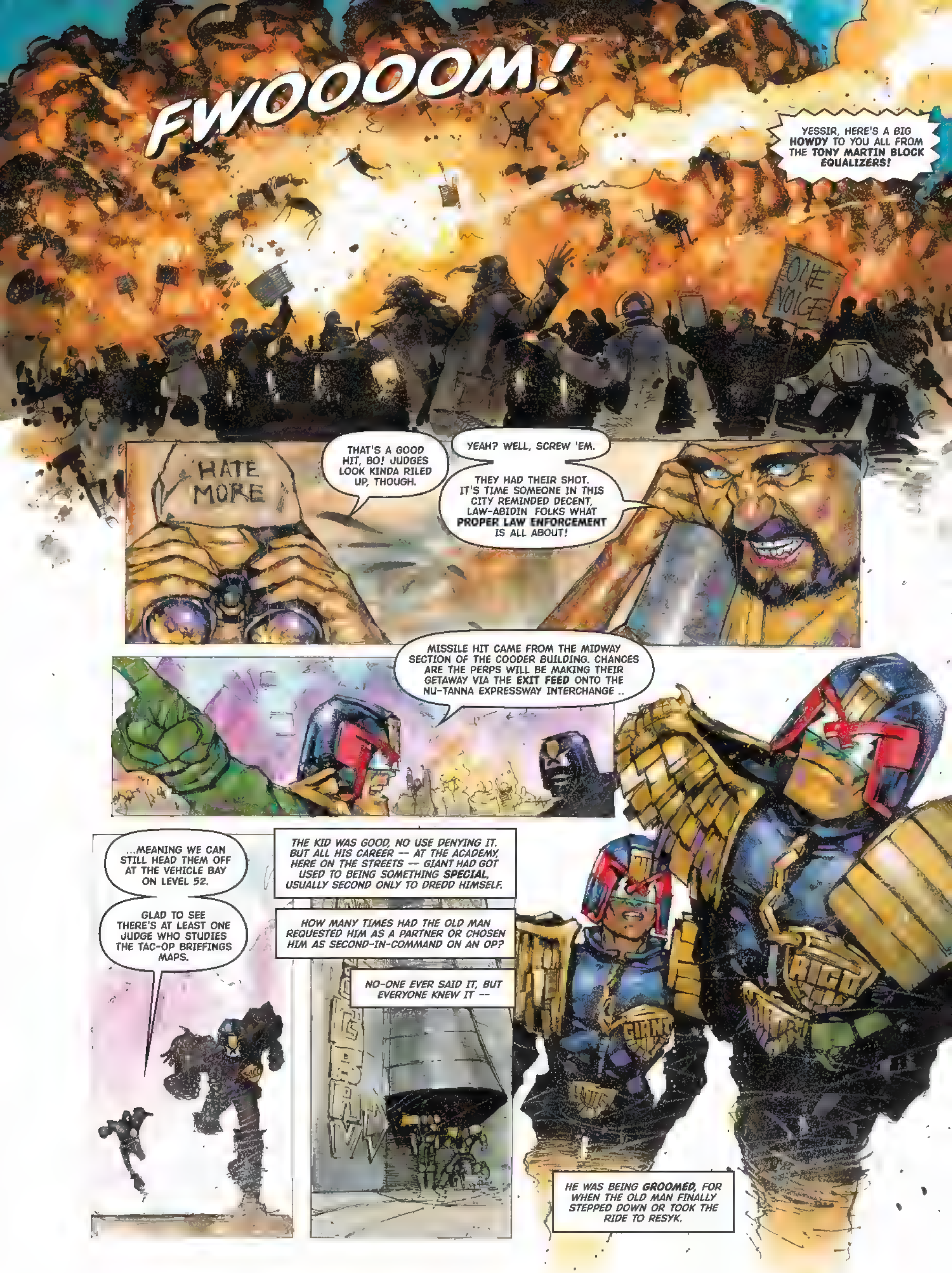

YOU EVER SEEN A DEMO LIKE THIS BEFORE? I HAVEN'T HAD TO DRAW MY DAYSTICK ONCE YET TODAY. FEELS **WEIRD.** NORMALLY WE'D BE CRACKING HEADS LONG BEFORE NOW..
LOVE IS HERE
GIANT
SPURRIER
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S FOUND SOMETHING TO GET WORKED UP ABOUT, AT LEAST.
HEY, ISN'T THAT ..
TAKE COMMAND HERE, SPURRIER. KEEP AN EYE ON THE TRUST-FUND REVOLUTIONARIES FOR ME.
I SAID "**STAY BEHIND THE BARRIER, CREEP.**" WHICH PART OF THAT WAS IT YOU HAD TROUBLE UNDERSTANDING?
DREDD? DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE WORKING THIS SECTOR TODAY. I THOUGHT SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD BE KINDA LOW PRIORITY FOR...
...YOU?!?

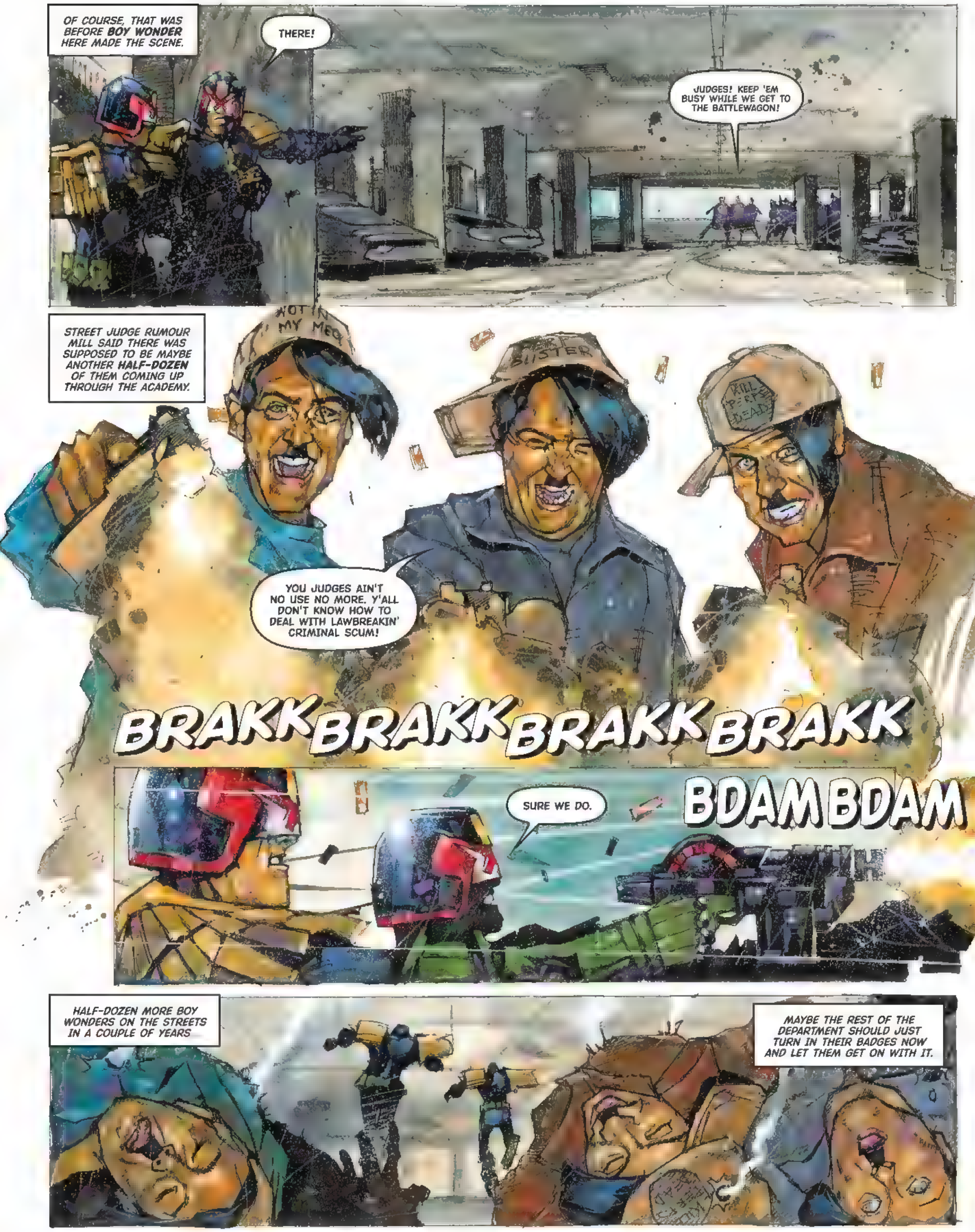

SORRY. MY MISTAKE... WE'VE NEVER MET BEFORE, RIGHT? I'M --
GIANT. I KNOW
HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU. FROM DREDD. BEFORE THAT, AT THE ACADEMY.
DIDN'T REALISE I WAS SUCH A BIG DEPARTMENT LEGEND.
YOUNGEST CADET EVER TO GRADUATE TO FULL JUDGE. YOUNGEST JUDGE EVER TO MAKE IT TO SENIOR RANK. YOUR SCORES WERE THE ONES TO BEAT IN MOST OF THE CLASSES.
EXCEPT FOR HIS, OF COURSE.
SO HOW'D YOU DO?
BEAT ALL OF YOURS. AND FOUR OF THE OLD MAN'S.
GOOD TO KNOW THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF QUALITY COMING UP THROUGH THE ACADEMY, I GUESS.

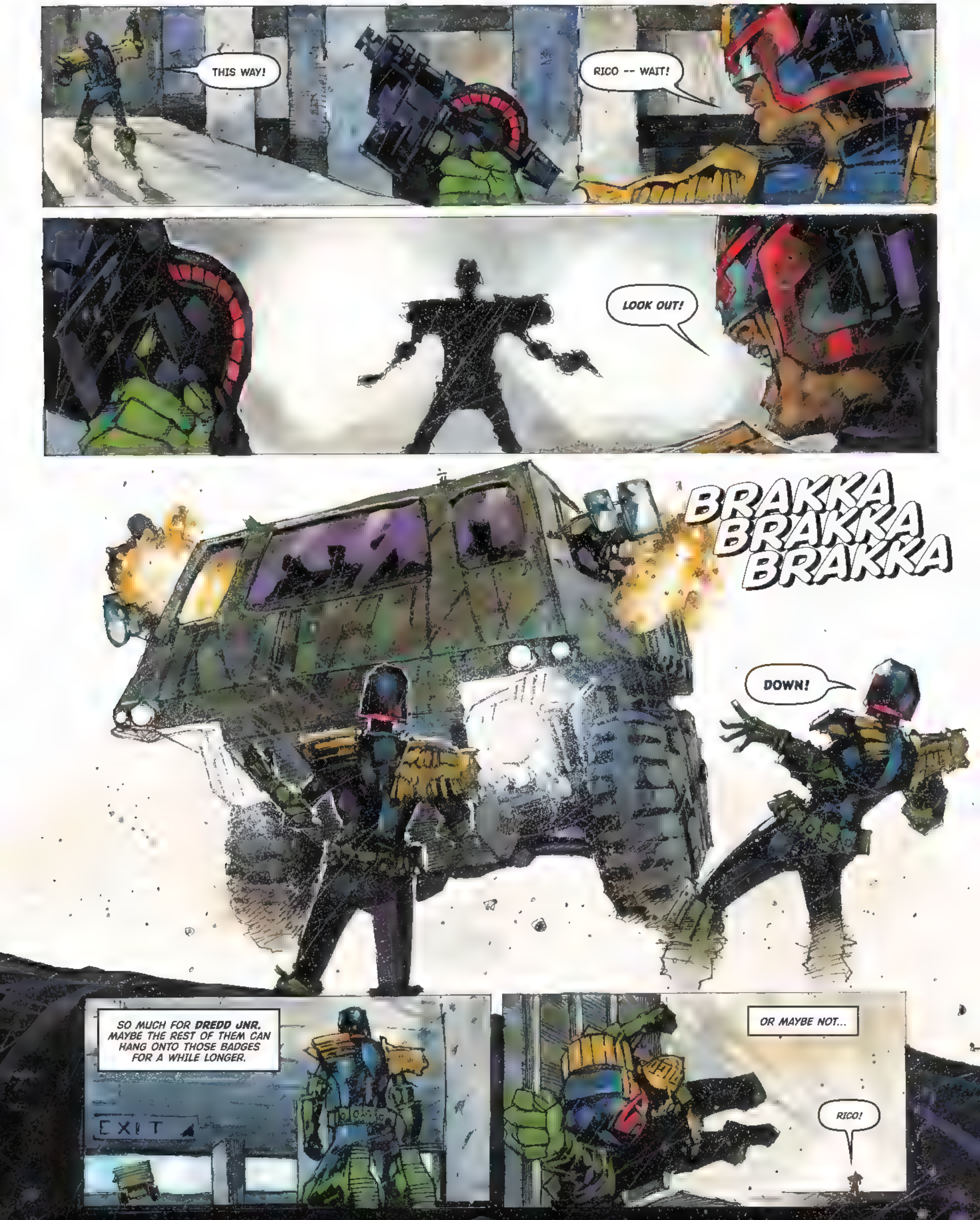

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?
BUNCHA CHUMPS CHASING PIE-IN-THE-SKY DREAMS. NOTHING WRONG WITH IT, SO LONG AS IT KEEPS 'EM FROM GETTING INVOLVED IN ANYTHING MORE SERIOUS.
GIANT
RICO
NO ARGUMENTS THERE.
I'M WALKING A COMMAND INSPECTION OF THE CROWD PERIMETER. WANT TO PARTNER ME?
I'M ASSIGNED TO THIS SECTION ALL DAY. TAC COMMANDER'S ORDERS.
NOT ANY MORE YOU'RE NOT. ONE OF THE PRIVILEGES OF BEING A SENIOR JUDGE. I'LL SQUARE IT WITH YOUR TAC COMMANDER LATER.
I'VE KNOWN PLENTY OF CLONE-STOCK JUDGES, BUT NONE OF THEM ARE ANYTHING LIKE HOW SIMILAR YOU ARE TO HIM. YOU'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE, RIGHT?
I GET IT A LOT. A **BLOODLINE** THING, I GUESS.
ONE VOICE
MY WALLET! HEY, THAT GUY STOLE MY WALLET!
RICO
DUNKS USUALLY WORK IN PAIRS. I'LL TAKE THIS GUY, YOU LOOK FOR HIS PARTNER.

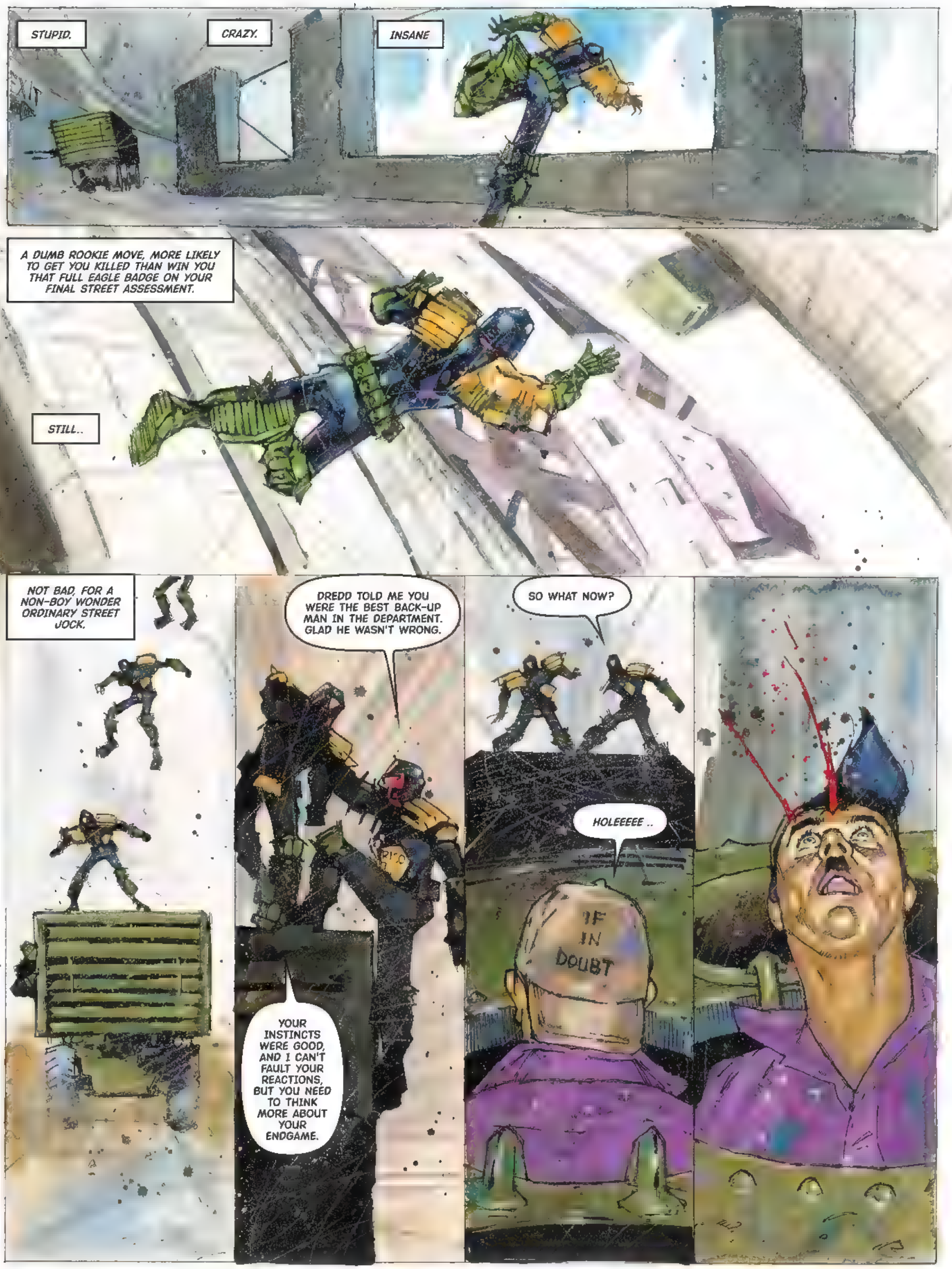

ONLY A COUPLE OF YEARS ON THE STREETS. LOCKER-ROOM WISDOM SAYS IT TAKES A LOT LONGER THAN THAT TO SPOT A GUILTY CIT AT FIRST GLANCE, ESPECIALLY A SKILLED DUNK MAN.
STILL.
YOU! STOP THERE!
BLOODLINE. CHANGES EVERYTHING.
THONK!
JUDGE DREDD-!

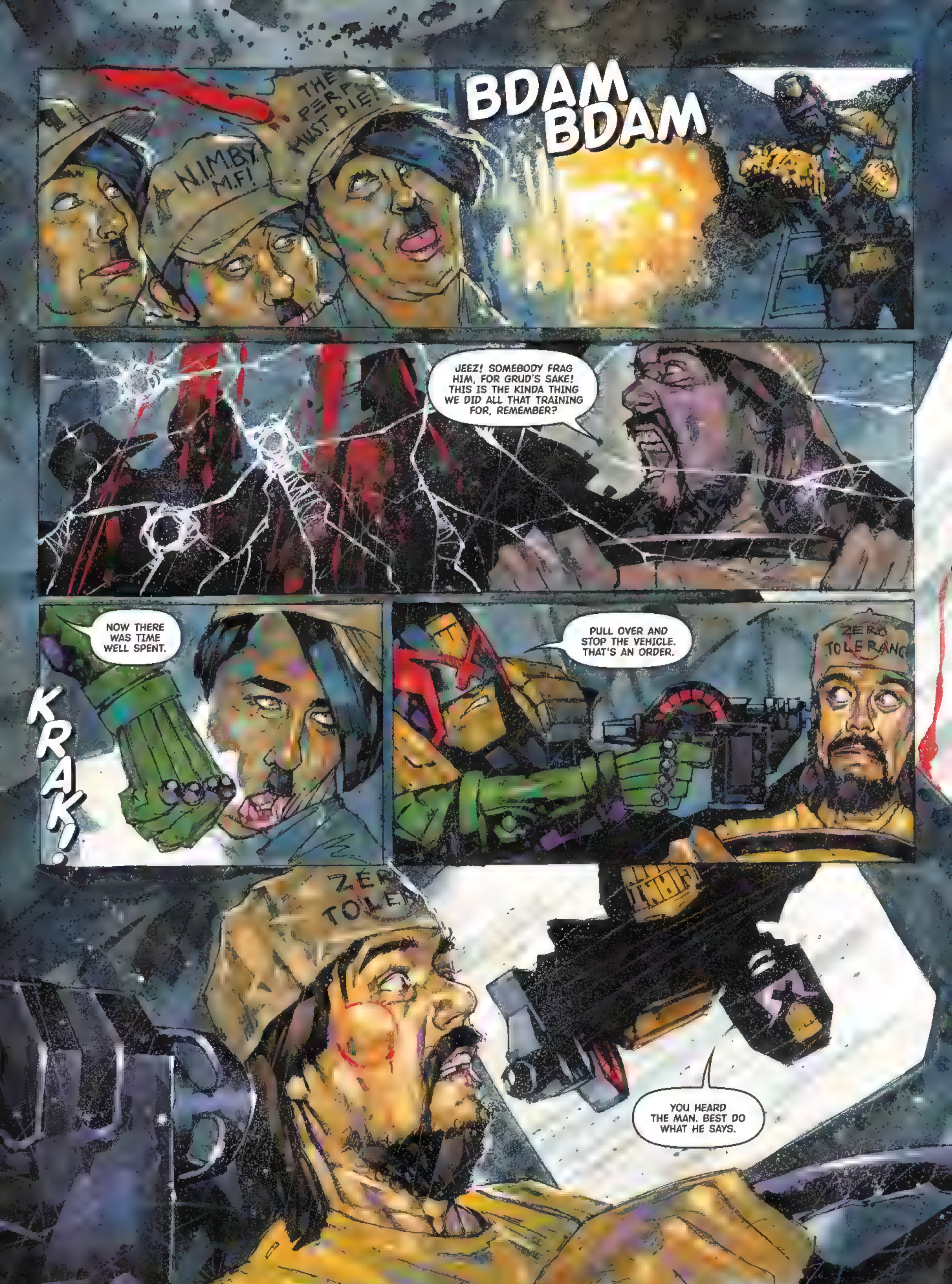

YOU WON'T REMEMBER ME. HECK, I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER IT, BUT YOU **SAVED** MY LIFE...
I WAS JUST A BABY... THERE WAS A **FIRE**, AT **VINCE ST. CLAIR BLOCK**. THE PLACE WAS FALLING APART AROUND YOU...*
MY MOM, SHE SAID YOU ALMOST GOT KILLED **RESCUING** ME. I-I JUST ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY **THANK YOU** FOR WHAT YOU DID.
*SEE *THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT*, **2000 AD** PROG 339.
GOT THE WRONG MAN, CITIZEN. AND YOUR THANKS AREN'T NECESSARY. AS JUDGES, IT'S OUR **DUTY** TO PROTECT THE LIVES OF EVERY MEGA-CITIZEN
YOU GET THAT A LOT TOO?
IT HAPPENS. YOU GET USED TO IT.
I GUESS. NICE MOVES ON THAT CATCH, BY THE WAY...
HOPE YOU ENJOYED IT. COULD BE THAT'S THE ONLY ACTION WE'RE GOING TO SEE HERE TODAY. .
LOOK AT 'EM. MAKE YA SICK TO THE PIT OF YER BELLY, DON'T THEY?
HATE MORE
ZERO TOLERANCE!!
NOT IN MY MEG
A GOOD LIBERAL IS A DEAD LIBERAL
PEACE AN' UNDERSTANDIN'? TOLERANCE FOR LAW-BREAKIN' SCUMBAGS? NO SIREE, NOT ON **MY** WATCH

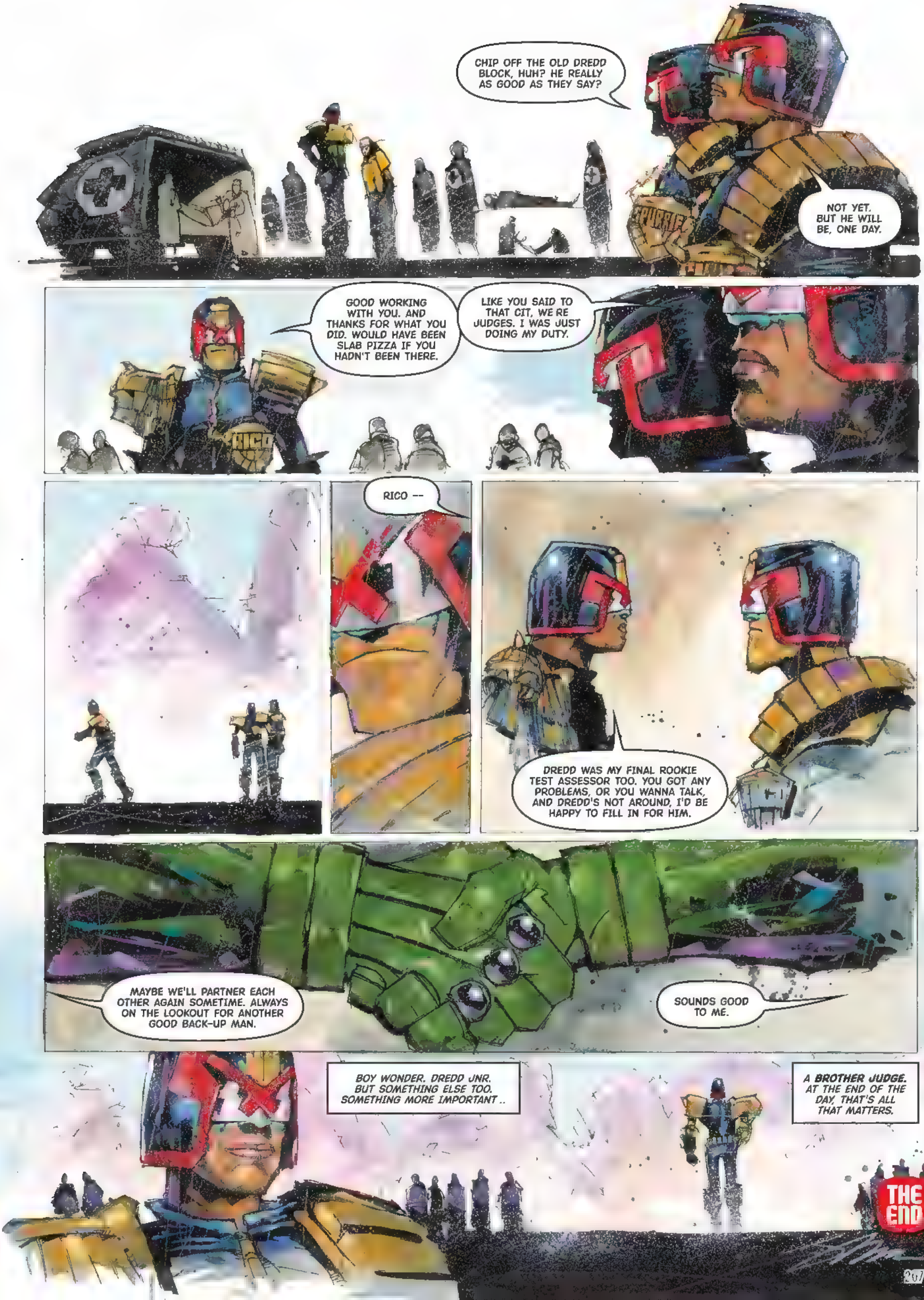

FWOOOOM!
YESSIR, HERE'S A BIG **HOWDY** TO YOU ALL FROM THE **TONY MARTIN BLOCK EQUALIZERS!**
ONE VOICE
HATE MORE
THAT'S A GOOD HIT, BO! JUDGES LOOK KINDA RILED UP, THOUGH.
YEAH? WELL, SCREW 'EM.
THEY HAD THEIR SHOT. IT'S TIME SOMEONE IN THIS CITY REMINDED DECENT, LAW-ABIDIN' FOLKS WHAT **PROPER LAW ENFORCEMENT** IS ALL ABOUT!
MISSILE HIT CAME FROM THE MIDWAY SECTION OF THE COODER BUILDING. CHANCES ARE THE PERPS WILL BE MAKING THEIR GETAWAY VIA THE **EXIT FEED** ONTO THE NU-TANNA EXPRESSWAY INTERCHANGE ..
...MEANING WE CAN STILL HEAD THEM OFF AT THE VEHICLE BAY ON LEVEL 52.
GLAD TO SEE THERE'S AT LEAST ONE JUDGE WHO STUDIES THE TAC-OP BRIEFINGS MAPS.
*THE KID WAS GOOD, NO USE DENYING IT. BUT ALL HIS CAREER -- AT THE ACADEMY, HERE ON THE STREETS -- GIANT HAD GOT USED TO BEING SOMETHING **SPECIAL**, USUALLY SECOND ONLY TO DREDD HIMSELF.*
HOW MANY TIMES HAD THE OLD MAN REQUESTED HIM AS A PARTNER OR CHOSEN HIM AS SECOND-IN-COMMAND ON AN OP?
NO-ONE EVER SAID IT, BUT EVERYONE KNEW IT --
RICO
GIANT
*HE WAS BEING **GROOMED**, FOR WHEN THE OLD MAN FINALLY STEPPED DOWN OR TOOK THE RIDE TO RESYK.*


OF COURSE, THAT WAS BEFORE **BOY WONDER** HERE MADE THE SCENE.
THERE!
JUDGES! KEEP 'EM BUSY WHILE WE GET TO THE BATTLEWAGON!
STREET JUDGE RUMOUR MILL SAID THERE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MAYBE ANOTHER **HALF-DOZEN** OF THEM COMING UP THROUGH THE ACADEMY.
YOU JUDGES AIN'T NO USE NO MORE. Y'ALL DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH LAWBREAKIN' CRIMINAL SCUM!
BRAKK BRAKK BRAKK BRAKK
SURE WE DO.
BDAM BDAM
HALF-DOZEN MORE BOY WONDERS ON THE STREETS IN A COUPLE OF YEARS.
MAYBE THE REST OF THE DEPARTMENT SHOULD JUST TURN IN THEIR BADGES NOW AND LET THEM GET ON WITH IT.


THIS WAY!
RICO -- WAIT!
LOOK OUT!
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
DOWN!
SO MUCH FOR **DREDD JNR.** MAYBE THE REST OF THEM CAN HANG ONTO THOSE BADGES FOR A WHILE LONGER.
EXIT
OR MAYBE NOT...
RICO!

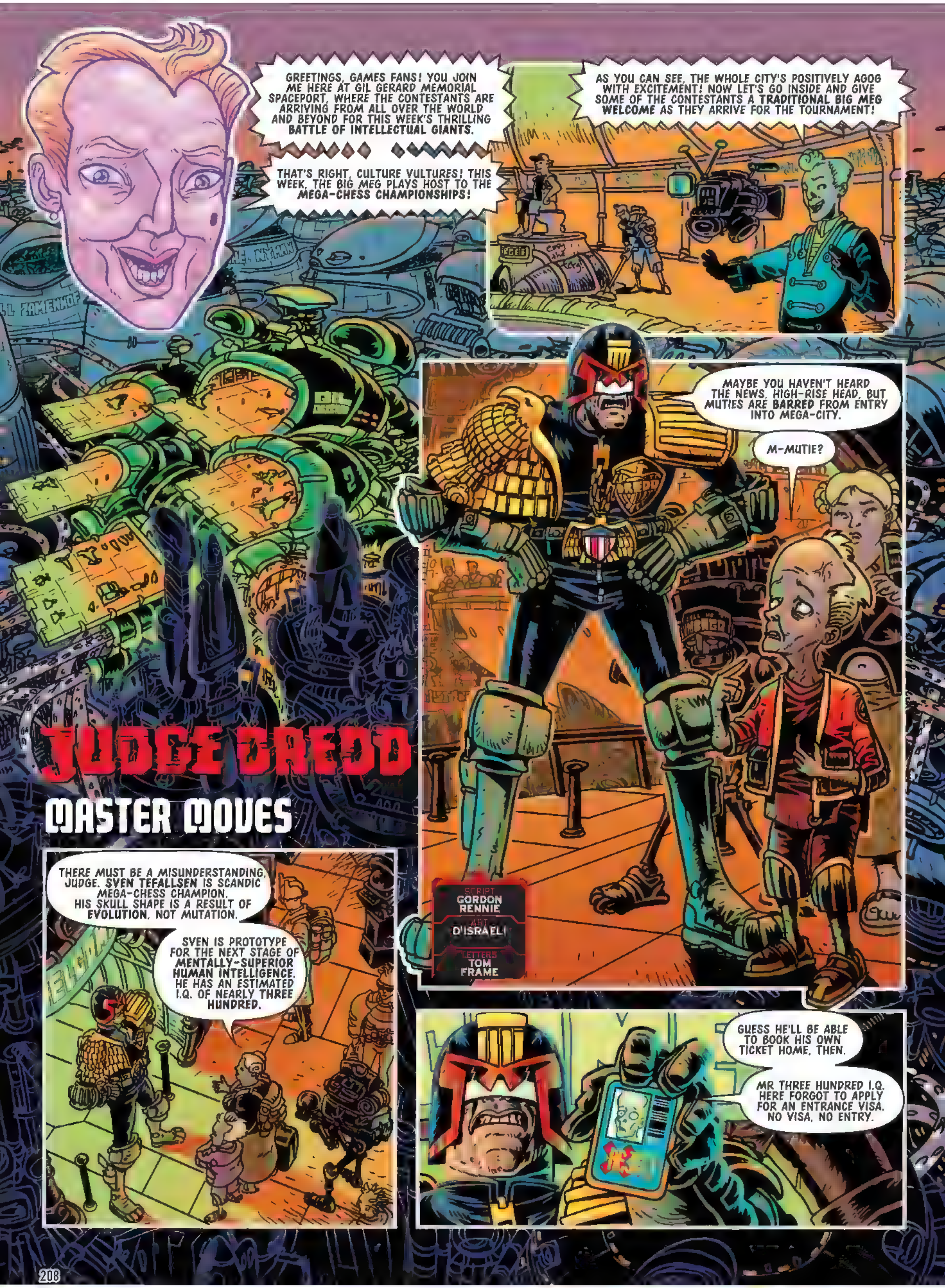

STUPID.
CRAZY.
INSANE
A DUMB ROOKIE MOVE, MORE LIKELY TO GET YOU KILLED THAN WIN YOU THAT FULL EAGLE BADGE ON YOUR FINAL STREET ASSESSMENT.
STILL..
NOT BAD, FOR A NON-BOY WONDER ORDINARY STREET JOCK.
DREDD TOLD ME YOU WERE THE BEST BACK-UP MAN IN THE DEPARTMENT. GLAD HE WASN'T WRONG.
YOUR INSTINCTS WERE GOOD, AND I CAN'T FAULT YOUR REACTIONS, BUT YOU NEED TO THINK MORE ABOUT YOUR ENDGAME.
SO WHAT NOW?
HOLEEEEE ..
IF IN DOUBT

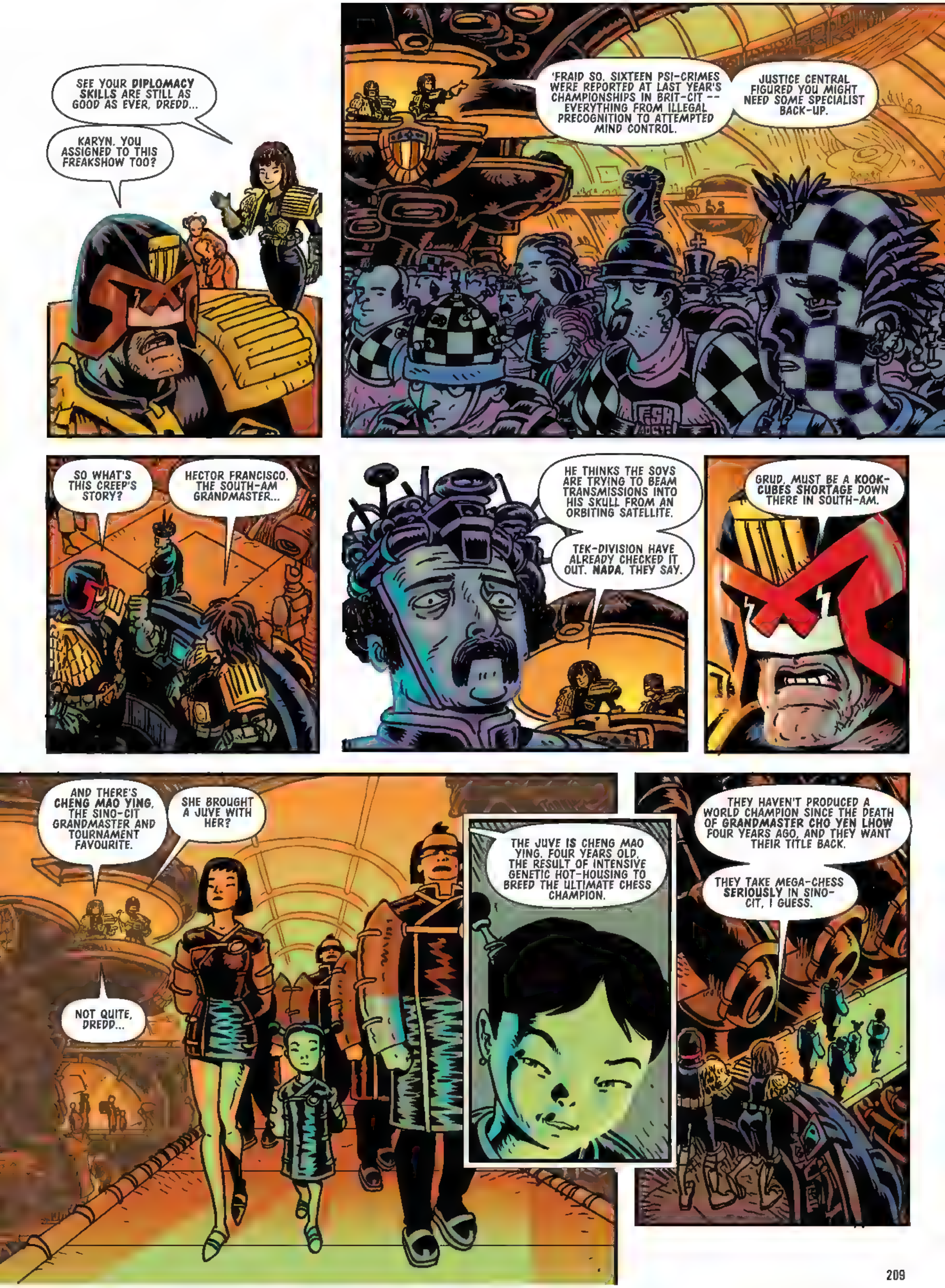

THE PERP MUST DIE!
N.I.M.B.Y. M.F!
BDAM BDAM
JEEZ! SOMEBODY FRAG HIM, FOR GRUD'S SAKE! THIS IS THE KINDA THING WE DID ALL THAT TRAINING FOR, REMEMBER?
NOW THERE WAS TIME WELL SPENT.
KRAK!
PULL OVER AND STOP THE VEHICLE. THAT'S AN ORDER.
ZERO TOLERANC
ZER TOLER
YOU HEARD THE MAN. BEST DO WHAT HE SAYS.

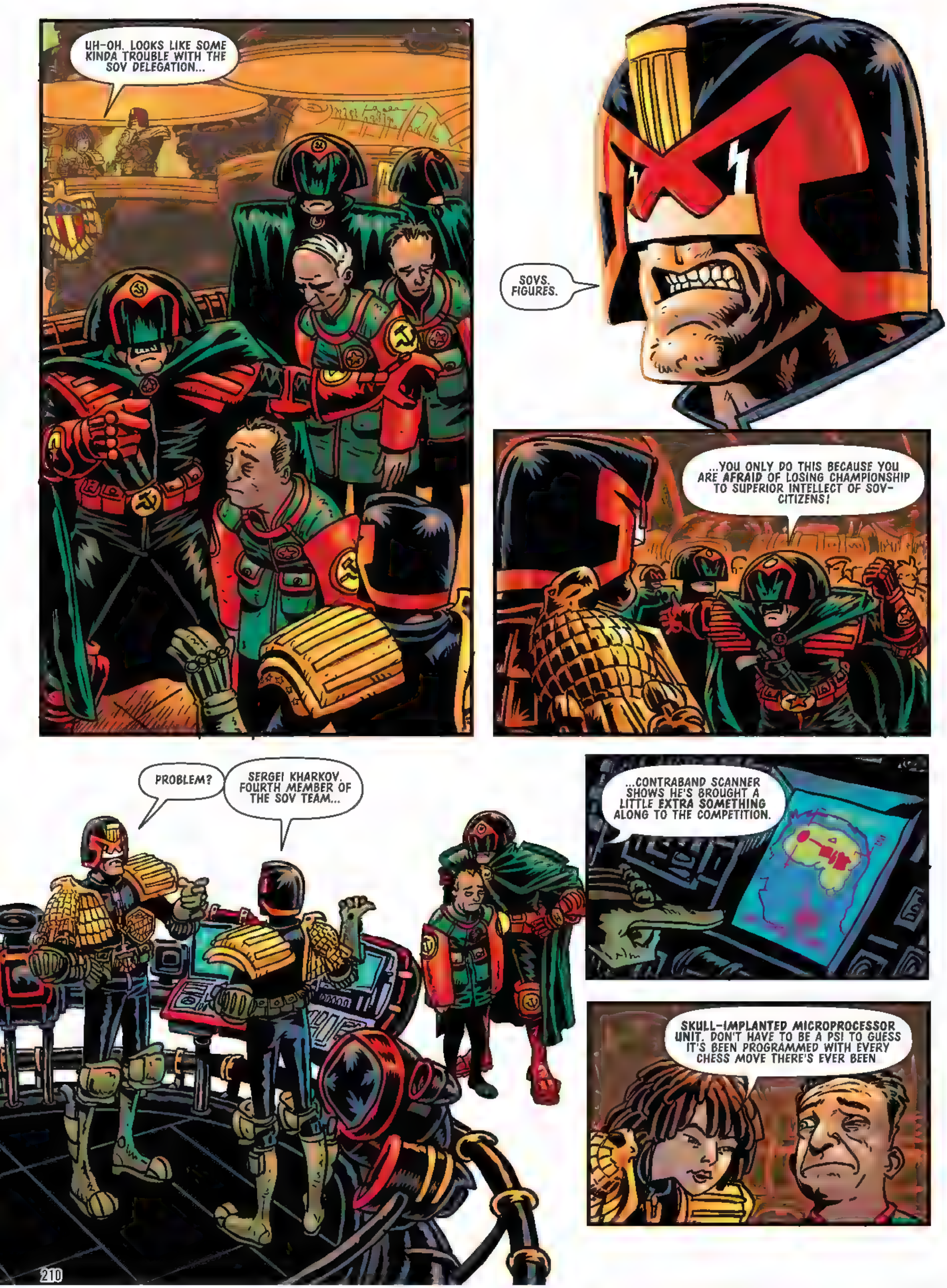

CHIP OFF THE OLD DREDD BLOCK, HUH? HE REALLY AS GOOD AS THEY SAY?
NOT YET. BUT HE WILL BE, ONE DAY.
GOOD WORKING WITH YOU. AND THANKS FOR WHAT YOU DID. WOULD HAVE BEEN SLAB PIZZA IF YOU HADN'T BEEN THERE.
RICO
LIKE YOU SAID TO THAT CIT, WE'RE JUDGES. I WAS JUST DOING MY DUTY.
RICO --
DREDD WAS MY FINAL ROOKIE TEST ASSESSOR TOO. YOU GOT ANY PROBLEMS, OR YOU WANNA TALK, AND DREDD'S NOT AROUND, I'D BE HAPPY TO FILL IN FOR HIM.
MAYBE WE'LL PARTNER EACH OTHER AGAIN SOMETIME. ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ANOTHER GOOD BACK-UP MAN.
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME.
BOY WONDER. DREDD JNR. BUT SOMETHING ELSE TOO. SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT..
A **BROTHER JUDGE.** AT THE END OF THE DAY, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.
THE END

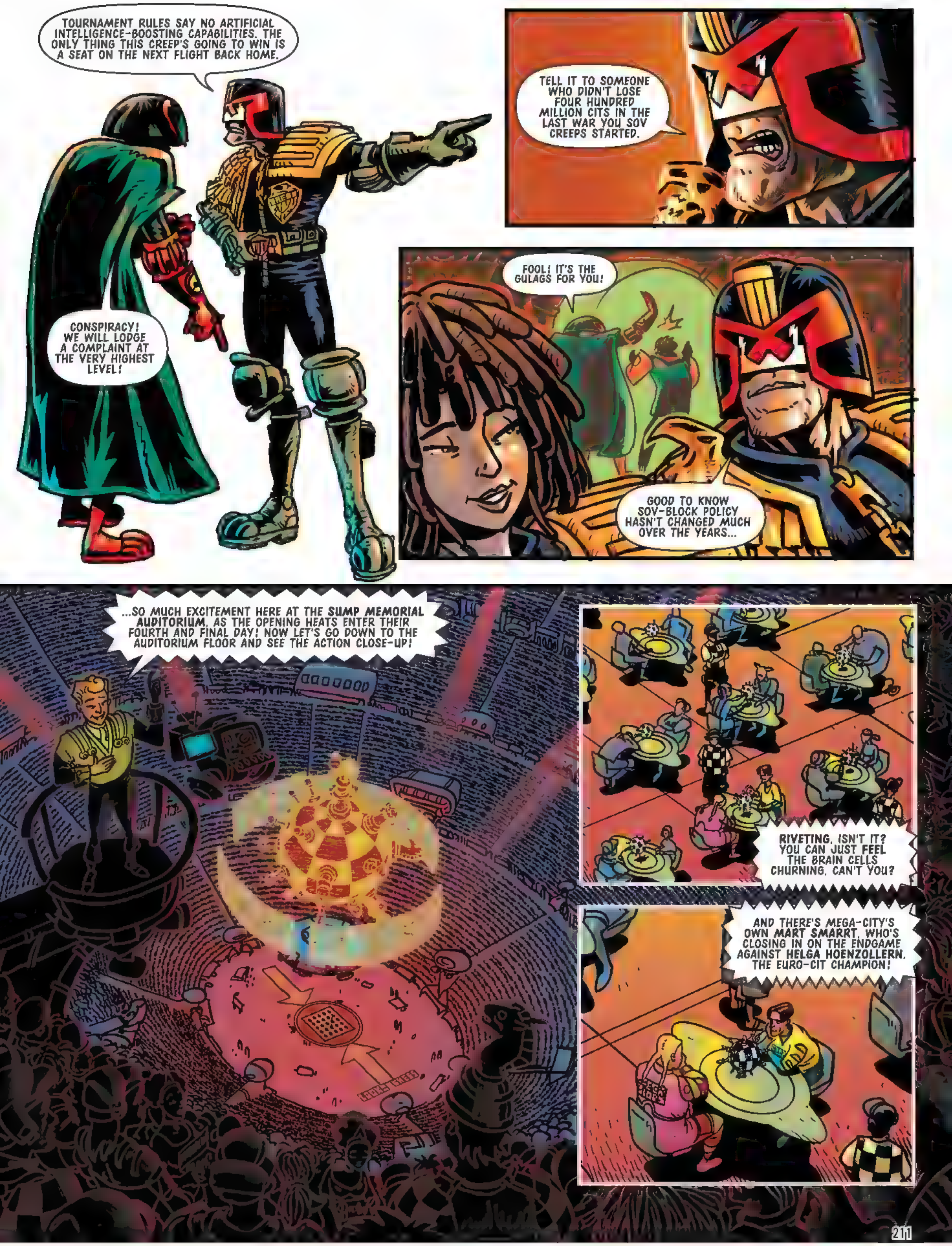
JUDGE DREDD

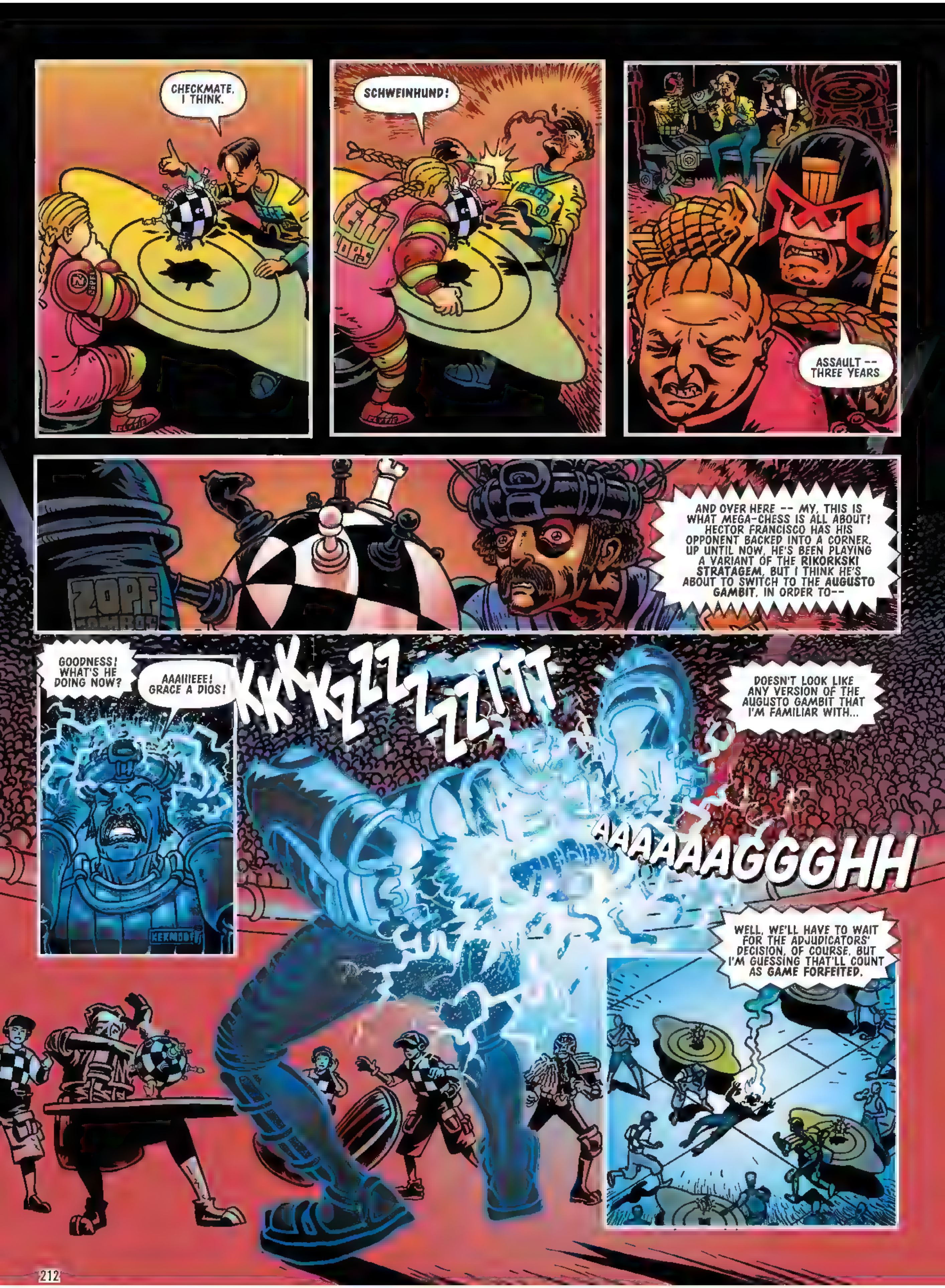
MASTER MOVES

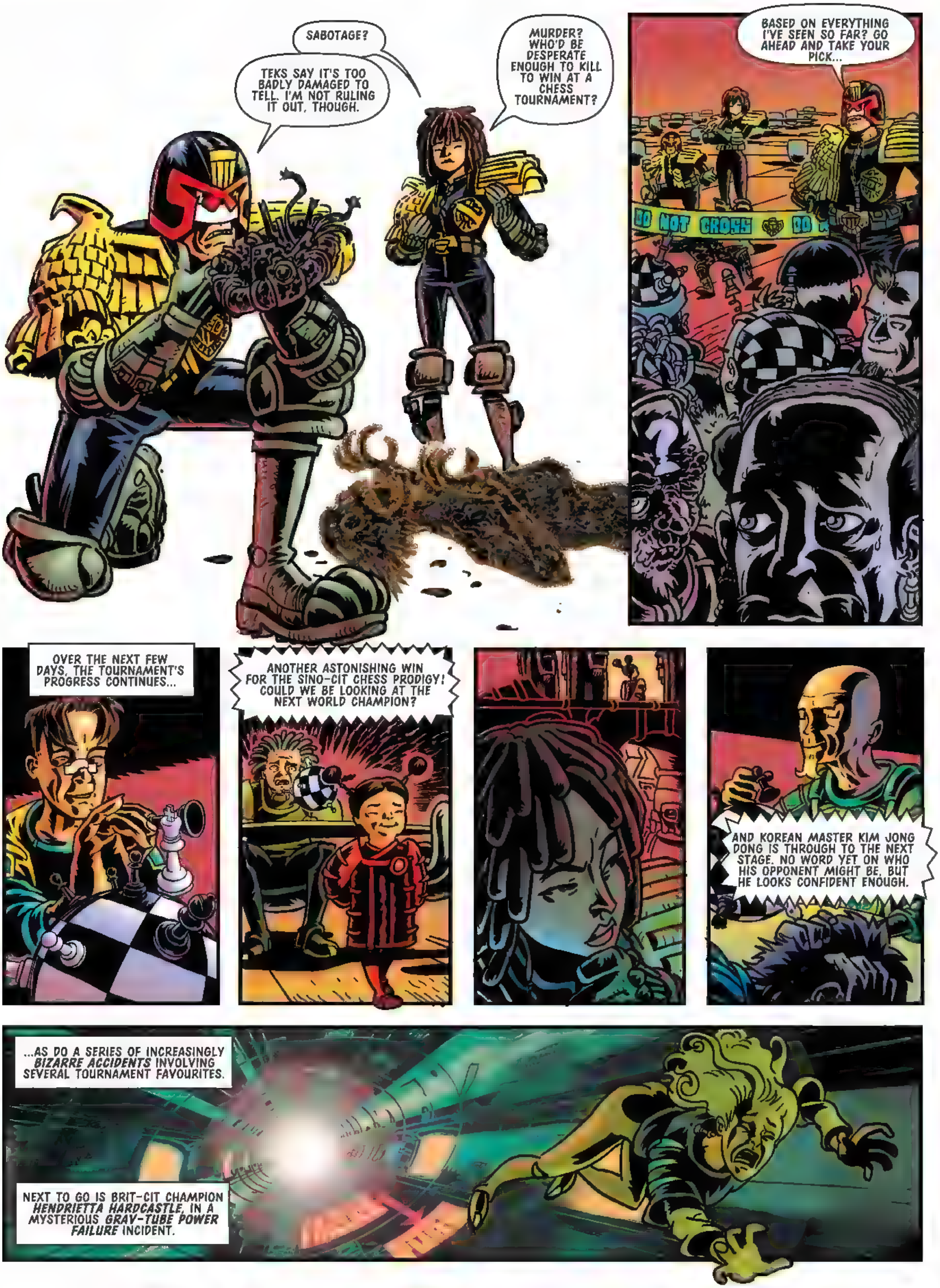

GREETINGS, GAMES FANS! YOU JOIN ME HERE AT GIL GERARD MEMORIAL SPACEPORT, WHERE THE CONTESTANTS ARE ARRIVING FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD AND BEYOND FOR THIS WEEK'S THRILLING BATTLE OF INTELLECTUAL GIANTS.
THAT'S RIGHT, CULTURE VULTURES! THIS WEEK, THE BIG MEG PLAYS HOST TO THE MEGA-CHESS CHAMPIONSHIPS!
AS YOU CAN SEE, THE WHOLE CITY'S POSITIVELY AGOG WITH EXCITEMENT! NOW LET'S GO INSIDE AND GIVE SOME OF THE CONTESTANTS A TRADITIONAL BIG MEG WELCOME AS THEY ARRIVE FOR THE TOURNAMENT!
MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE NEWS, HIGH-RISE HEAD, BUT MUTIES ARE BARRED FROM ENTRY INTO MEGA-CITY.
M-MUTIE?
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE
ART D'ISRAELI
LETTERS TOM FRAME
THERE MUST BE A MISUNDERSTANDING, JUDGE. SVEN TEFALLSEN IS SCANDIC MEGA-CHESS CHAMPION. HIS SKULL SHAPE IS A RESULT OF EVOLUTION, NOT MUTATION.
SVEN IS PROTOTYPE FOR THE NEXT STAGE OF MENTALLY-SUPERIOR HUMAN INTELLIGENCE. HE HAS AN ESTIMATED I.Q. OF NEARLY THREE HUNDRED.
GUESS HE'LL BE ABLE TO BOOK HIS OWN TICKET HOME, THEN.
MR THREE HUNDRED I.Q. HERE FORGOT TO APPLY FOR AN ENTRANCE VISA. NO VISA, NO ENTRY.

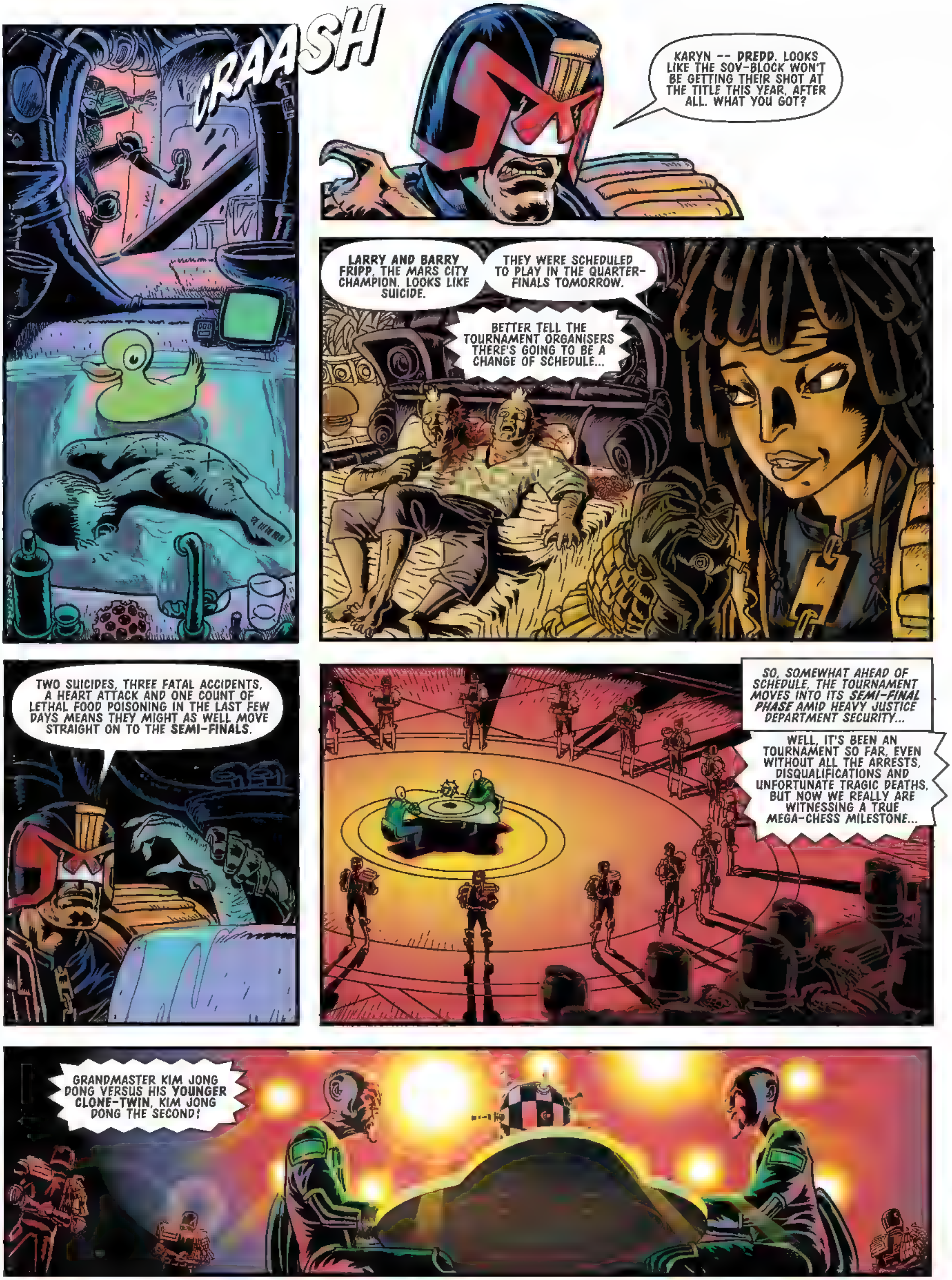

SEE YOUR DIPLOMACY SKILLS ARE STILL AS GOOD AS EVER, DREDD...
KARYN. YOU ASSIGNED TO THIS FREAKSHOW TOO?
'FRAID SO. SIXTEEN PSI-CRIMES WERE REPORTED AT LAST YEAR'S CHAMPIONSHIPS IN BRIT-CIT -- EVERYTHING FROM ILLEGAL PRECOGNITION TO ATTEMPTED MIND CONTROL.
JUSTICE CENTRAL FIGURED YOU MIGHT NEED SOME SPECIALIST BACK-UP.
SO WHAT'S THIS CREEP'S STORY?
HECTOR FRANCISCO, THE SOUTH-AM GRANDMASTER...
HE THINKS THE SOVS ARE TRYING TO BEAM TRANSMISSIONS INTO HIS SKULL FROM AN ORBITING SATELLITE.
TEK-DIVISION HAVE ALREADY CHECKED IT OUT. NADA, THEY SAY.
GRUD, MUST BE A KOOK-CUBES SHORTAGE DOWN THERE IN SOUTH-AM.
AND THERE'S CHENG MAO YING, THE SINO-CIT GRANDMASTER AND TOURNAMENT FAVOURITE.
SHE BROUGHT A JUVE WITH HER?
NOT QUITE, DREDD...
THE JUVE IS CHENG MAO YING. FOUR YEARS OLD, THE RESULT OF INTENSIVE GENETIC HOT-HOUSING TO BREED THE ULTIMATE CHESS CHAMPION.
THEY HAVEN'T PRODUCED A WORLD CHAMPION SINCE THE DEATH OF GRANDMASTER CHO YEN LHOW FOUR YEARS AGO, AND THEY WANT THEIR TITLE BACK.
THEY TAKE MEGA-CHESS SERIOUSLY IN SINO-CIT, I GUESS.

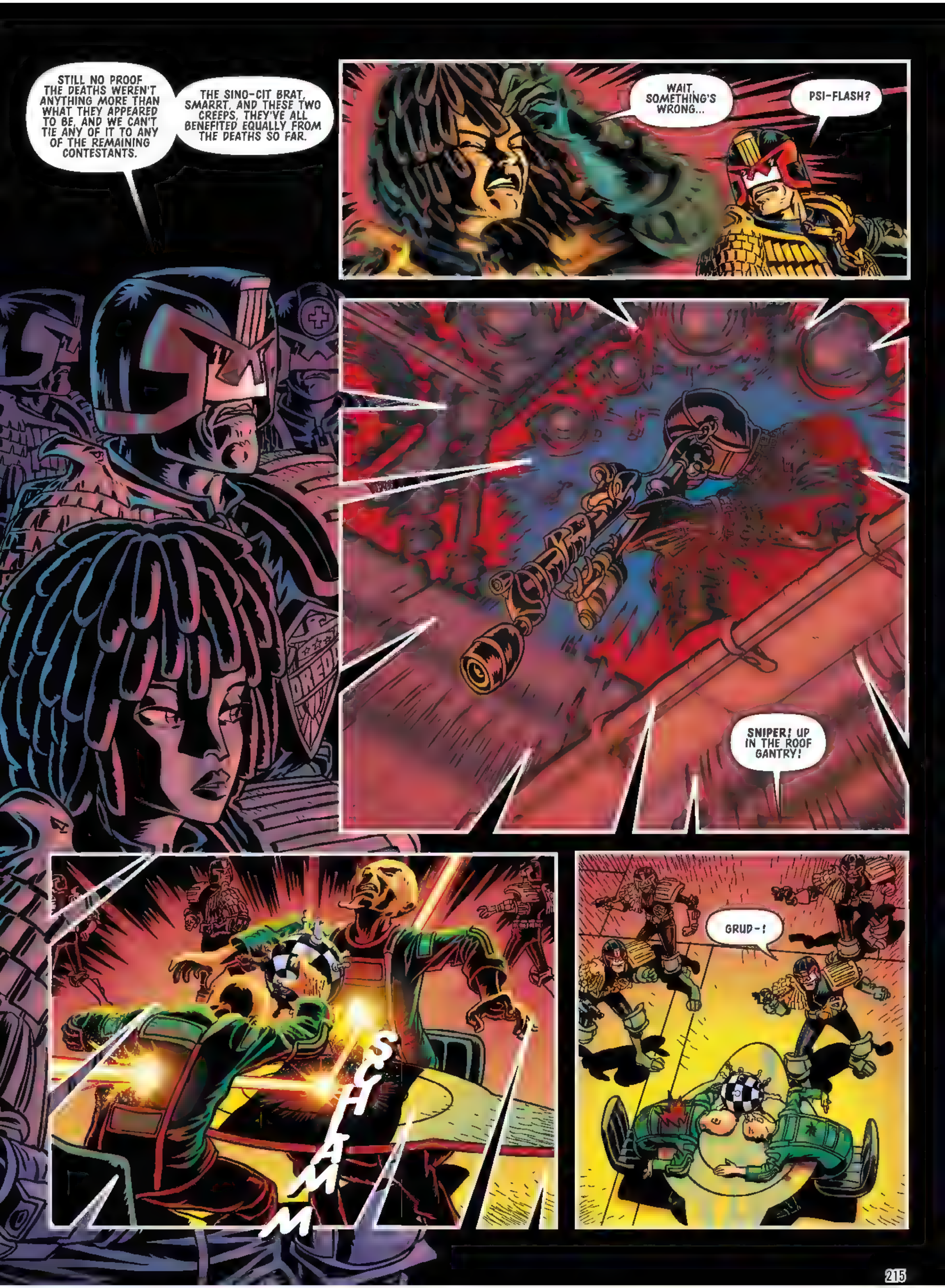

UH-OH. LOOKS LIKE SOME KINDA TROUBLE WITH THE SOV DELEGATION...
SOVS. FIGURES.
...YOU ONLY DO THIS BECAUSE YOU ARE AFRAID OF LOSING CHAMPIONSHIP TO SUPERIOR INTELLECT OF SOV-CITIZENS!
PROBLEM?
SERGEI KHARKOV. FOURTH MEMBER OF THE SOV TEAM...
...CONTRABAND SCANNER SHOWS HE'S BROUGHT A LITTLE EXTRA SOMETHING ALONG TO THE COMPETITION.
SKULL-IMPLANTED MICROPROCESSOR UNIT. DON'T HAVE TO BE A PSI TO GUESS IT'S BEEN PROGRAMMED WITH EVERY CHESS MOVE THERE'S EVER BEEN

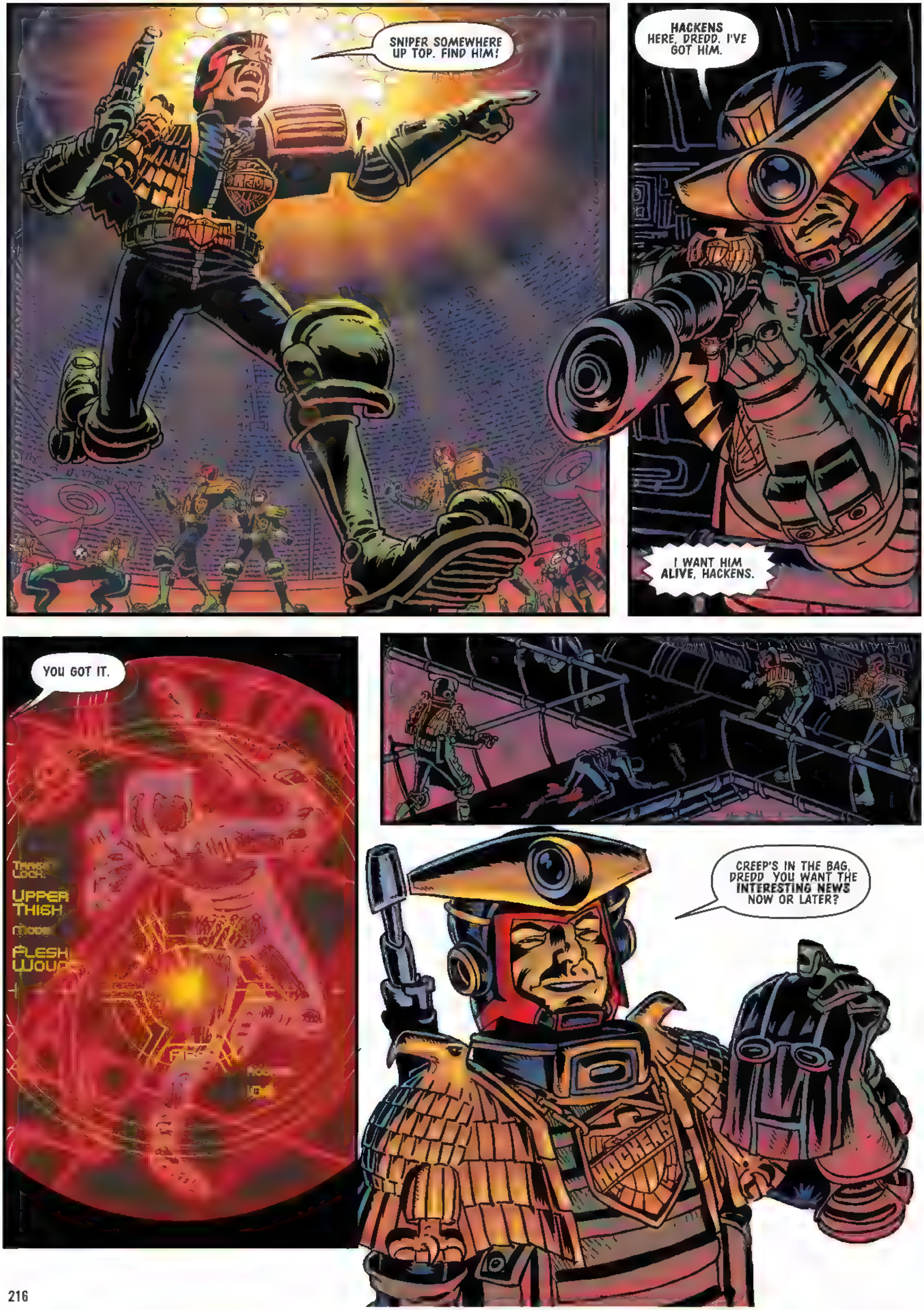

TOURNAMENT RULES SAY NO ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE-BOOSTING CAPABILITIES. THE ONLY THING THIS CREEP'S GOING TO WIN IS A SEAT ON THE NEXT FLIGHT BACK HOME.
CONSPIRACY! WE WILL LODGE A COMPLAINT AT THE VERY HIGHEST LEVEL!
TELL IT TO SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T LOSE FOUR HUNDRED MILLION CITS IN THE LAST WAR YOU SOV CREEPS STARTED.
FOOL! IT'S THE GULAGS FOR YOU!
GOOD TO KNOW SOV-BLOCK POLICY HASN'T CHANGED MUCH OVER THE YEARS...
...SO MUCH EXCITEMENT HERE AT THE **SUMP MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM**, AS THE OPENING HEATS ENTER THEIR FOURTH AND FINAL DAY! NOW LET'S GO DOWN TO THE AUDITORIUM FLOOR AND SEE THE ACTION CLOSE-UP!
RIVETING, ISN'T IT? YOU CAN JUST **FEEL** THE BRAIN CELLS CHURNING, CAN'T YOU?
AND THERE'S MEGA-CITY'S OWN **MART SMARRT**, WHO'S CLOSING IN ON THE ENDGAME AGAINST **HELGA HOENZOLLERN**, THE EURO-CIT CHAMPION!

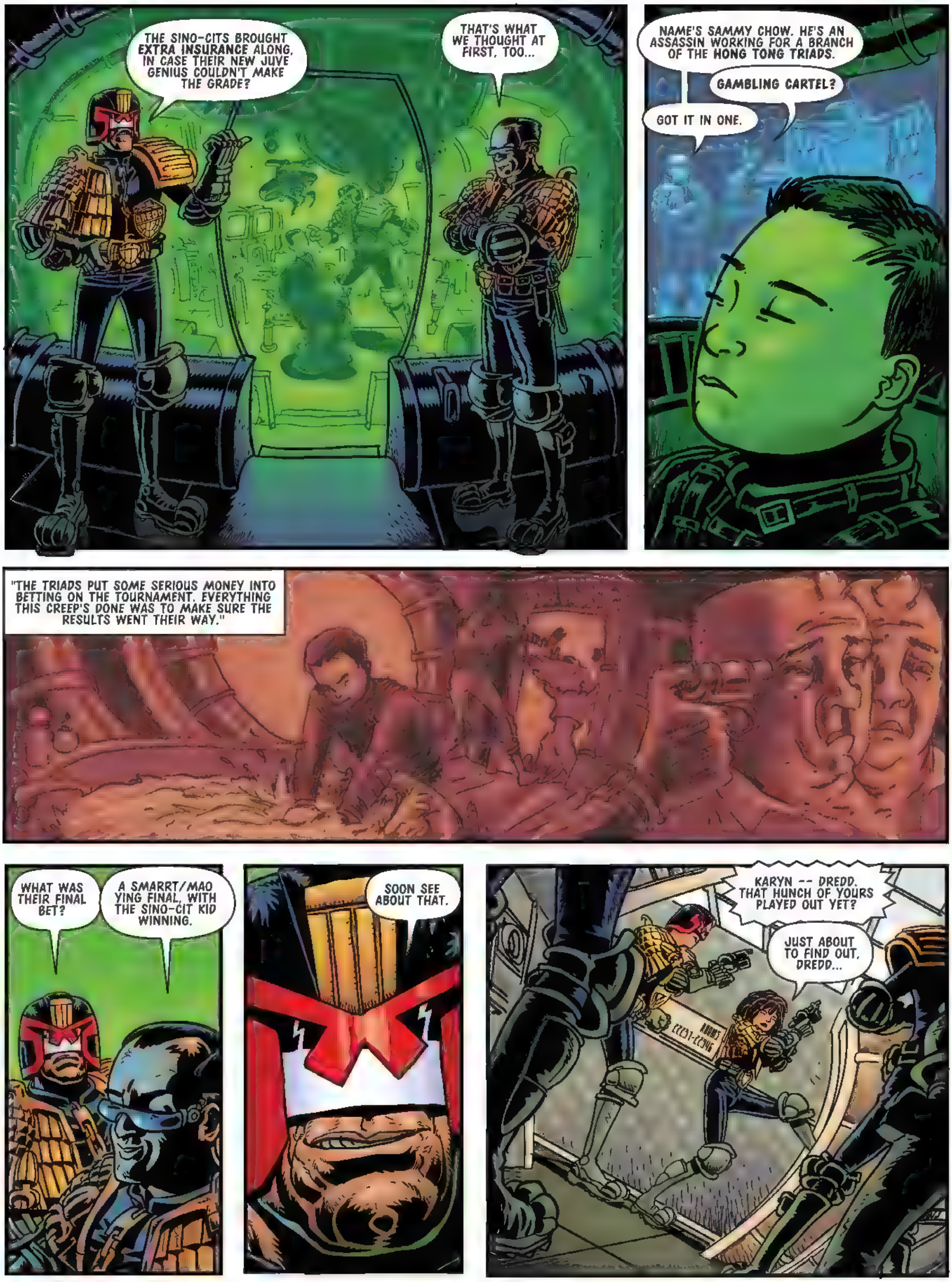

CHECKMATE, I THINK.
SCHWEINHUND!
ASSAULT -- THREE YEARS.
AND OVER HERE -- MY, THIS IS WHAT MEGA-CHESS IS ALL ABOUT! HECTOR FRANCISCO HAS HIS OPPONENT BACKED INTO A CORNER. UP UNTIL NOW, HE'S BEEN PLAYING A VARIANT OF THE RIKORKSKI STRATAGEM, BUT I THINK HE'S ABOUT TO SWITCH TO THE AUGUSTO GAMBIT, IN ORDER TO--
ZOPF
GOODNESS! WHAT'S HE DOING NOW?
AAAIIIEEE! GRACE A DIOS!
KKKKZZZZZZZTTTT
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY VERSION OF THE AUGUSTO GAMBIT THAT I'M FAMILIAR WITH...
AAAAAAGGGHH
KERMODE
WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE ADJUDICATORS' DECISION, OF COURSE, BUT I'M GUESSING THAT'LL COUNT AS GAME FORFEITED.

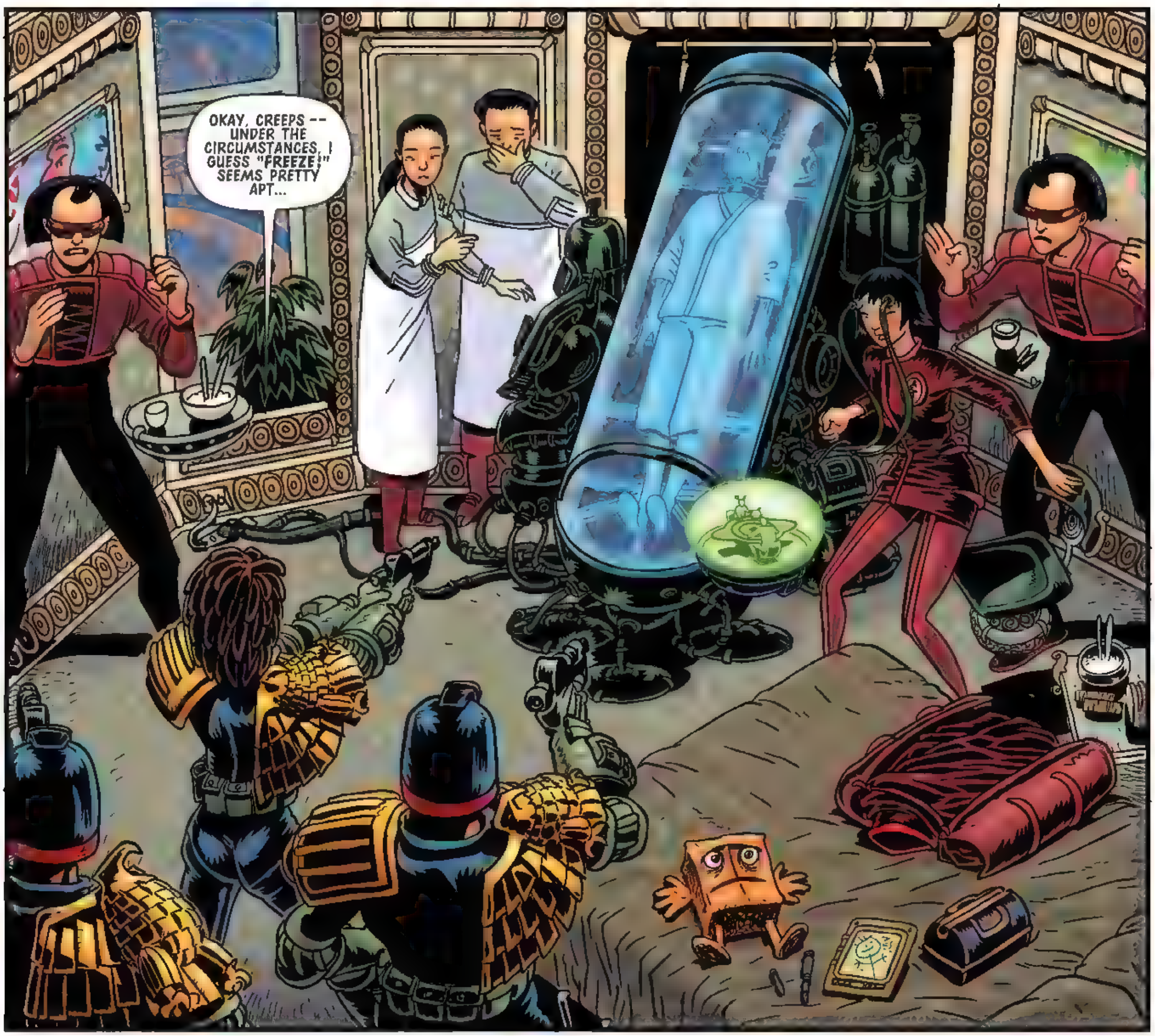

SABOTAGE?
TEKS SAY IT'S TOO BADLY DAMAGED TO TELL. I'M NOT RULING IT OUT, THOUGH.
MURDER? WHO'D BE DESPERATE ENOUGH TO KILL TO WIN AT A CHESS TOURNAMENT?
BASED ON EVERYTHING I'VE SEEN SO FAR? GO AHEAD AND TAKE YOUR PICK...
DO NOT CROSS
OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE TOURNAMENT'S PROGRESS CONTINUES...
ANOTHER ASTONISHING WIN FOR THE SINO-CIT CHESS PRODIGY! COULD WE BE LOOKING AT THE NEXT WORLD CHAMPION?
AND KOREAN MASTER KIM JONG DONG IS THROUGH TO THE NEXT STAGE. NO WORD YET ON WHO HIS OPPONENT MIGHT BE, BUT HE LOOKS CONFIDENT ENOUGH.
...AS DO A SERIES OF INCREASINGLY *BIZARRE ACCIDENTS* INVOLVING SEVERAL TOURNAMENT FAVOURITES.
NEXT TO GO IS BRIT-CIT CHAMPION *HENDRIETTA HARDCASTLE*, IN A MYSTERIOUS *GRAV-TUBE POWER FAILURE* INCIDENT.

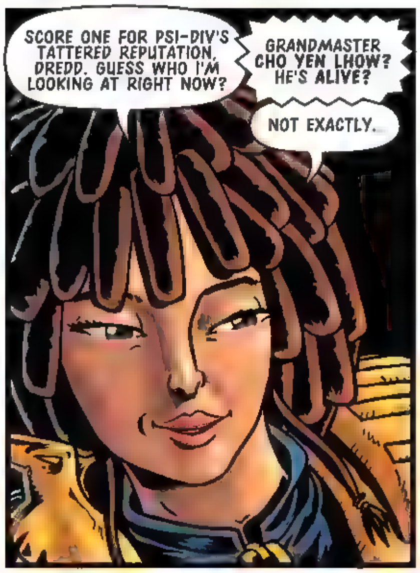

CRAASH
KARYN -- DREDD. LOOKS LIKE THE SOV-BLOCK WON'T BE GETTING THEIR SHOT AT THE TITLE THIS YEAR, AFTER ALL. WHAT YOU GOT?
LARRY AND BARRY FRIPP, THE MARS CITY CHAMPION. LOOKS LIKE SUICIDE.
THEY WERE SCHEDULED TO PLAY IN THE QUARTER-FINALS TOMORROW.
BETTER TELL THE TOURNAMENT ORGANISERS THERE'S GOING TO BE A CHANGE OF SCHEDULE...
TWO SUICIDES, THREE FATAL ACCIDENTS, A HEART ATTACK AND ONE COUNT OF LETHAL FOOD POISONING IN THE LAST FEW DAYS MEANS THEY MIGHT AS WELL MOVE STRAIGHT ON TO THE SEMI-FINALS.
SO, SOMEWHAT AHEAD OF SCHEDULE, THE TOURNAMENT MOVES INTO ITS SEMI-FINAL PHASE AMID HEAVY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SECURITY...
WELL, IT'S BEEN AN TOURNAMENT SO FAR, EVEN WITHOUT ALL THE ARRESTS, DISQUALIFICATIONS AND UNFORTUNATE TRAGIC DEATHS, BUT NOW WE REALLY ARE WITNESSING A TRUE MEGA-CHESS MILESTONE...
GRANDMASTER KIM JONG DONG VERSUS HIS YOUNGER CLONE-TWIN, KIM JONG DONG THE SECOND!

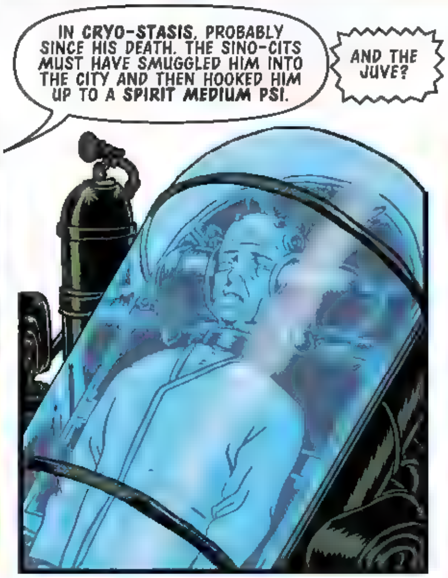

STILL NO PROOF THE DEATHS WEREN'T ANYTHING MORE THAN WHAT THEY APPEARED TO BE, AND WE CAN'T TIE ANY OF IT TO ANY OF THE REMAINING CONTESTANTS.
THE SINO-CIT BRAT, SMARRT, AND THESE TWO CREEPS, THEY'VE ALL BENEFITED EQUALLY FROM THE DEATHS SO FAR.
WAIT, SOMETHING'S WRONG...
PSI-FLASH?
DREDD
SNIPER! UP IN THE ROOF GANTRY!
SCHLAMM
GRUD-!

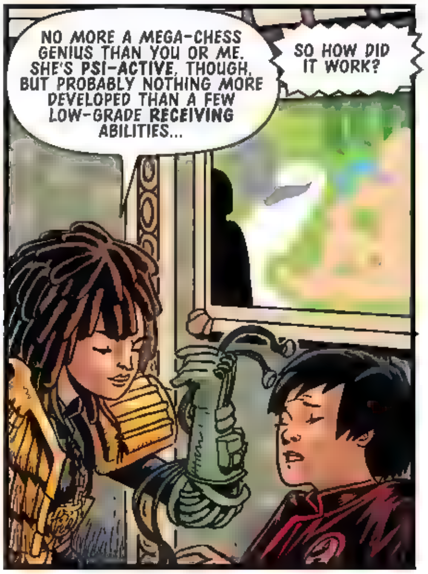

SNIPER SOMEWHERE UP TOP. FIND HIM!
HACKENS HERE, DREDD. I'VE GOT HIM.
I WANT HIM ALIVE, HACKENS.
YOU GOT IT.
TARGET LOCK:
UPPER THIGH
FLESH WOU
CREEP'S IN THE BAG, DREDD. YOU WANT THE **INTERESTING NEWS** NOW OR LATER?
HACKENS

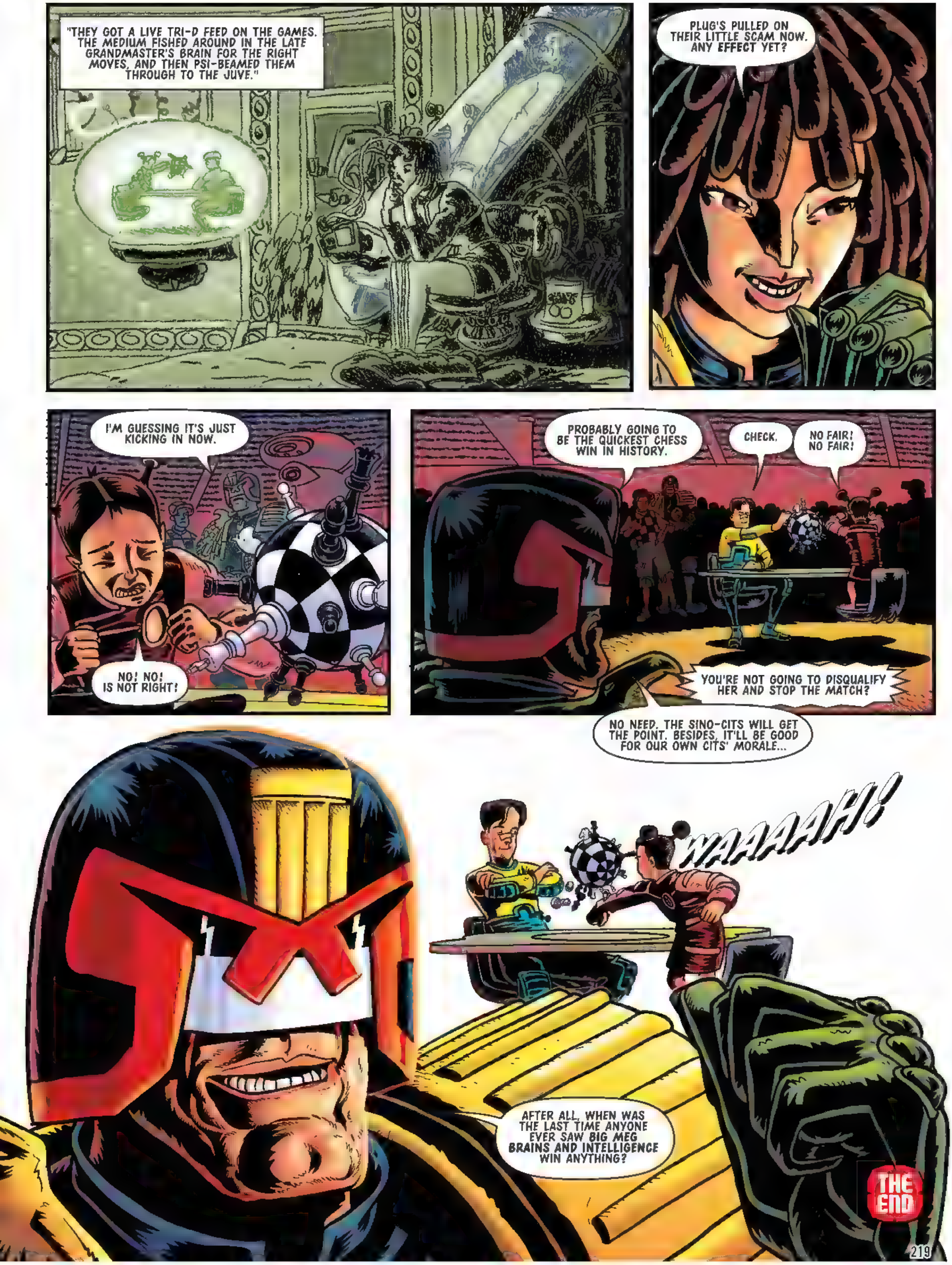

THE SINO-CITS BROUGHT EXTRA INSURANCE ALONG, IN CASE THEIR NEW JUVE GENIUS COULDN'T MAKE THE GRADE?
THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT AT FIRST, TOO...
NAME'S SAMMY CHOW. HE'S AN ASSASSIN WORKING FOR A BRANCH OF THE HONG TONG TRIADS.
GAMBLING CARTEL?
GOT IT IN ONE.
"THE TRIADS PUT SOME SERIOUS MONEY INTO BETTING ON THE TOURNAMENT. EVERYTHING THIS CREEP'S DONE WAS TO MAKE SURE THE RESULTS WENT THEIR WAY."
WHAT WAS THEIR FINAL BET?
A SMARRT/MAO YING FINAL, WITH THE SINO-CIT KID WINNING.
SOON SEE ABOUT THAT.
KARYN -- DREDD. THAT HUNCH OF YOURS PLAYED OUT YET?
JUST ABOUT TO FIND OUT, DREDD...


OKAY, CREEPS -- UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I GUESS "FREEZE!" SEEMS PRETTY APT...


SCORE ONE FOR PSI-DIV'S TATTERED REPUTATION, DREDD. GUESS WHO I'M LOOKING AT RIGHT NOW?
GRANDMASTER CHO YEN LHOW? HE'S ALIVE?
NOT EXACTLY.

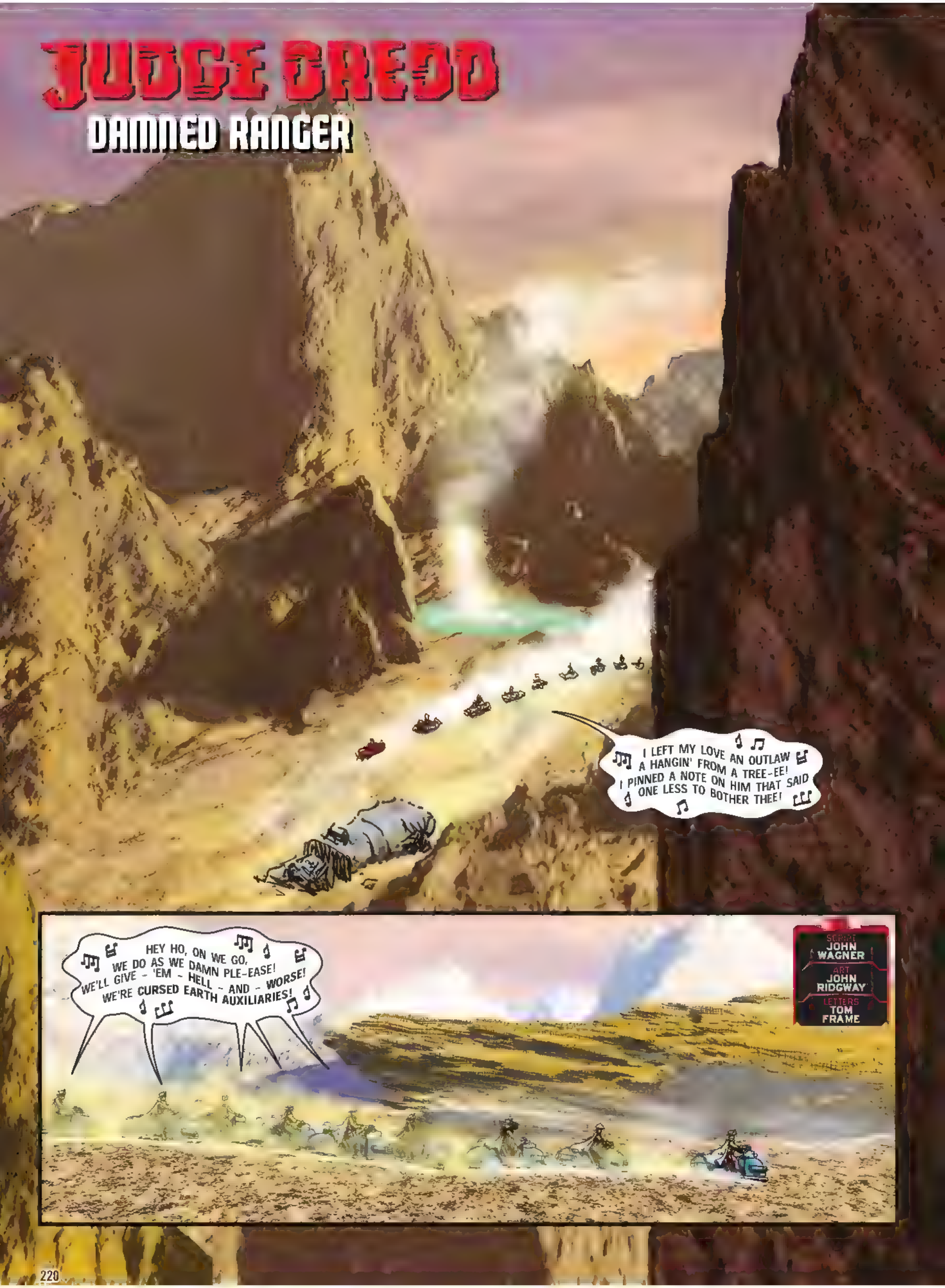

IN CRYO-STASIS, PROBABLY SINCE HIS DEATH. THE SINO-CITS MUST HAVE SMUGGLED HIM INTO THE CITY AND THEN HOOKED HIM UP TO A SPIRIT MEDIUM PSI.
AND THE JUVE?


NO MORE A MEGA-CHESS GENIUS THAN YOU OR ME. SHE'S PSI-ACTIVE, THOUGH, BUT PROBABLY NOTHING MORE DEVELOPED THAN A FEW LOW-GRADE RECEIVING ABILITIES...
SO HOW DID IT WORK?

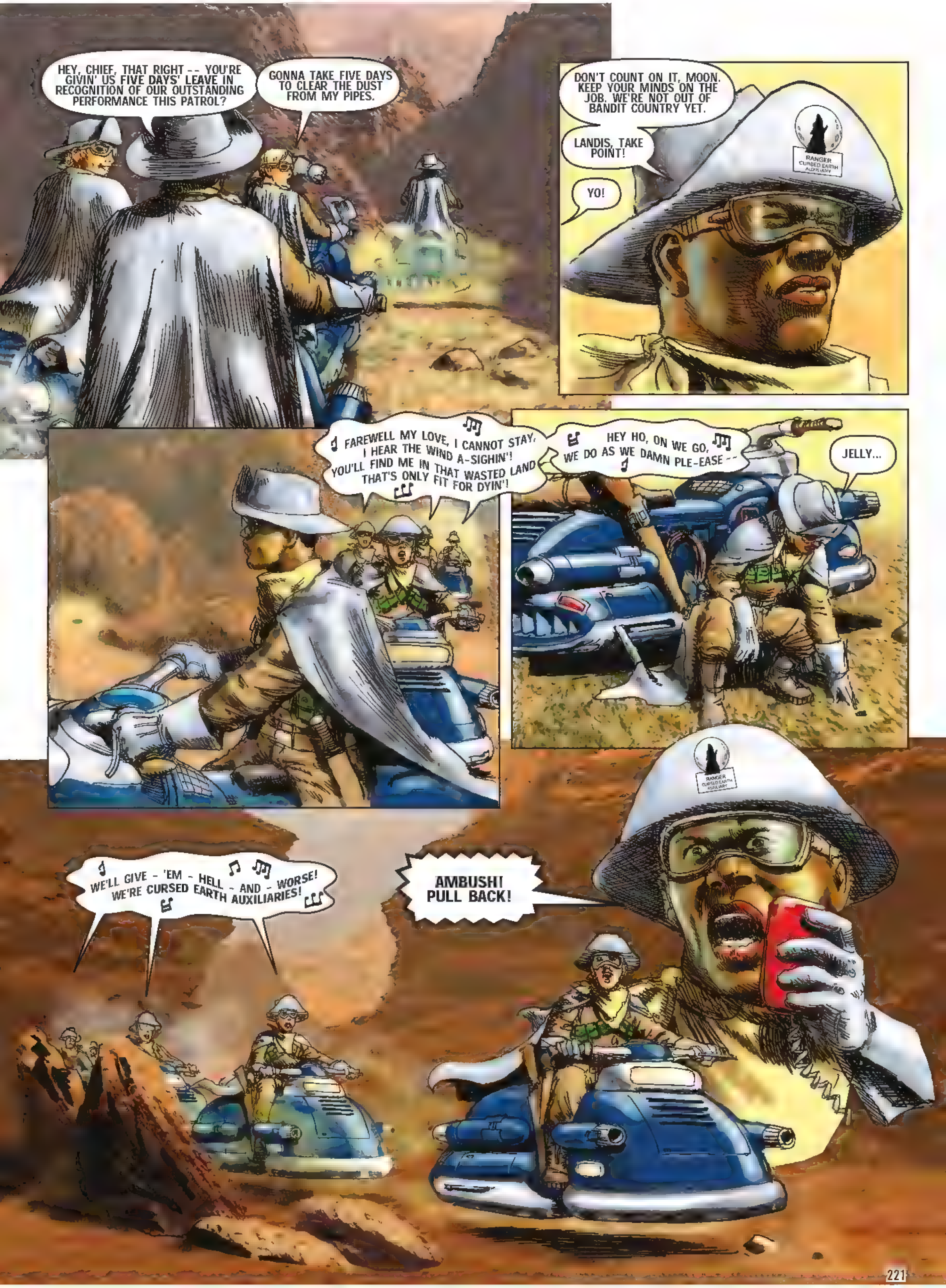

"THEY GOT A LIVE TRI-D FEED ON THE GAMES. THE MEDIUM FISHED AROUND IN THE LATE GRANDMASTER'S BRAIN FOR THE RIGHT MOVES, AND THEN PSI-BEAMED THEM THROUGH TO THE JUVE."
PLUG'S PULLED ON THEIR LITTLE SCAM NOW. ANY EFFECT YET?
I'M GUESSING IT'S JUST KICKING IN NOW.
NO! NO! IS NOT RIGHT!
PROBABLY GOING TO BE THE QUICKEST CHESS WIN IN HISTORY.
CHECK.
NO FAIR! NO FAIR!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DISQUALIFY HER AND STOP THE MATCH?
NO NEED. THE SINO-CITS WILL GET THE POINT. BESIDES, IT'LL BE GOOD FOR OUR OWN CITS' MORALE...
WAAAAAH!
AFTER ALL, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME ANYONE EVER SAW BIG MEG BRAINS AND INTELLIGENCE WIN ANYTHING?
THE END

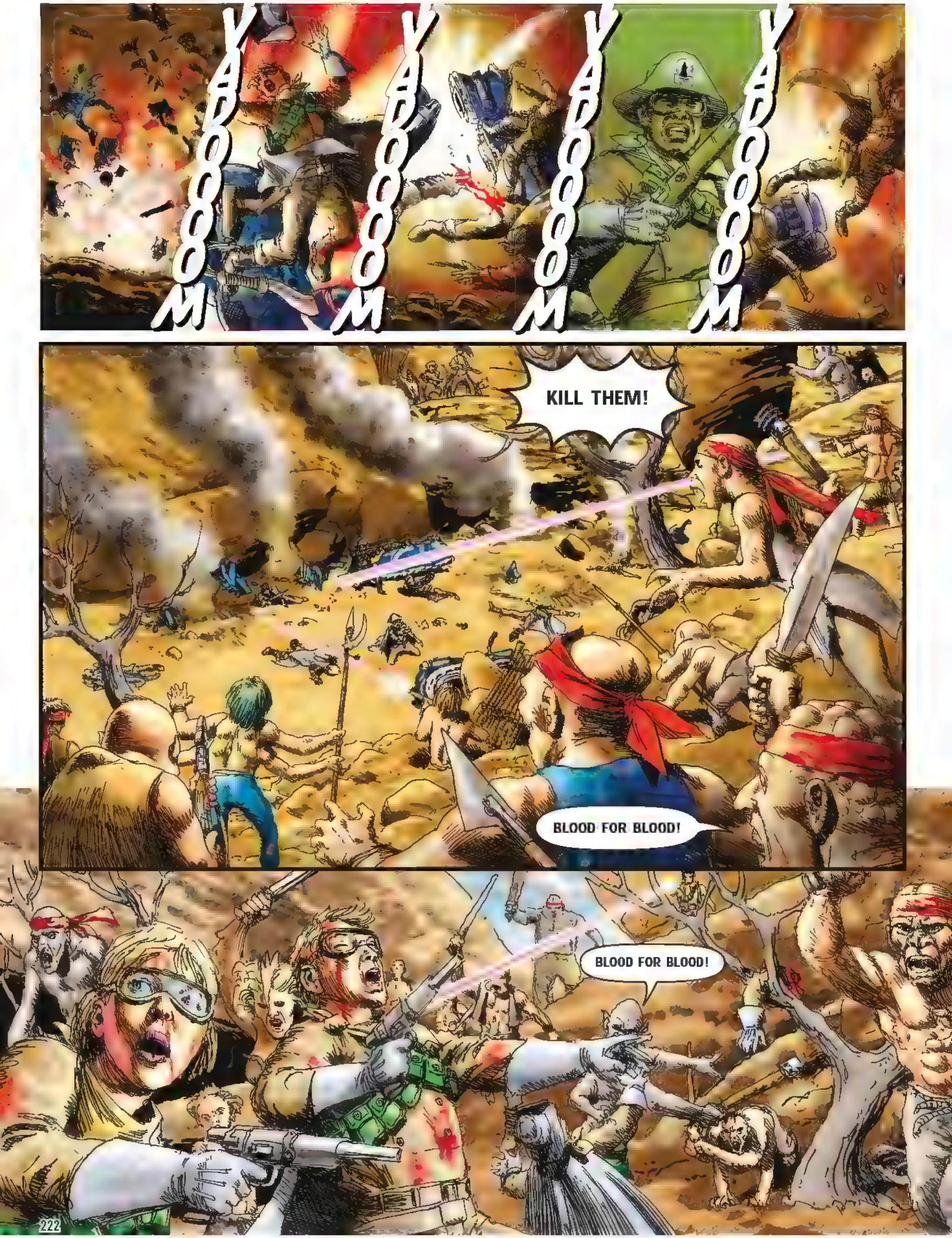
JUDGE DREDD

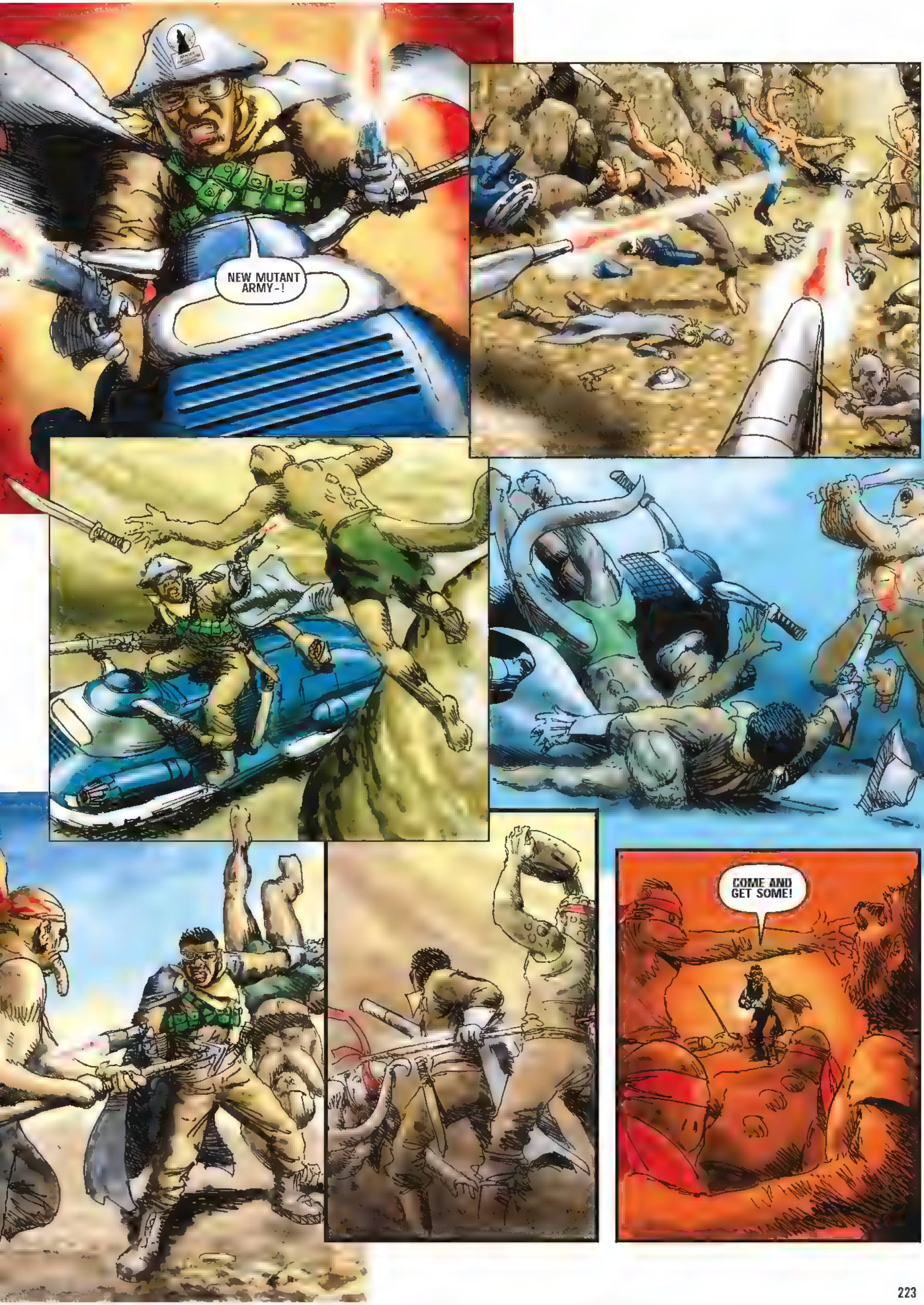
DAMNED RANGER


I LEFT MY LOVE AN OUTLAW A HANGIN' FROM A TREE-EE! I PINNED A NOTE ON HIM THAT SAID ONE LESS TO BOTHER THEE!
HEY HO, ON WE GO, WE DO AS WE DAMN PLE-EASE! WE'LL GIVE - 'EM - HELL - AND - WORSE! WE'RE CURSED EARTH AUXILIARIES!

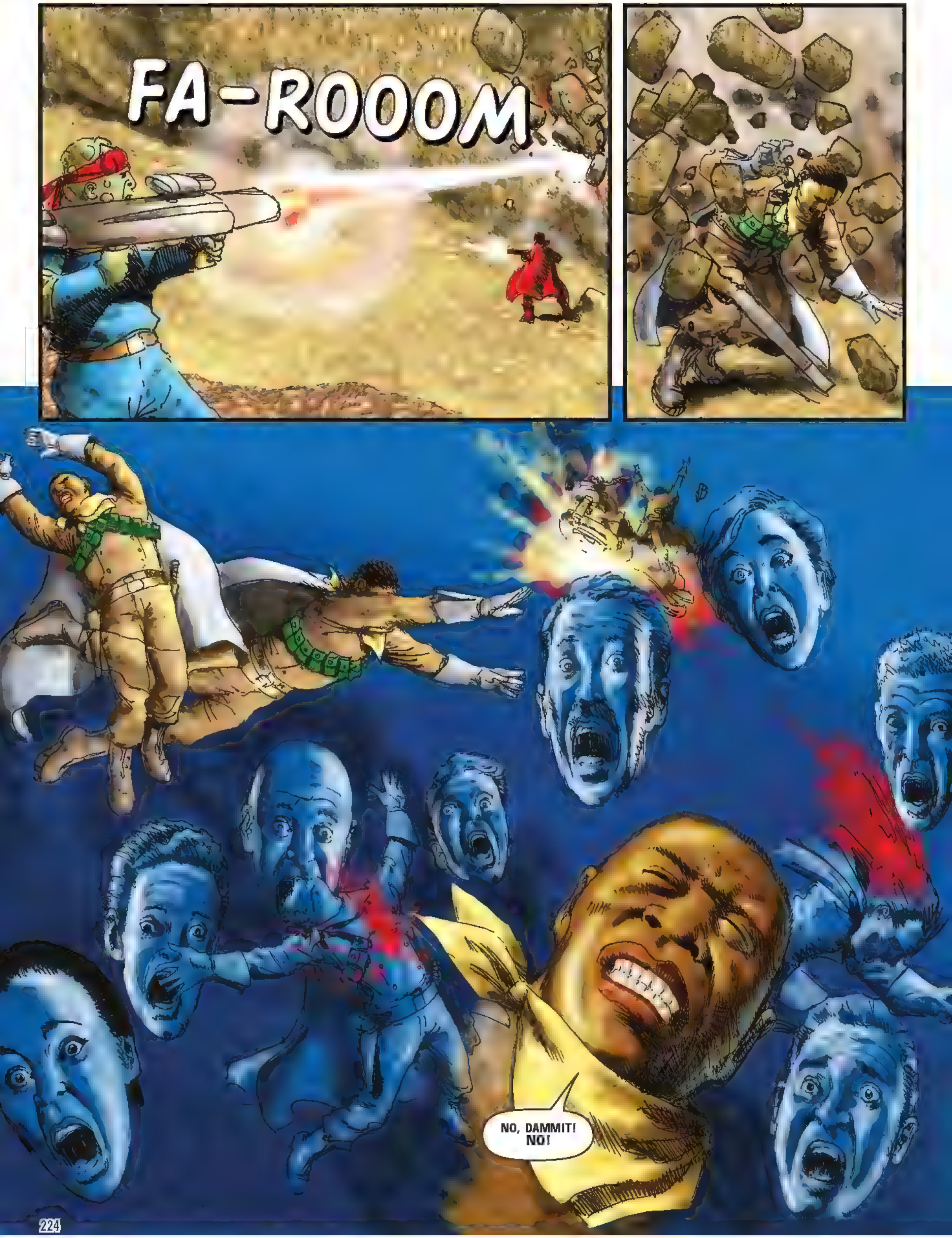
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERS TOM FRAME

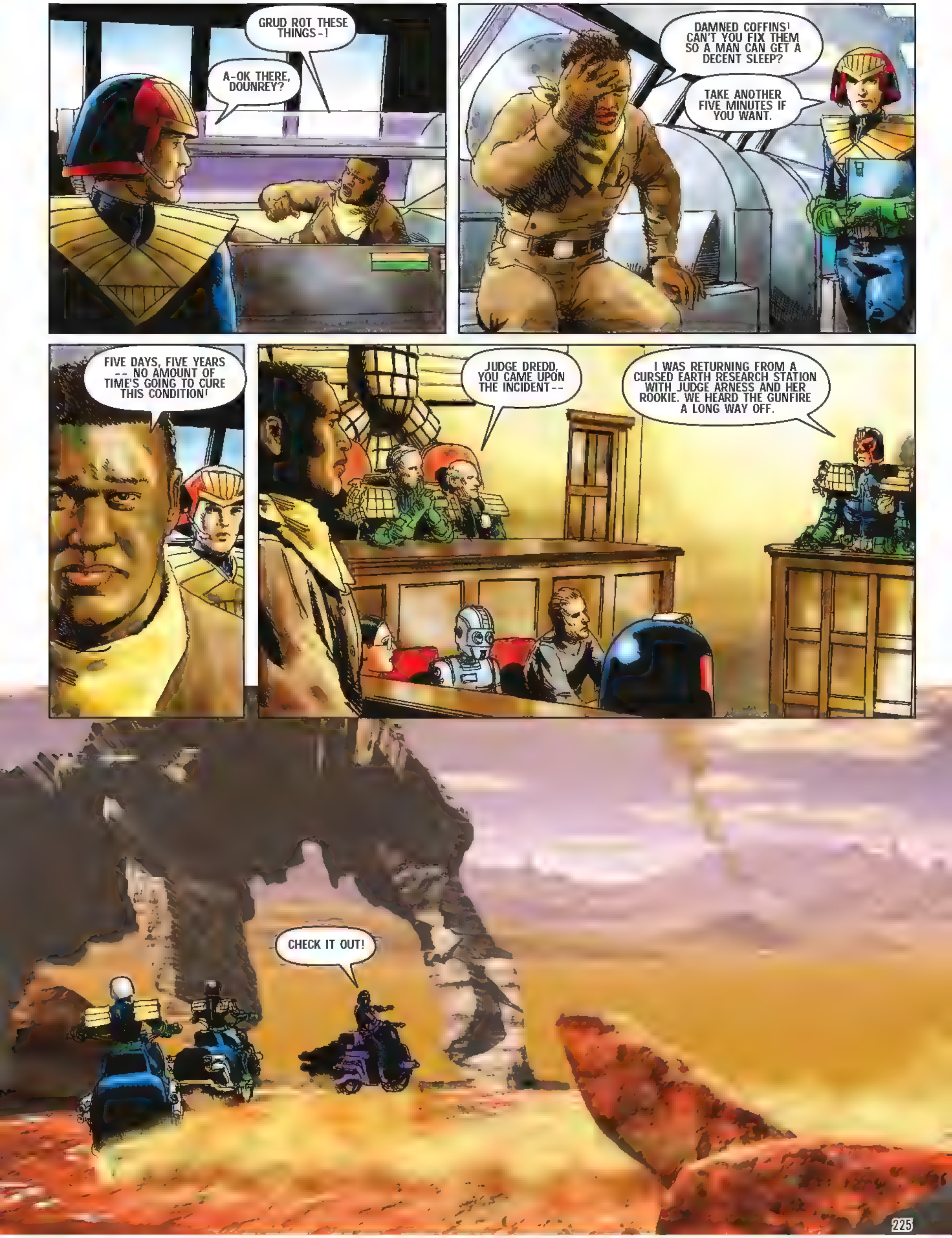

HEY, CHIEF, THAT RIGHT -- YOU'RE GIVIN' US FIVE DAYS' LEAVE IN RECOGNITION OF OUR OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE THIS PATROL?
GONNA TAKE FIVE DAYS TO CLEAR THE DUST FROM MY PIPES.
DON'T COUNT ON IT, MOON. KEEP YOUR MINDS ON THE JOB. WE'RE NOT OUT OF BANDIT COUNTRY YET.
LANDIS, TAKE POINT!
YO!
RANGER CURSED EARTH AUXILIARY
♩ FAREWELL MY LOVE, I CANNOT STAY, I HEAR THE WIND A-SIGHIN'! YOU'LL FIND ME IN THAT WASTED LAND THAT'S ONLY FIT FOR DYIN'! ♫
♫ HEY HO, ON WE GO, ♫ WE DO AS WE DAMN PLE-EASE -- ♩
JELLY...
♩ WE'LL GIVE - 'EM - HELL ♫ - AND - WORSE! WE'RE CURSED EARTH AUXILIARIES! ♫
AMBUSH! PULL BACK!
RANGER CURSED EARTH AUXILIARY

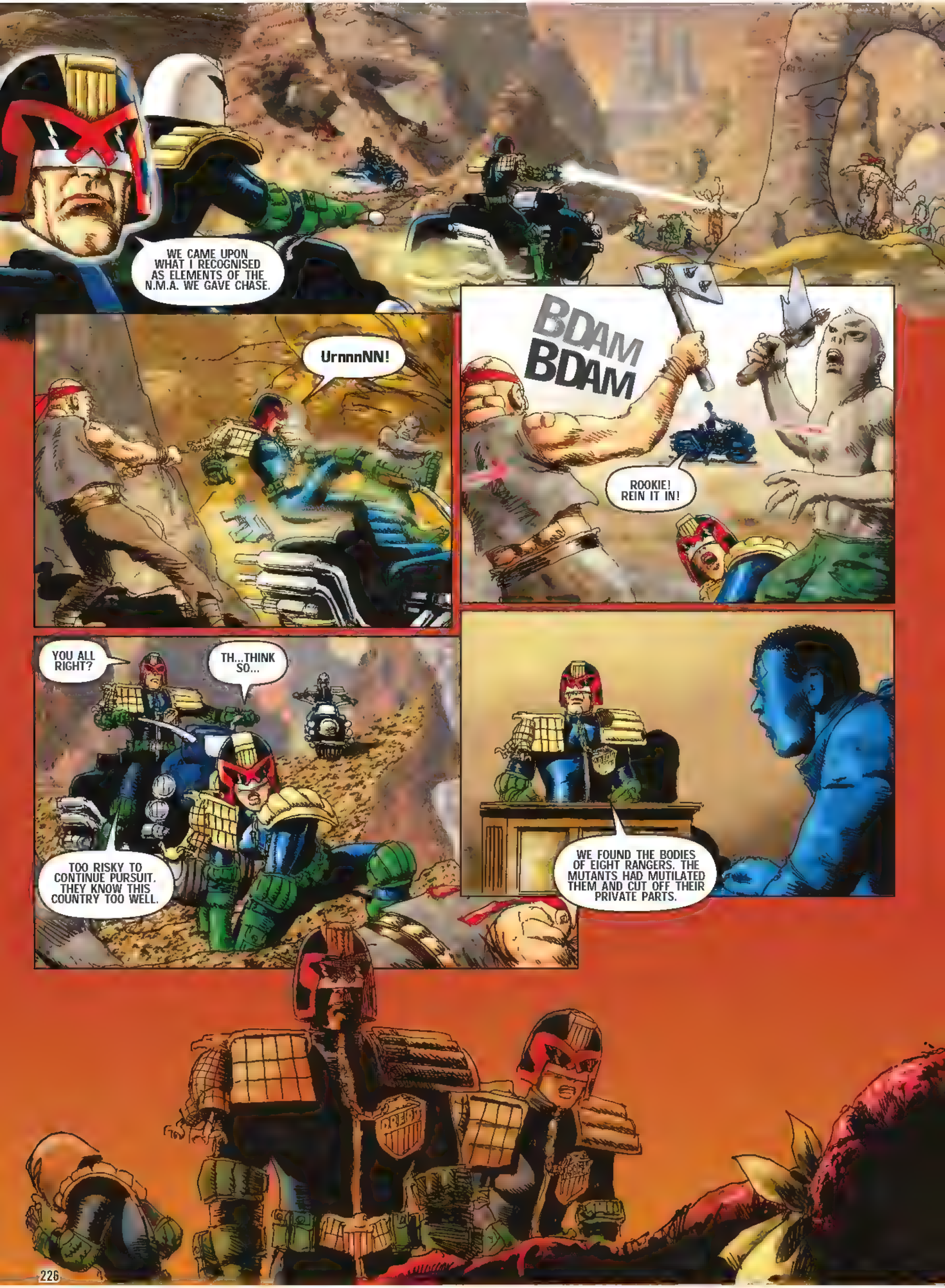

VADOOOOM
VADOOOOM
VADOOOOM
VADOOOOM
KILL THEM!
BLOOD FOR BLOOD!
BLOOD FOR BLOOD!

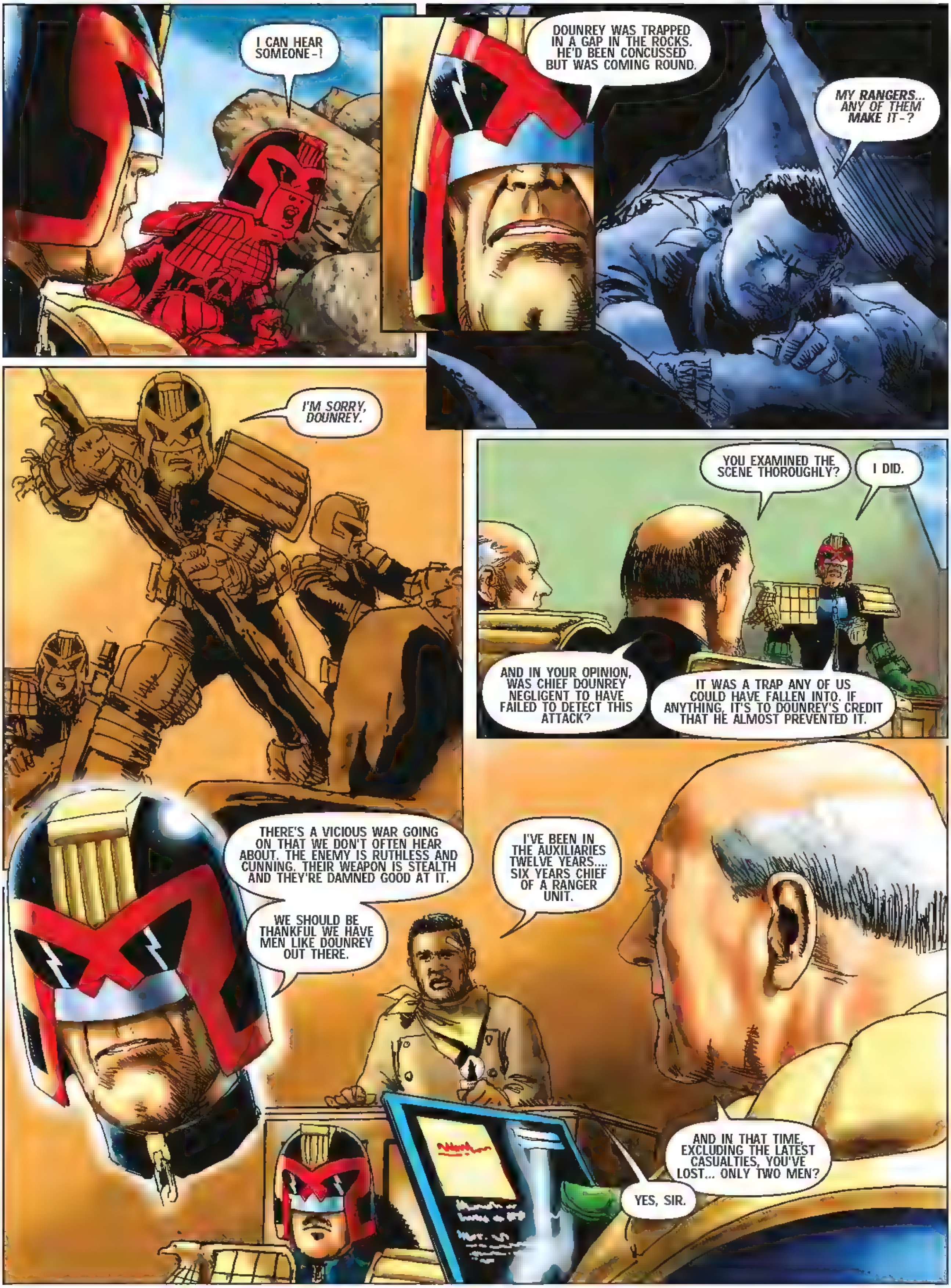


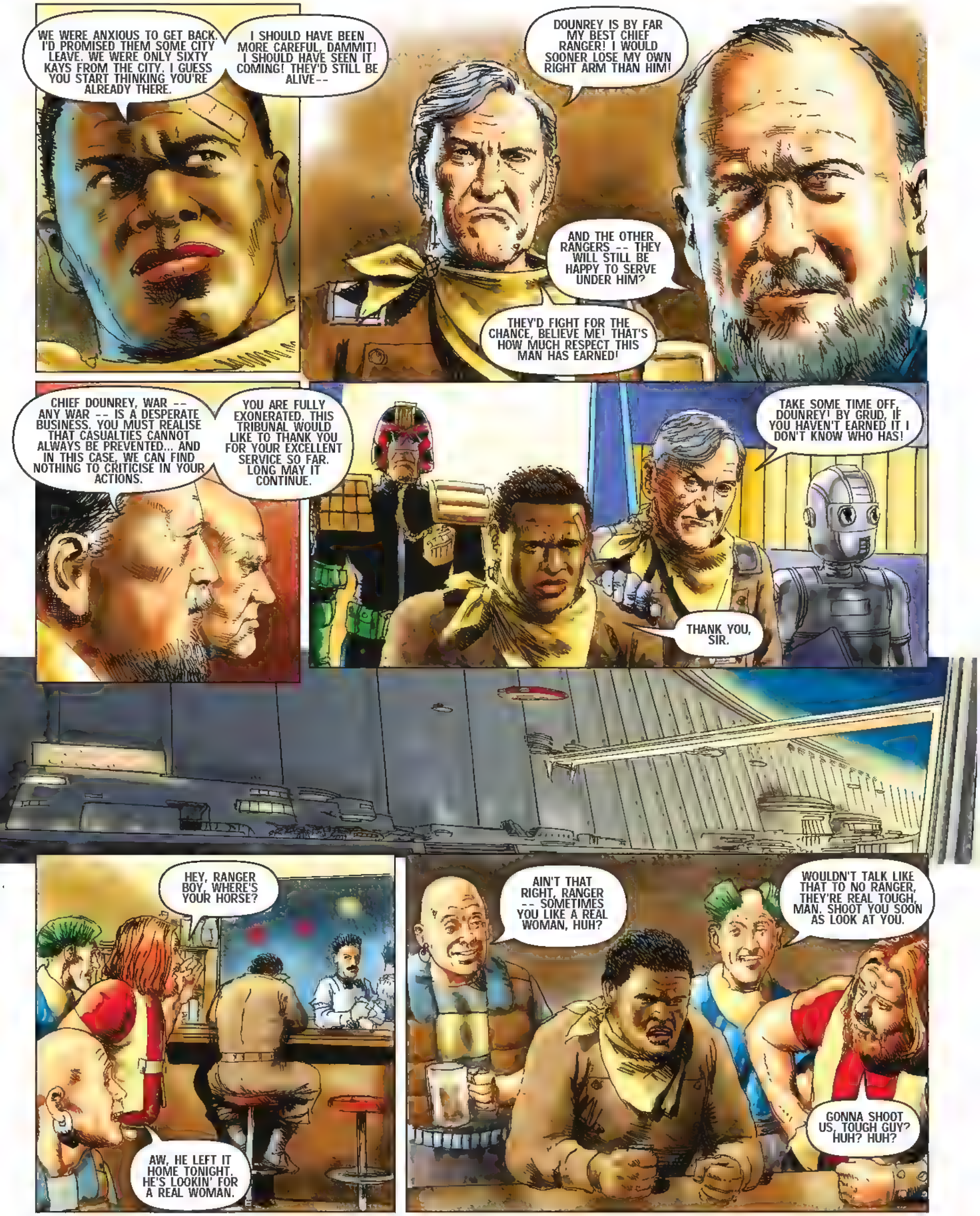
NEW MUTANT ARMY-!
COME AND GET SOME!

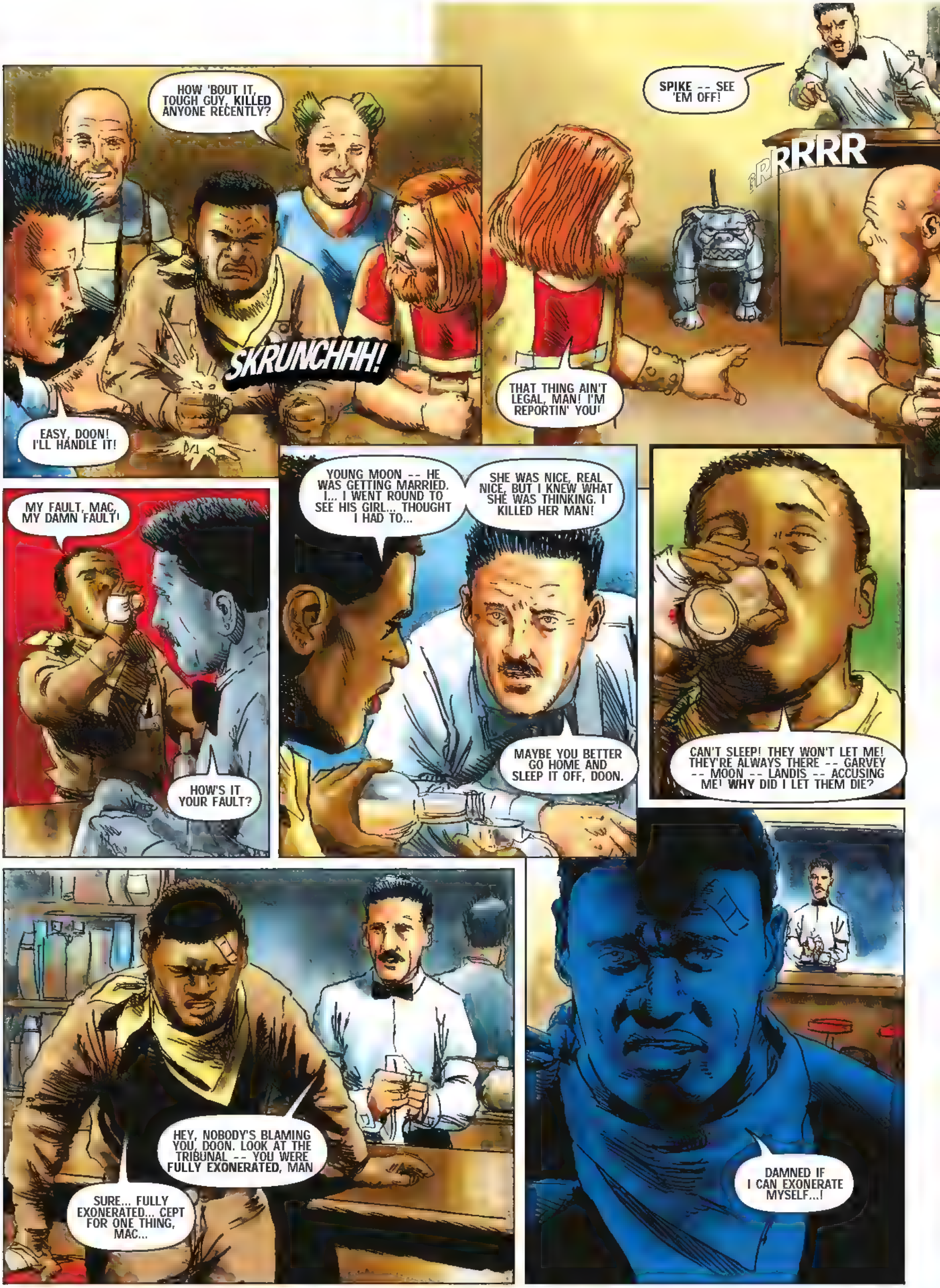

FA-ROOOM
NO, DAMMIT! NO!

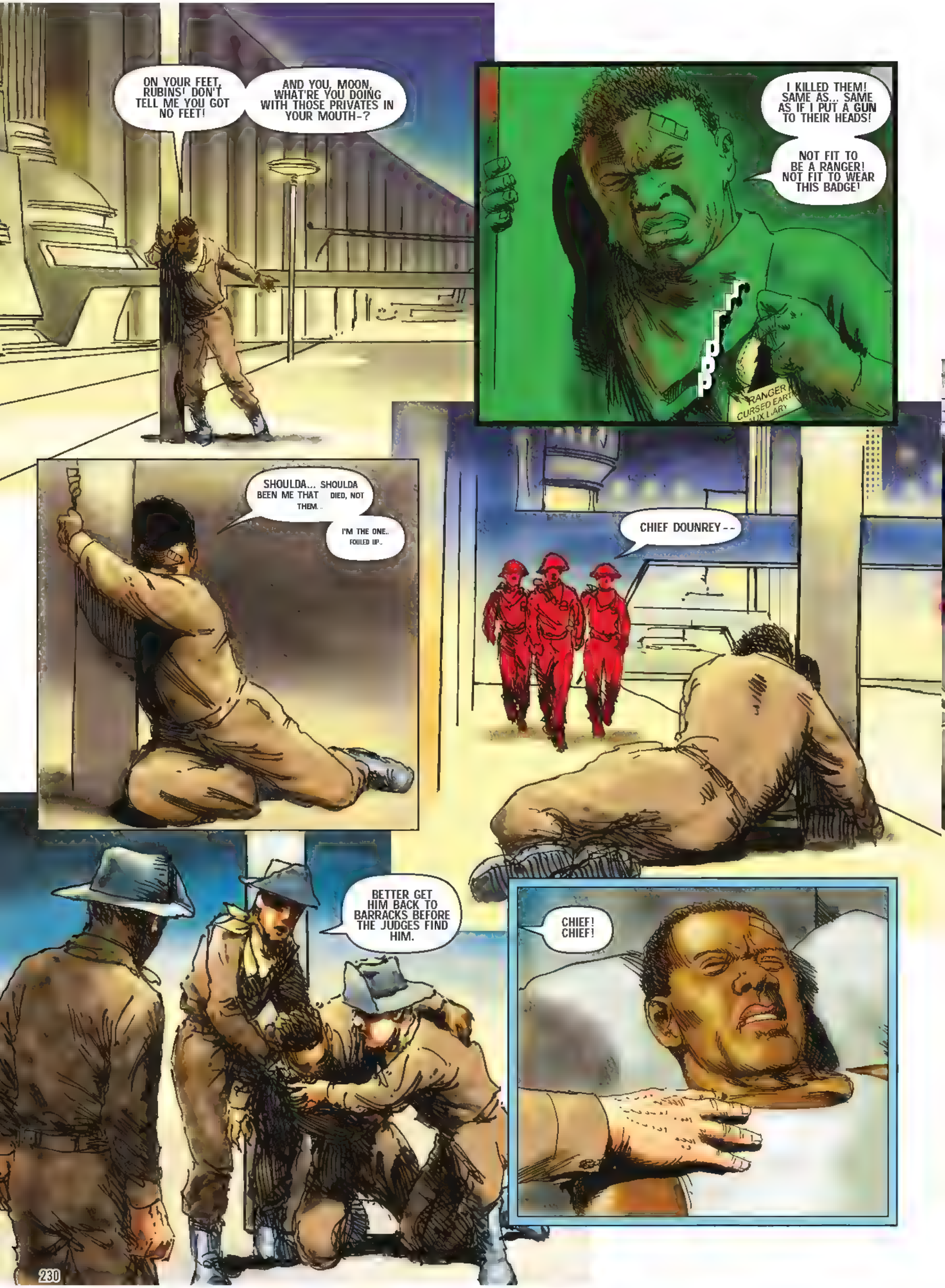

GRUD ROT THESE THINGS-!
A-OK THERE, DOUNREY?
DAMNED COFFINS! CAN'T YOU FIX THEM SO A MAN CAN GET A DECENT SLEEP?
TAKE ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES IF YOU WANT.
FIVE DAYS, FIVE YEARS -- NO AMOUNT OF TIME'S GOING TO CURE THIS CONDITION!
JUDGE DREDD, YOU CAME UPON THE INCIDENT--
I WAS RETURNING FROM A CURSED EARTH RESEARCH STATION WITH JUDGE ARNESS AND HER ROOKIE. WE HEARD THE GUNFIRE A LONG WAY OFF.
CHECK IT OUT!

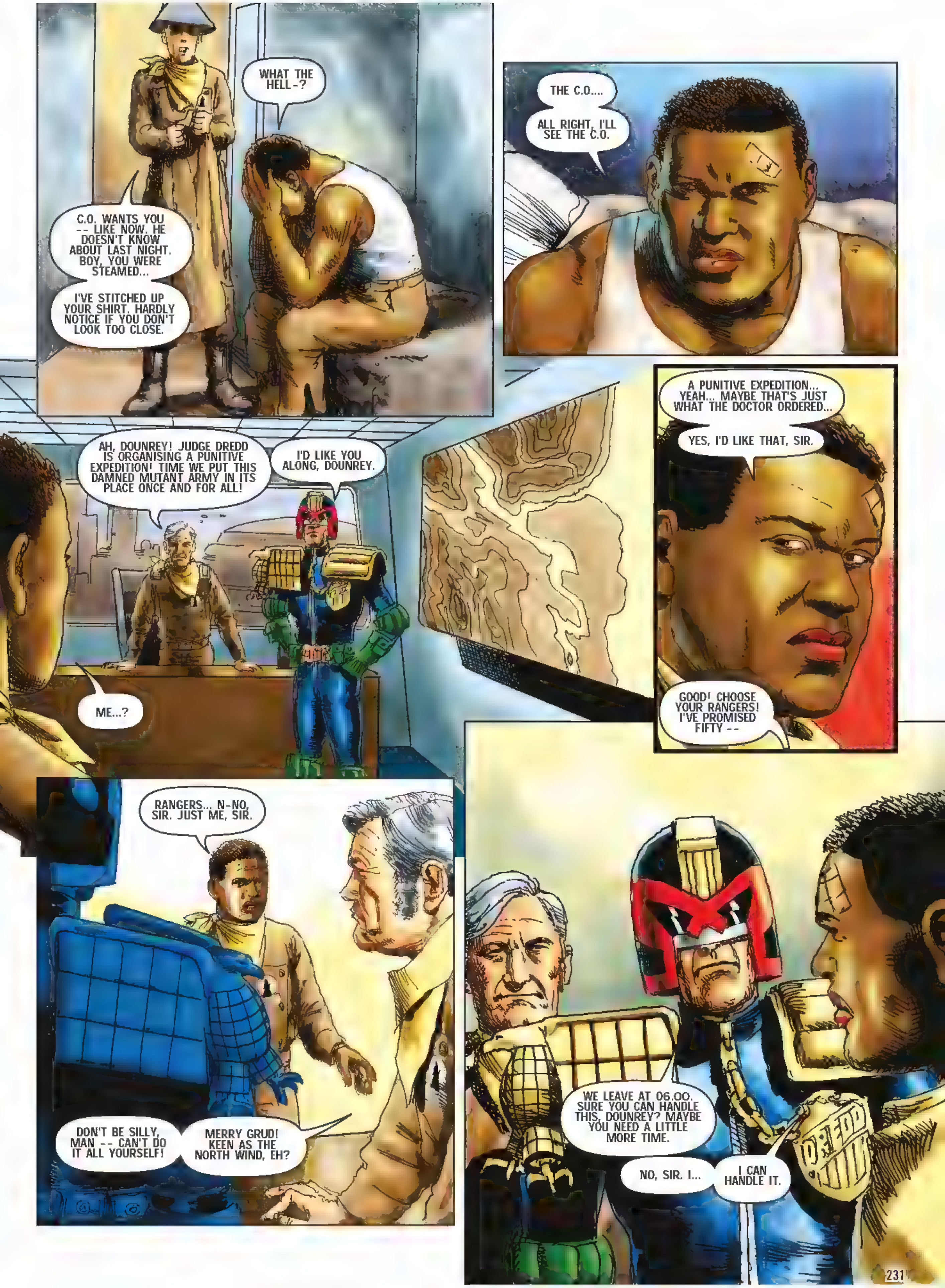

WE CAME UPON WHAT I RECOGNISED AS ELEMENTS OF THE N.M.A. WE GAVE CHASE.
UrnnnNN!
BDAM BDAM
ROOKIE! REIN IT IN!
YOU ALL RIGHT?
TH...THINK SO...
TOO RISKY TO CONTINUE PURSUIT. THEY KNOW THIS COUNTRY TOO WELL.
WE FOUND THE BODIES OF EIGHT RANGERS. THE MUTANTS HAD MUTILATED THEM AND CUT OFF THEIR PRIVATE PARTS.

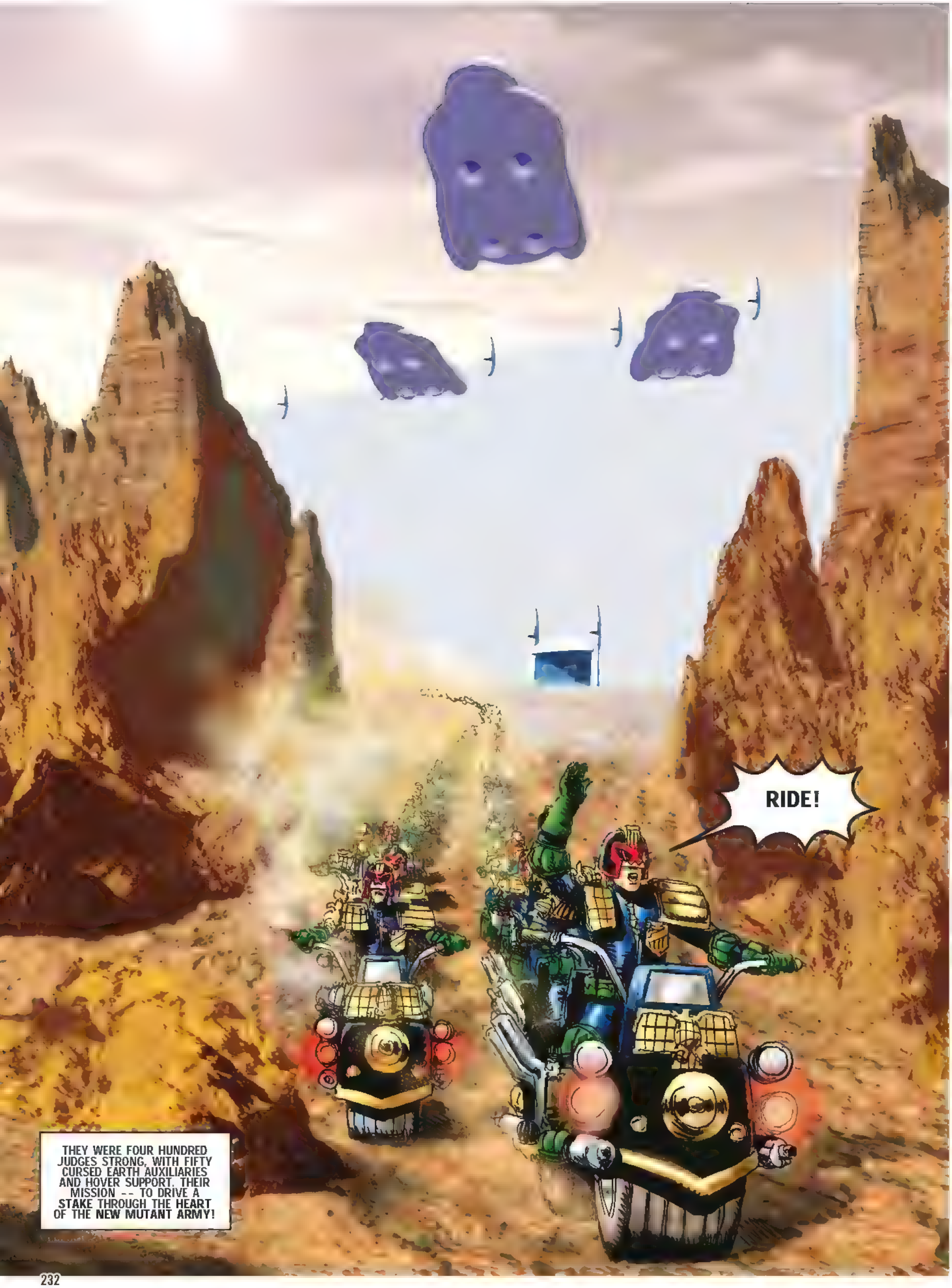

I CAN HEAR SOMEONE-!
DOUNREY WAS TRAPPED IN A GAP IN THE ROCKS. HE'D BEEN CONCUSSED BUT WAS COMING ROUND.
MY RANGERS... ANY OF THEM MAKE IT-?
I'M SORRY, DOUNREY.
YOU EXAMINED THE SCENE THOROUGHLY?
I DID.
AND IN YOUR OPINION, WAS CHIEF DOUNREY NEGLIGENT TO HAVE FAILED TO DETECT THIS ATTACK?
IT WAS A TRAP ANY OF US COULD HAVE FALLEN INTO. IF ANYTHING, IT'S TO DOUNREY'S CREDIT THAT HE ALMOST PREVENTED IT.
THERE'S A VICIOUS WAR GOING ON THAT WE DON'T OFTEN HEAR ABOUT. THE ENEMY IS RUTHLESS AND CUNNING. THEIR WEAPON IS STEALTH AND THEY'RE DAMNED GOOD AT IT.
WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL WE HAVE MEN LIKE DOUNREY OUT THERE.
I'VE BEEN IN THE AUXILIARIES TWELVE YEARS.... SIX YEARS CHIEF OF A RANGER UNIT.
AND IN THAT TIME, EXCLUDING THE LATEST CASUALTIES, YOU'VE LOST... ONLY TWO MEN?
YES, SIR.

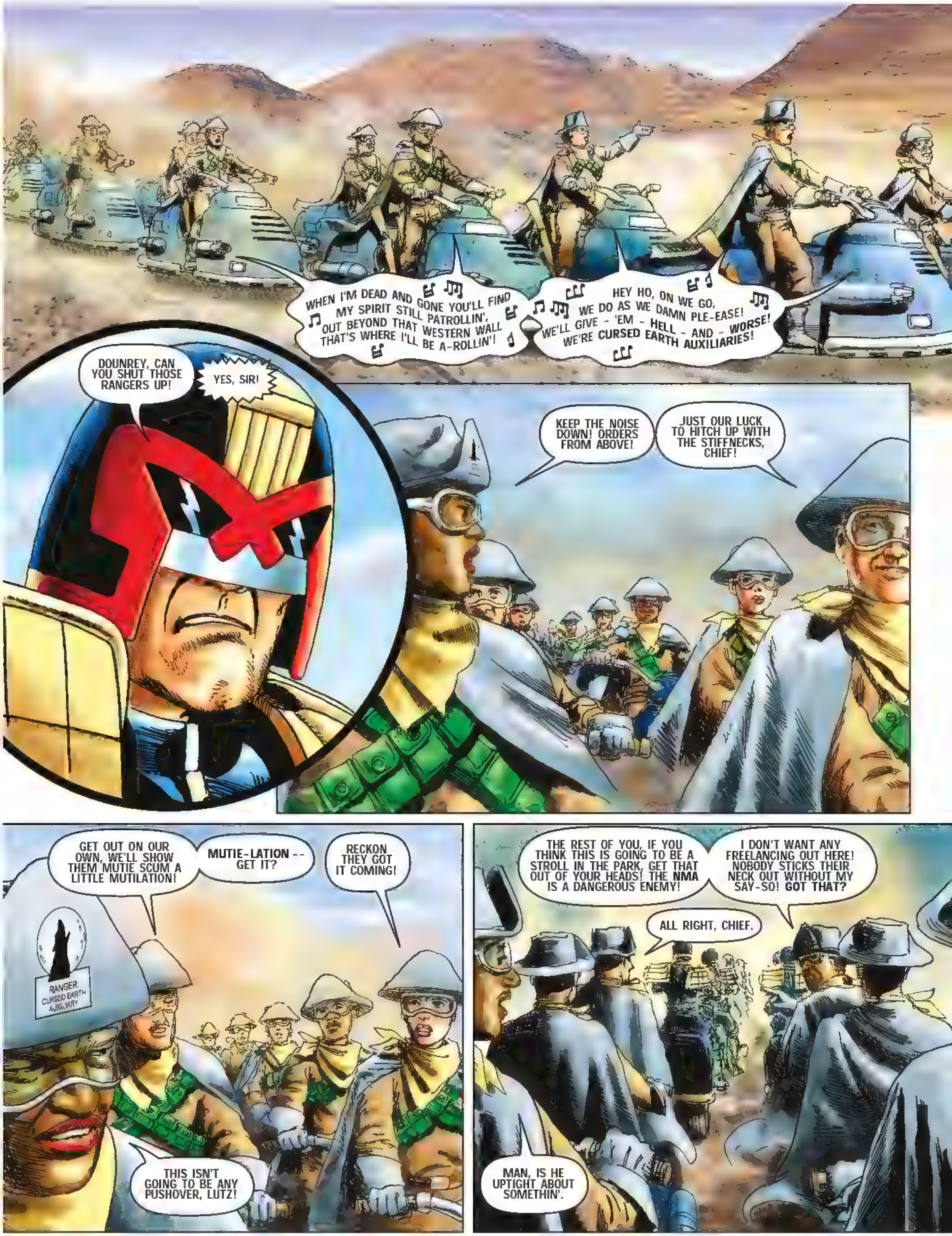

WE WERE ANXIOUS TO GET BACK. I'D PROMISED THEM SOME CITY LEAVE. WE WERE ONLY SIXTY KAYS FROM THE CITY. I GUESS YOU START THINKING YOU'RE ALREADY THERE.
I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL, DAMMIT! I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING! THEY'D STILL BE ALIVE--
DOUNREY IS BY FAR MY BEST CHIEF RANGER! I WOULD SOONER LOSE MY OWN RIGHT ARM THAN HIM!
AND THE OTHER RANGERS -- THEY WILL STILL BE HAPPY TO SERVE UNDER HIM?
THEY'D FIGHT FOR THE CHANCE, BELIEVE ME! THAT'S HOW MUCH RESPECT THIS MAN HAS EARNED!
CHIEF DOUNREY, WAR -- ANY WAR -- IS A DESPERATE BUSINESS. YOU MUST REALISE THAT CASUALTIES CANNOT ALWAYS BE PREVENTED... AND IN THIS CASE, WE CAN FIND NOTHING TO CRITICISE IN YOUR ACTIONS.
YOU ARE FULLY EXONERATED. THIS TRIBUNAL WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR EXCELLENT SERVICE SO FAR. LONG MAY IT CONTINUE.
TAKE SOME TIME OFF, DOUNREY! BY GRUD, IF YOU HAVEN'T EARNED IT I DON'T KNOW WHO HAS!
THANK YOU, SIR.
HEY, RANGER BOY, WHERE'S YOUR HORSE?
AW, HE LEFT IT HOME TONIGHT. HE'S LOOKIN' FOR A REAL WOMAN.
AIN'T THAT RIGHT, RANGER -- SOMETIMES YOU LIKE A REAL WOMAN, HUH?
WOULDN'T TALK LIKE THAT TO NO RANGER, THEY'RE REAL TOUGH, MAN. SHOOT YOU SOON AS LOOK AT YOU.
GONNA SHOOT US, TOUGH GUY? HUH? HUH?

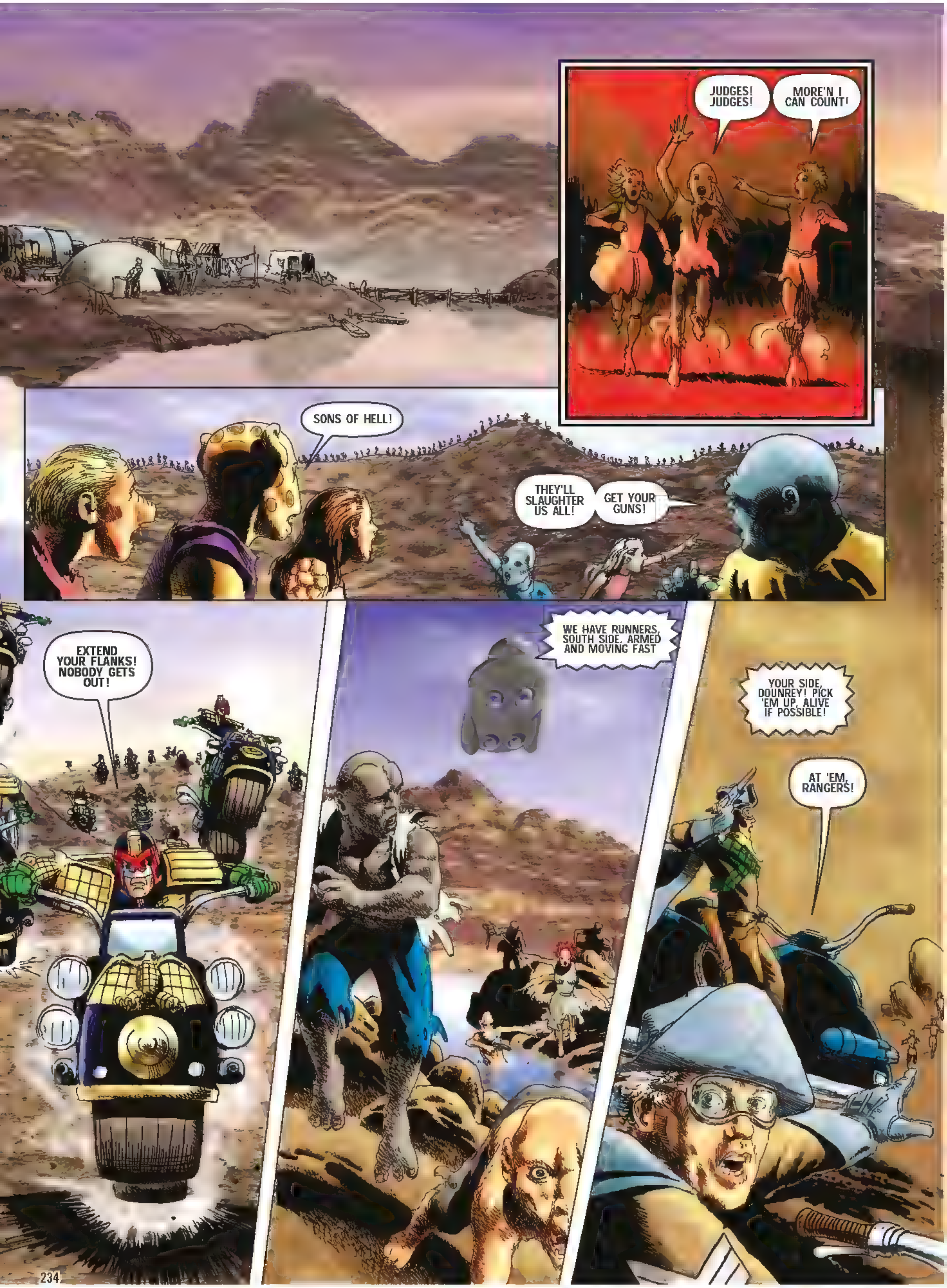

HOW 'BOUT IT, TOUGH GUY, KILLED ANYONE RECENTLY?
SKRUNCHHH!
EASY, DOON! I'LL HANDLE IT!
THAT THING AIN'T LEGAL, MAN! I'M REPORTIN' YOU!
RRRRR
SPIKE -- SEE 'EM OFF!
MY FAULT, MAC, MY DAMN FAULT!
HOW'S IT YOUR FAULT?
YOUNG MOON -- HE WAS GETTING MARRIED. I... I WENT ROUND TO SEE HIS GIRL... THOUGHT I HAD TO...
SHE WAS NICE, REAL NICE, BUT I KNEW WHAT SHE WAS THINKING. I KILLED HER MAN!
MAYBE YOU BETTER GO HOME AND SLEEP IT OFF, DOON.
CAN'T SLEEP! THEY WON'T LET ME! THEY'RE ALWAYS THERE -- GARVEY -- MOON -- LANDIS -- ACCUSING ME! WHY DID I LET THEM DIE?
HEY, NOBODY'S BLAMING YOU, DOON. LOOK AT THE TRIBUNAL -- YOU WERE FULLY EXONERATED, MAN
SURE... FULLY EXONERATED... CEPT FOR ONE THING, MAC...
DAMNED IF I CAN EXONERATE MYSELF...!

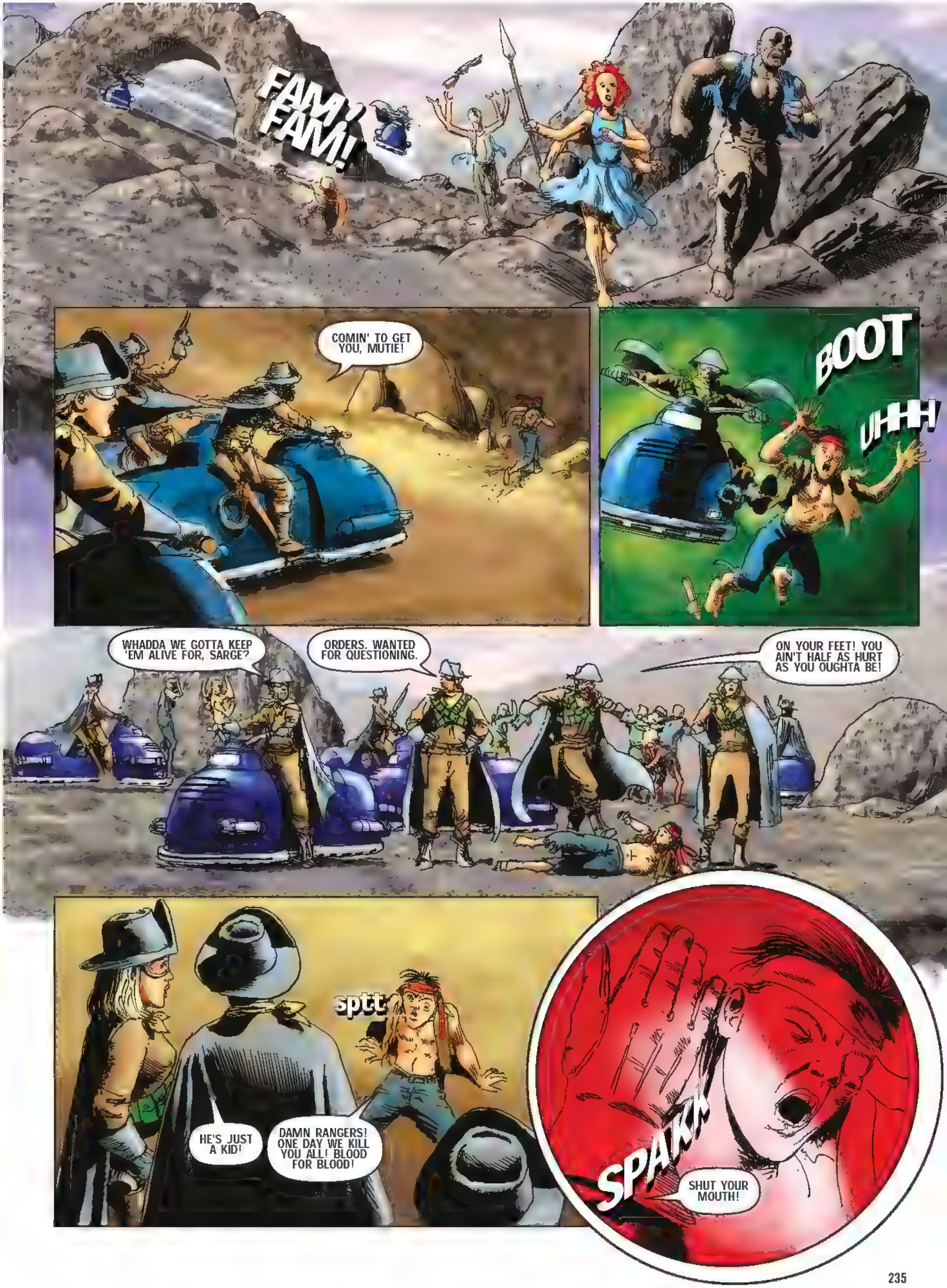

ON YOUR FEET, RUBINS! DON'T TELL ME YOU GOT NO FEET!
AND YOU, MOON, WHAT'RE YOU DOING WITH THOSE PRIVATES IN YOUR MOUTH-?
I KILLED THEM! SAME AS... SAME AS IF I PUT A GUN TO THEIR HEADS!
NOT FIT TO BE A RANGER! NOT FIT TO WEAR THIS BADGE!
RANGER CURSED EART
SHOULDA... SHOULDA BEEN ME THAT DIED, NOT THEM..
I'M THE ONE.. FOULED UP..
CHIEF DOUNREY--
BETTER GET HIM BACK TO BARRACKS BEFORE THE JUDGES FIND HIM.
CHIEF! CHIEF!

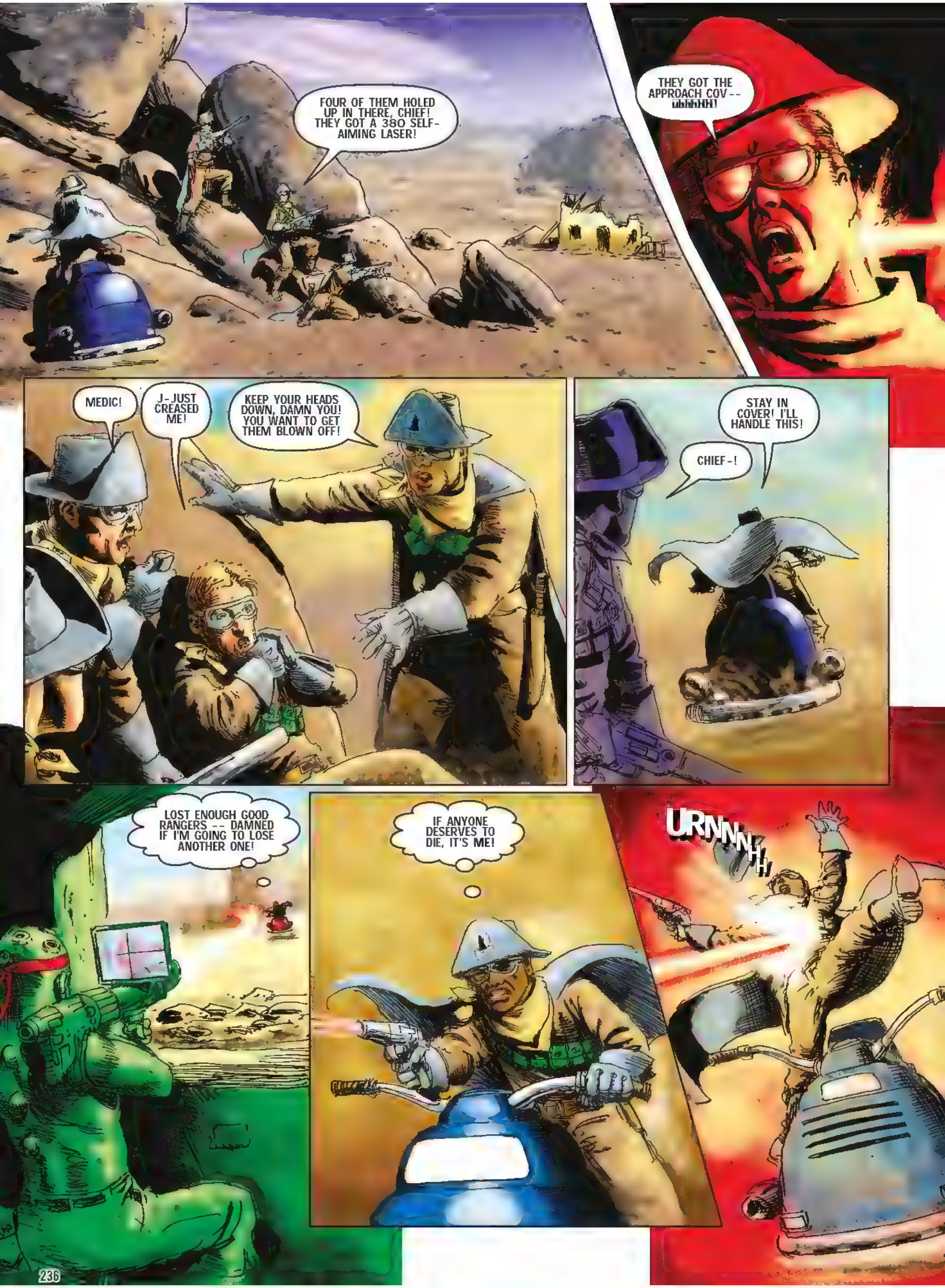

WHAT THE HELL -?
C.O. WANTS YOU -- LIKE NOW. HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT LAST NIGHT. BOY, YOU WERE STEAMED...
I'VE STITCHED UP YOUR SHIRT. HARDLY NOTICE IF YOU DON'T LOOK TOO CLOSE.
THE C.O....
ALL RIGHT, I'LL SEE THE C.O.
AH, DOUNREY! JUDGE DREDD IS ORGANISING A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION! TIME WE PUT THIS DAMNED MUTANT ARMY IN ITS PLACE ONCE AND FOR ALL!
I'D LIKE YOU ALONG, DOUNREY.
ME...?
A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION... YEAH... MAYBE THAT'S JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED...
YES, I'D LIKE THAT, SIR.
GOOD! CHOOSE YOUR RANGERS! I'VE PROMISED FIFTY --
RANGERS... N-NO, SIR. JUST ME, SIR.
DON'T BE SILLY, MAN -- CAN'T DO IT ALL YOURSELF!
MERRY GRUD! KEEN AS THE NORTH WIND, EH?
WE LEAVE AT 06.00. SURE YOU CAN HANDLE THIS, DOUNREY? MAYBE YOU NEED A LITTLE MORE TIME.
NO, SIR. I...
I CAN HANDLE IT.
DREDD

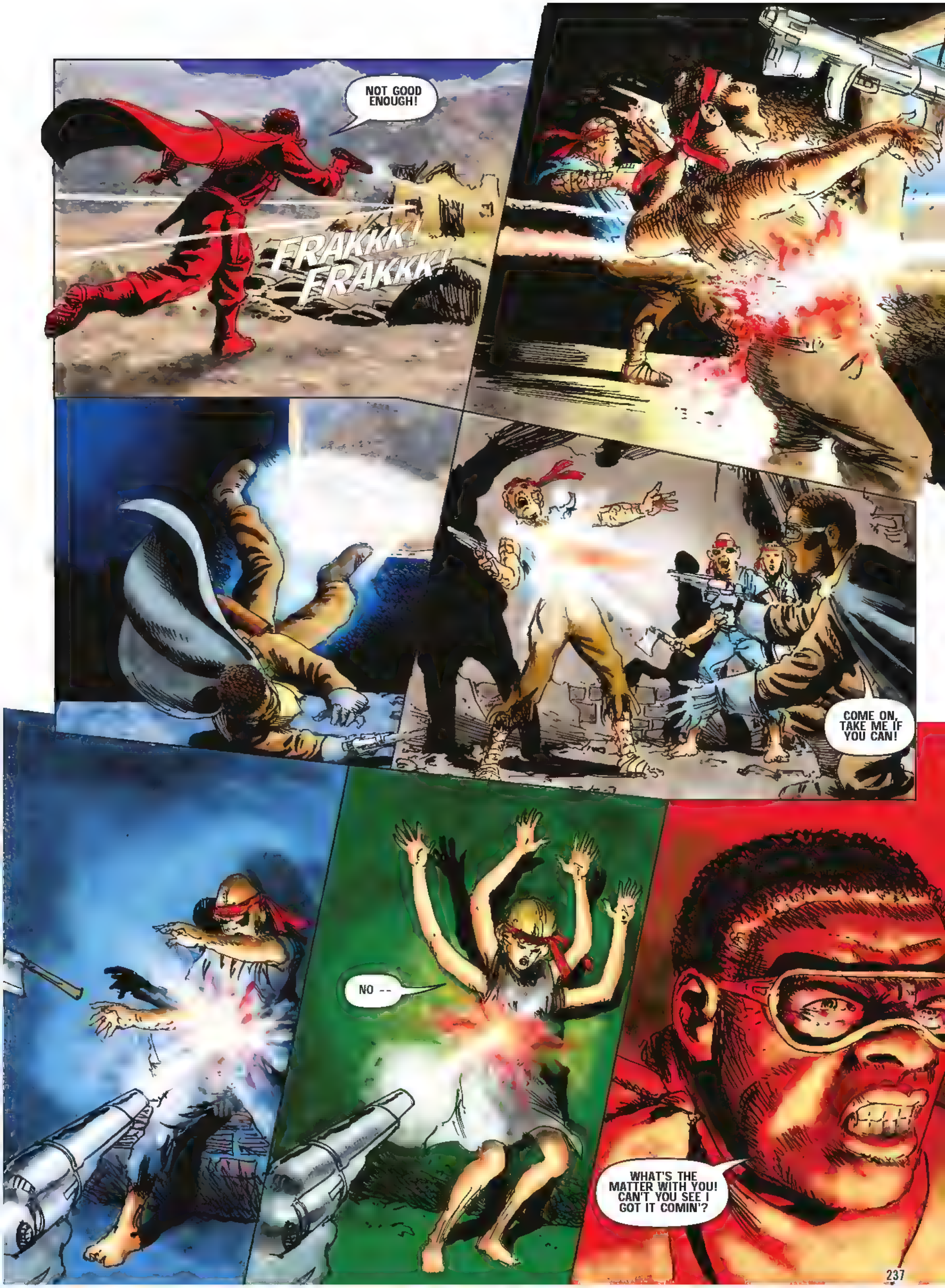

THEY WERE FOUR HUNDRED JUDGES STRONG, WITH FIFTY CURSED EARTH AUXILIARIES AND HOVER SUPPORT. THEIR MISSION -- TO DRIVE A STAKE THROUGH THE HEART OF THE NEW MUTANT ARMY!
RIDE!

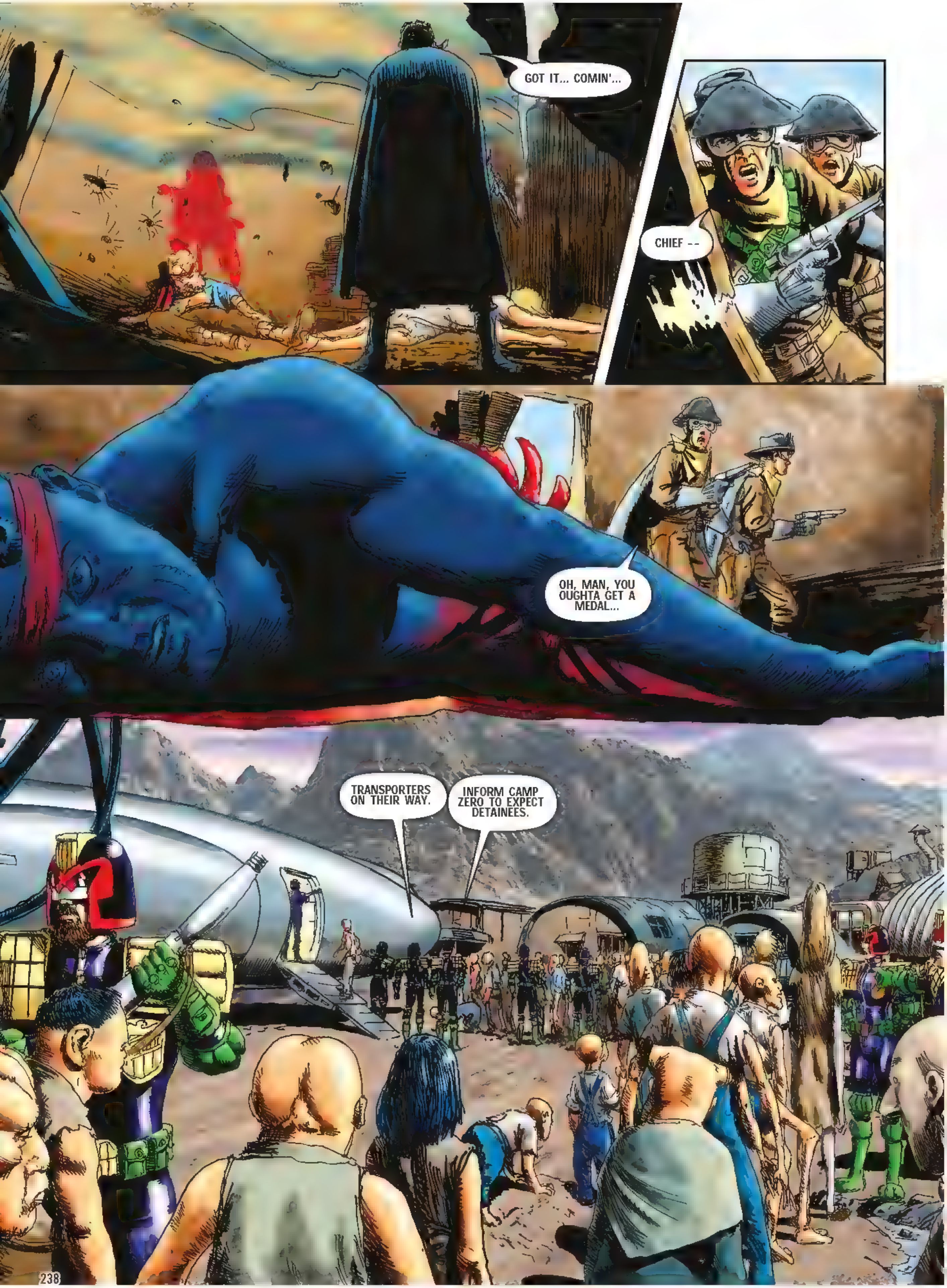

WHEN I'M DEAD AND GONE YOU'LL FIND MY SPIRIT STILL PATROLLIN', OUT BEYOND THAT WESTERN WALL THAT'S WHERE I'LL BE A-ROLLIN'!
HEY HO, ON WE GO, WE DO AS WE DAMN PLE-EASE! WE'LL GIVE - 'EM - HELL - AND - WORSE! WE'RE CURSED EARTH AUXILIARIES!
DOUNREY, CAN YOU SHUT THOSE RANGERS UP!
YES, SIR!
KEEP THE NOISE DOWN! ORDERS FROM ABOVE!
JUST OUR LUCK TO HITCH UP WITH THE STIFFNECKS, CHIEF!
GET OUT ON OUR OWN, WE'LL SHOW THEM MUTIE SCUM A LITTLE MUTILATION!
MUTIE-LATION -- GET IT?
RECKON THEY GOT IT COMING!
RANGER CURSED EARTH AUXILIARY
THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY PUSHOVER, LUTZ!
THE REST OF YOU, IF YOU THINK THIS IS GOING TO BE A STROLL IN THE PARK, GET THAT OUT OF YOUR HEADS! THE NMA IS A DANGEROUS ENEMY!
I DON'T WANT ANY FREELANCING OUT HERE! NOBODY STICKS THEIR NECK OUT WITHOUT MY SAY-SO! GOT THAT?
ALL RIGHT, CHIEF.
MAN, IS HE UPTIGHT ABOUT SOMETHIN'.

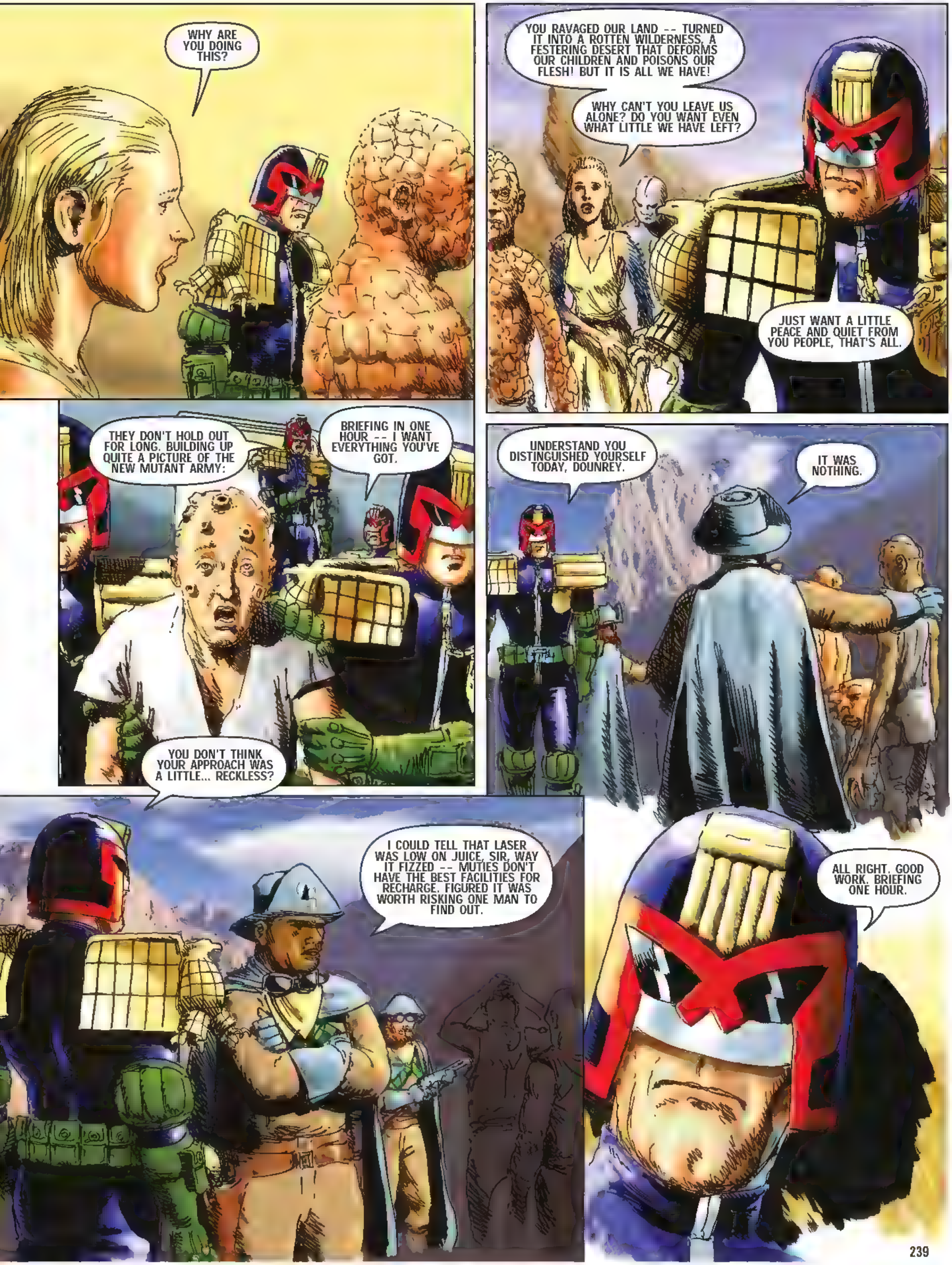

JUDGES! JUDGES!
MORE'N I CAN COUNT!
SONS OF HELL!
THEY'LL SLAUGHTER US ALL!
GET YOUR GUNS!
EXTEND YOUR FLANKS! NOBODY GETS OUT!
WE HAVE RUNNERS, SOUTH SIDE, ARMED AND MOVING FAST
YOUR SIDE, DOUNREY! PICK 'EM UP, ALIVE IF POSSIBLE!
AT 'EM, RANGERS!

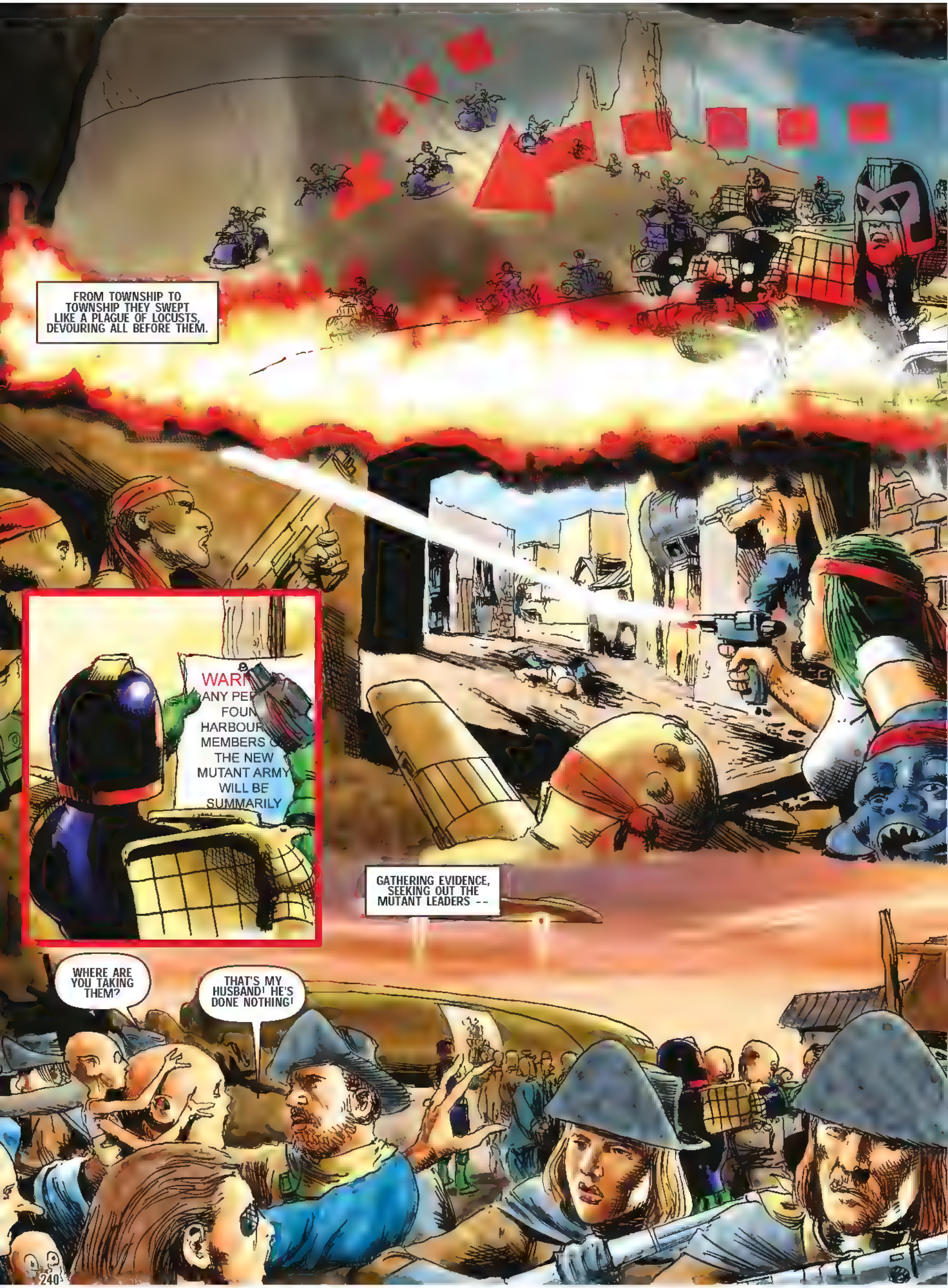

FAM! FAM!
COMIN' TO GET YOU, MUTIE!
BOOT
UHHH!
WHADDA WE GOTTA KEEP 'EM ALIVE FOR, SARGE?
ORDERS. WANTED FOR QUESTIONING.
ON YOUR FEET! YOU AIN'T HALF AS HURT AS YOU OUGHTA BE!
sptt
HE'S JUST A KID!
DAMN RANGERS! ONE DAY WE KILL YOU ALL! BLOOD FOR BLOOD!
SPAKK
SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

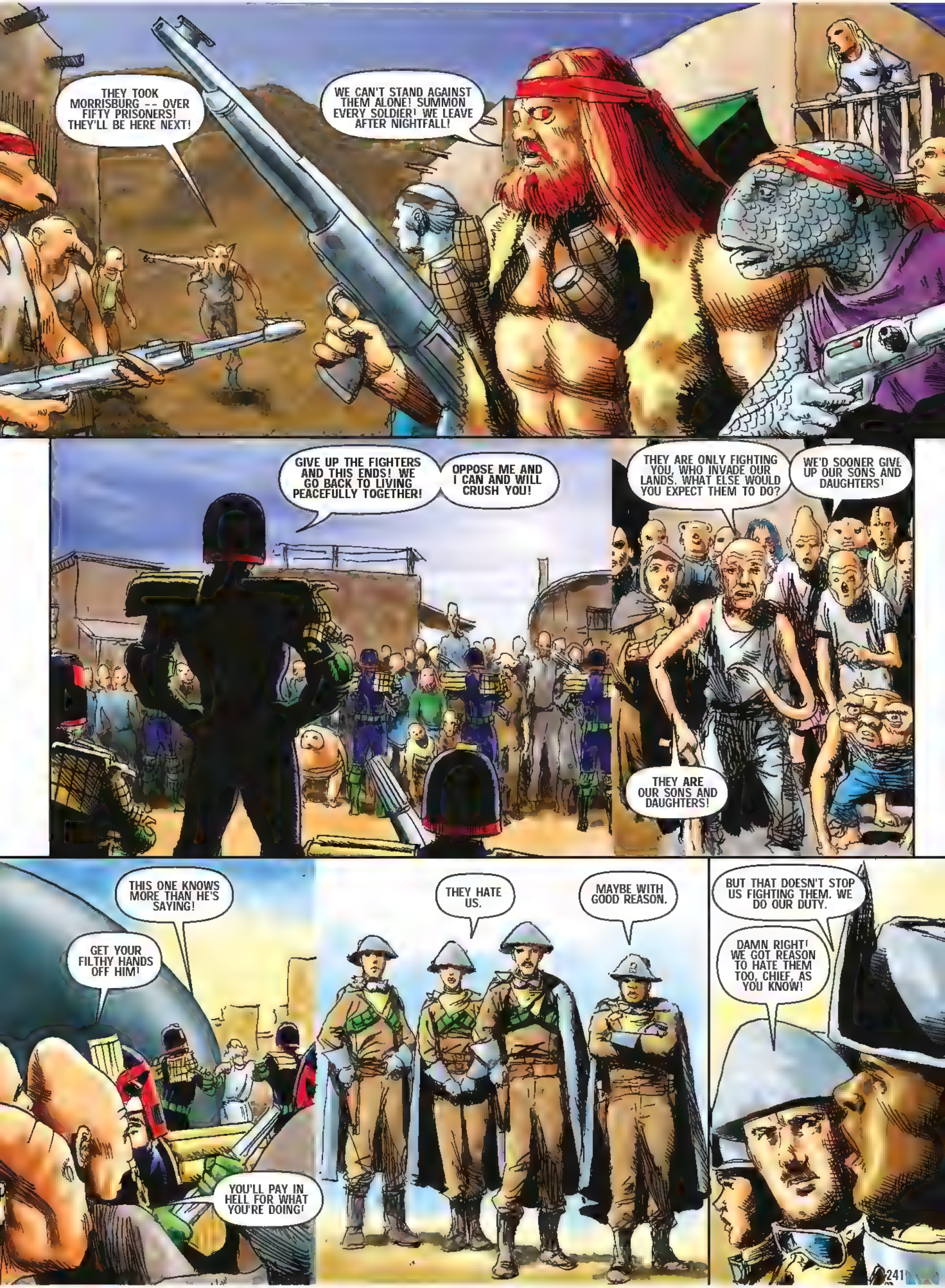

FOUR OF THEM HOLED UP IN THERE, CHIEF! THEY GOT A 380 SELF-AIMING LASER!
THEY GOT THE APPROACH COV-- uhhhHH!
MEDIC!
J-JUST CREASED ME!
KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN, DAMN YOU! YOU WANT TO GET THEM BLOWN OFF!
STAY IN COVER! I'LL HANDLE THIS!
CHIEF-!
LOST ENOUGH GOOD RANGERS -- DAMNED IF I'M GOING TO LOSE ANOTHER ONE!
IF ANYONE DESERVES TO DIE, IT'S ME!
URNNNHH

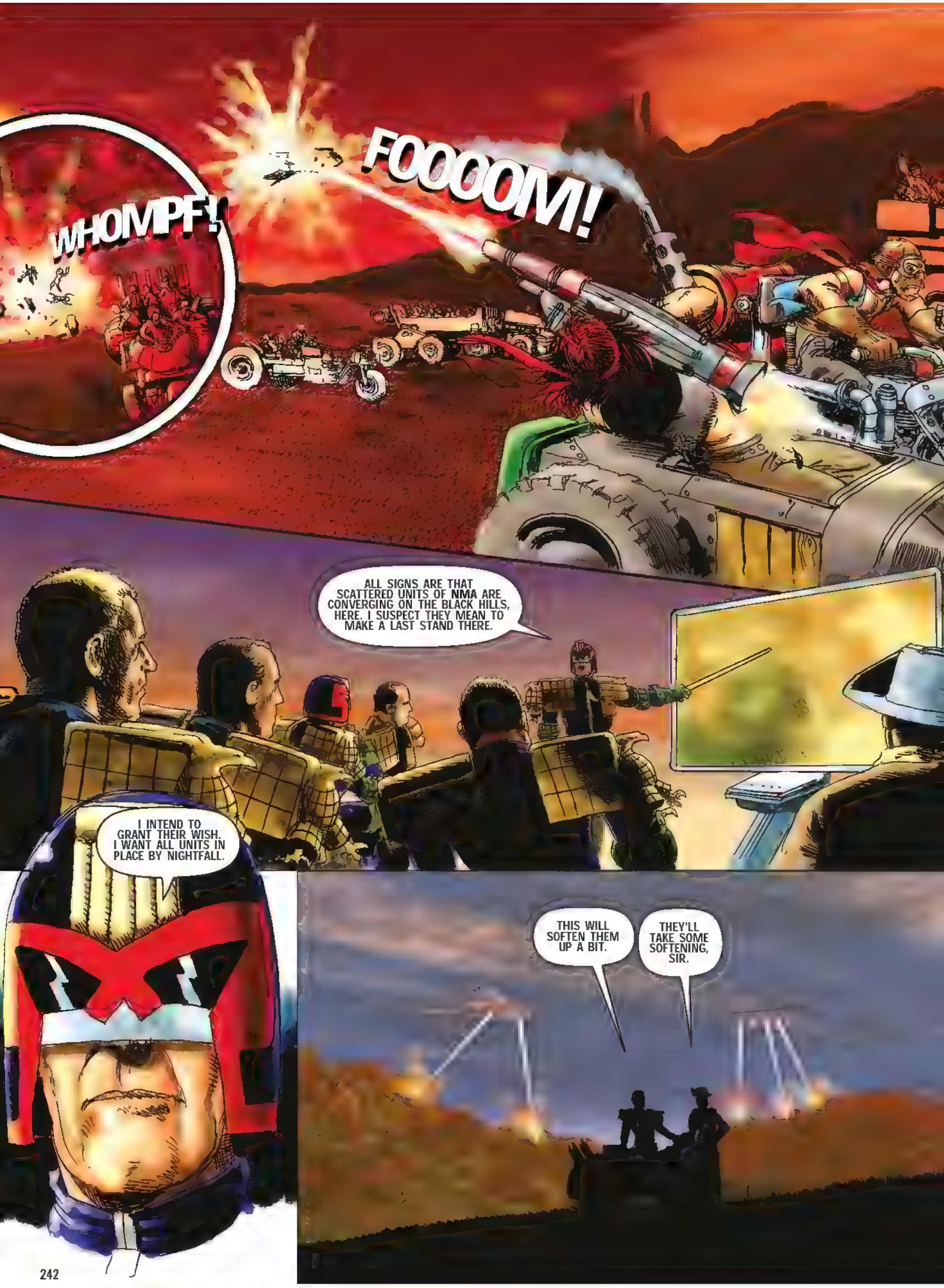

NOT GOOD ENOUGH!
FRAKKK! FRAKKK!
COME ON, TAKE ME IF YOU CAN!
NO --
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU! CAN'T YOU SEE I GOT IT COMIN'?

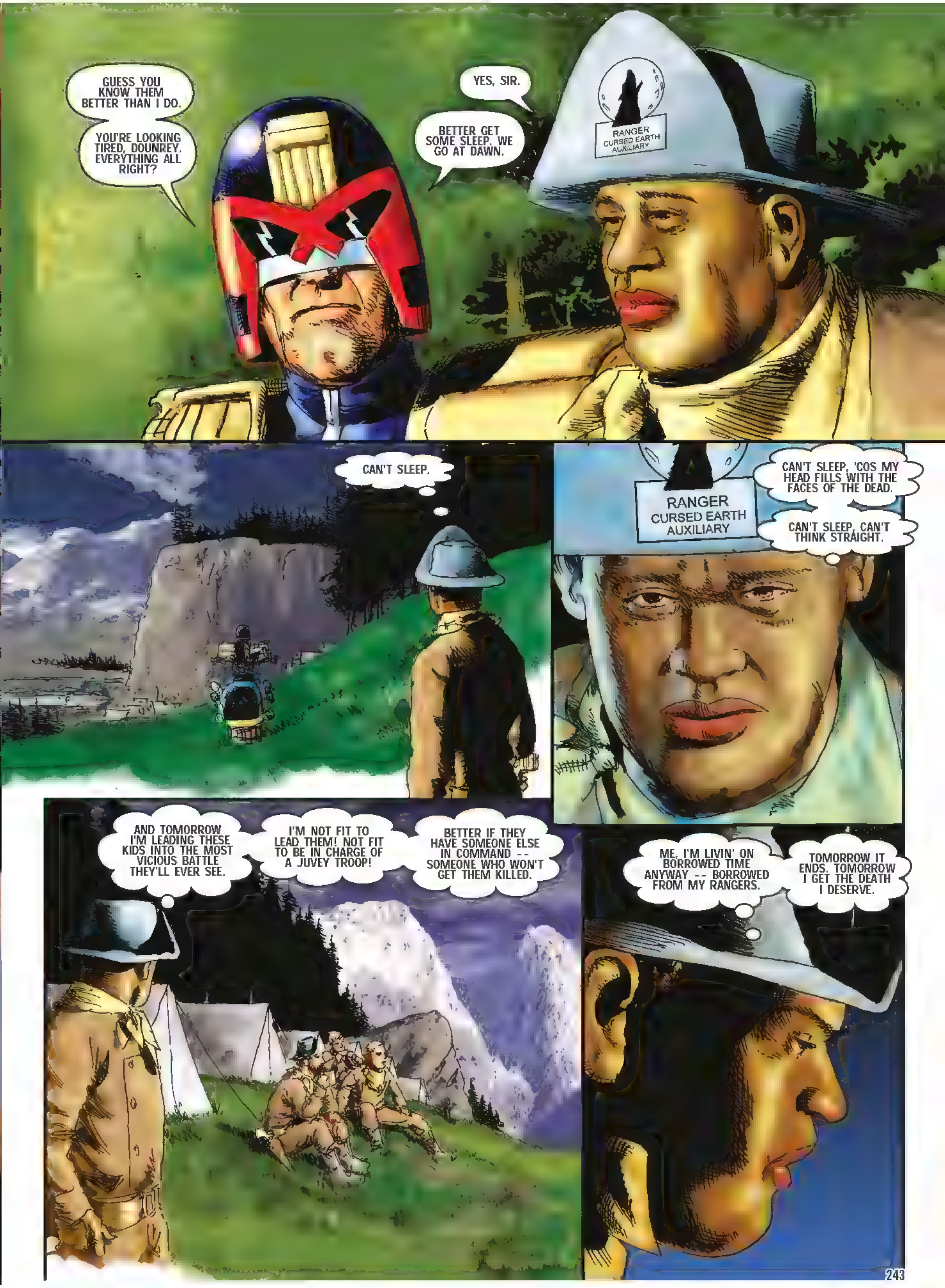

GOT IT... COMIN'...
CHIEF --
OH, MAN, YOU OUGHTA GET A MEDAL...
TRANSPORTERS ON THEIR WAY.
INFORM CAMP ZERO TO EXPECT DETAINEES.

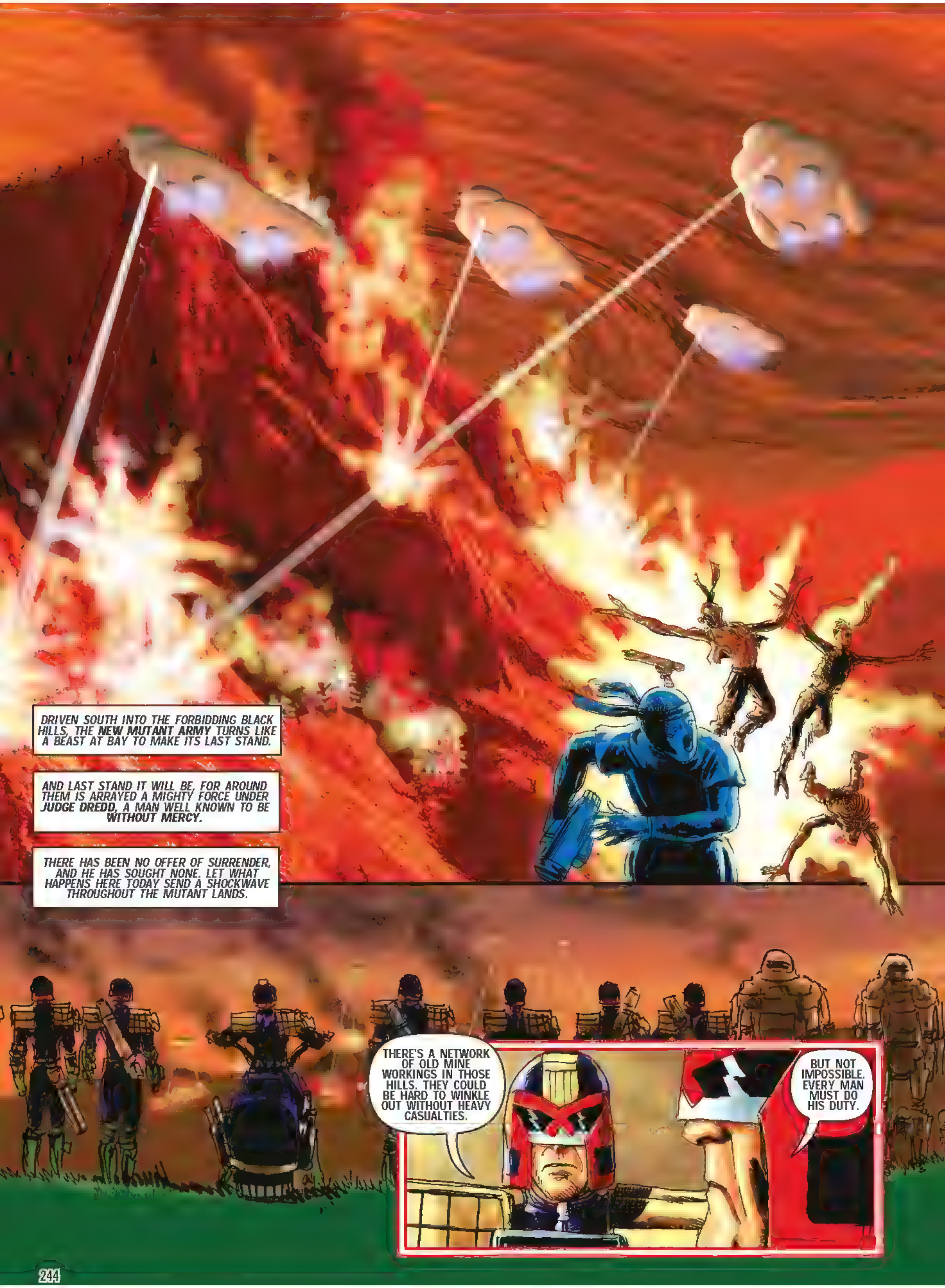

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
YOU RAVAGED OUR LAND -- TURNED IT INTO A ROTTEN WILDERNESS, A FESTERING DESERT THAT DEFORMS OUR CHILDREN AND POISONS OUR FLESH! BUT IT IS ALL WE HAVE!
WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE US ALONE? DO YOU WANT EVEN WHAT LITTLE WE HAVE LEFT?
JUST WANT A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET FROM YOU PEOPLE, THAT'S ALL.
THEY DON'T HOLD OUT FOR LONG. BUILDING UP QUITE A PICTURE OF THE NEW MUTANT ARMY:
BRIEFING IN ONE HOUR -- I WANT EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT.
UNDERSTAND YOU DISTINGUISHED YOURSELF TODAY, DOUNREY.
IT WAS NOTHING.
YOU DON'T THINK YOUR APPROACH WAS A LITTLE... RECKLESS?
I COULD TELL THAT LASER WAS LOW ON JUICE, SIR, WAY IT FIZZED -- MUTIES DON'T HAVE THE BEST FACILITIES FOR RECHARGE. FIGURED IT WAS WORTH RISKING ONE MAN TO FIND OUT.
ALL RIGHT. GOOD WORK. BRIEFING ONE HOUR.

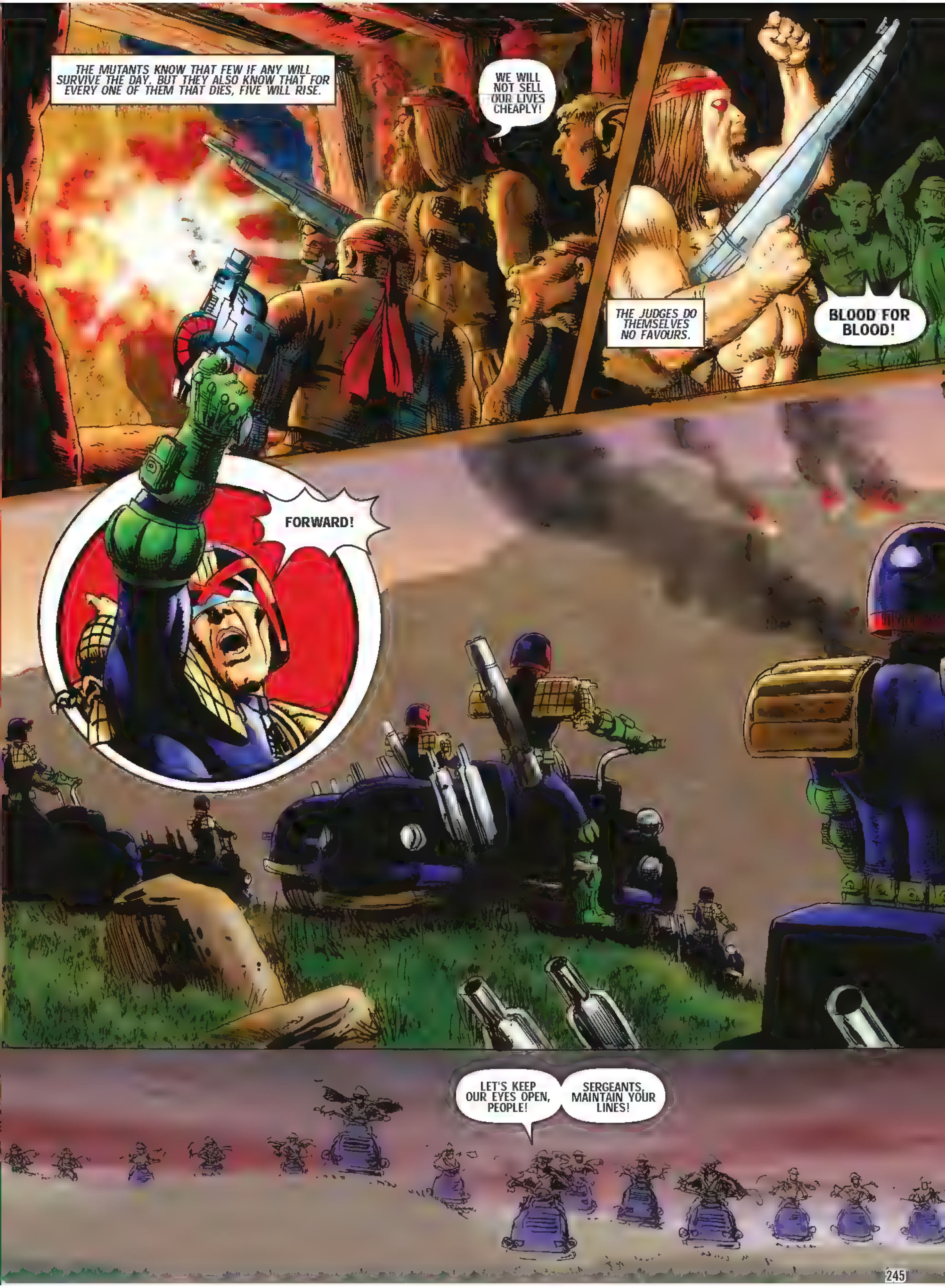

FROM TOWNSHIP TO TOWNSHIP THEY SWEPT LIKE A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS, DEVOURING ALL BEFORE THEM.
WARN
ANY PE
FOUN
HARBOUR
MEMBERS O
THE NEW
MUTANT ARMY
WILL BE
SUMMARILY
GATHERING EVIDENCE, SEEKING OUT THE MUTANT LEADERS --
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING THEM?
THAT'S MY HUSBAND! HE'S DONE NOTHING!

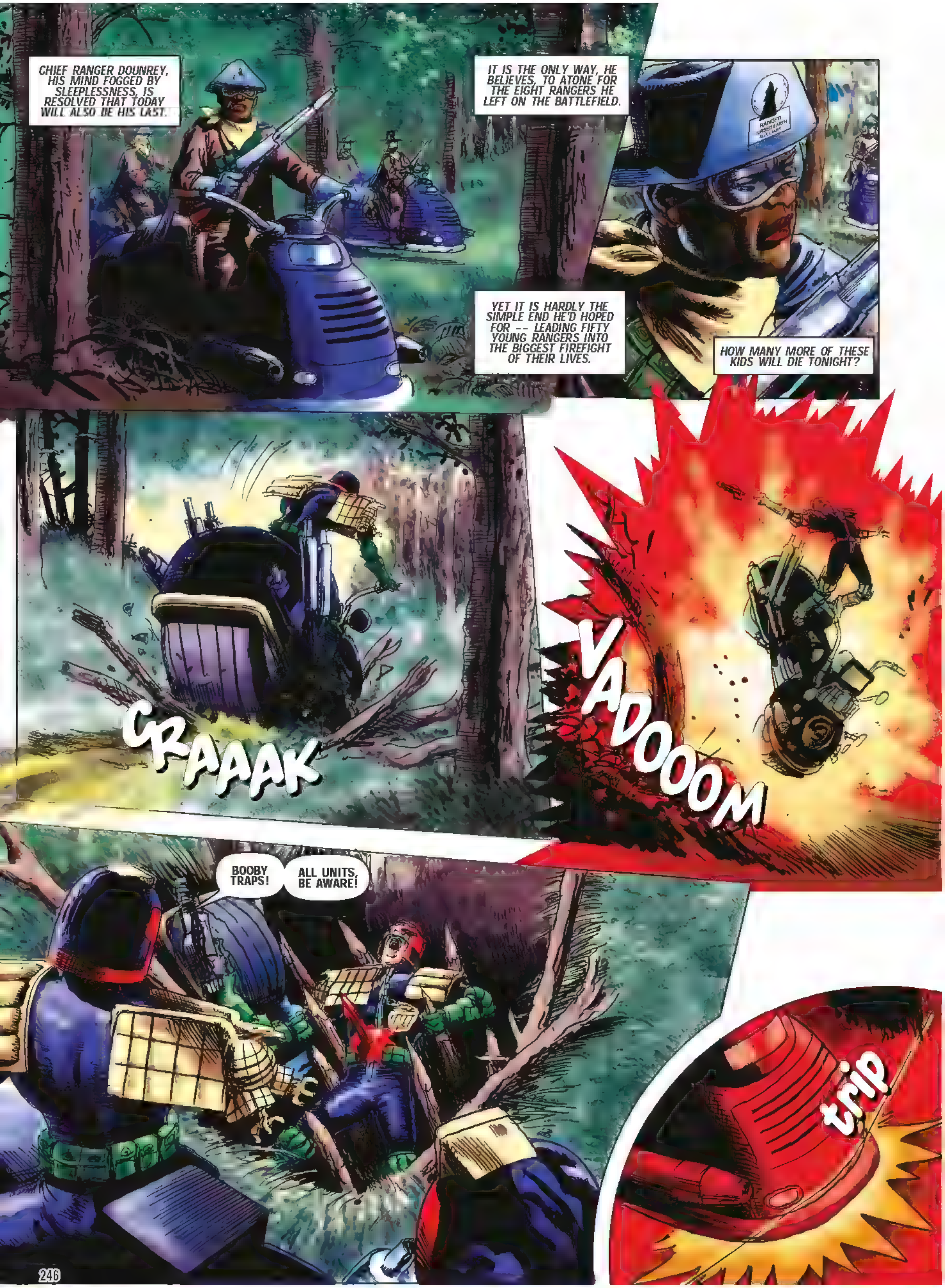

THEY TOOK MORRISBURG -- OVER FIFTY PRISONERS! THEY'LL BE HERE NEXT!
WE CAN'T STAND AGAINST THEM ALONE! SUMMON EVERY SOLDIER! WE LEAVE AFTER NIGHTFALL!
GIVE UP THE FIGHTERS AND THIS ENDS! WE GO BACK TO LIVING PEACEFULLY TOGETHER!
OPPOSE ME AND I CAN AND WILL CRUSH YOU!
THEY ARE ONLY FIGHTING YOU, WHO INVADE OUR LANDS. WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT THEM TO DO?
WE'D SOONER GIVE UP OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS!
THEY ARE OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS!
THIS ONE KNOWS MORE THAN HE'S SAYING!
GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF HIM!
YOU'LL PAY IN HELL FOR WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
THEY HATE US.
MAYBE WITH GOOD REASON.
BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP US FIGHTING THEM. WE DO OUR DUTY.
DAMN RIGHT! WE GOT REASON TO HATE THEM TOO, CHIEF, AS YOU KNOW!

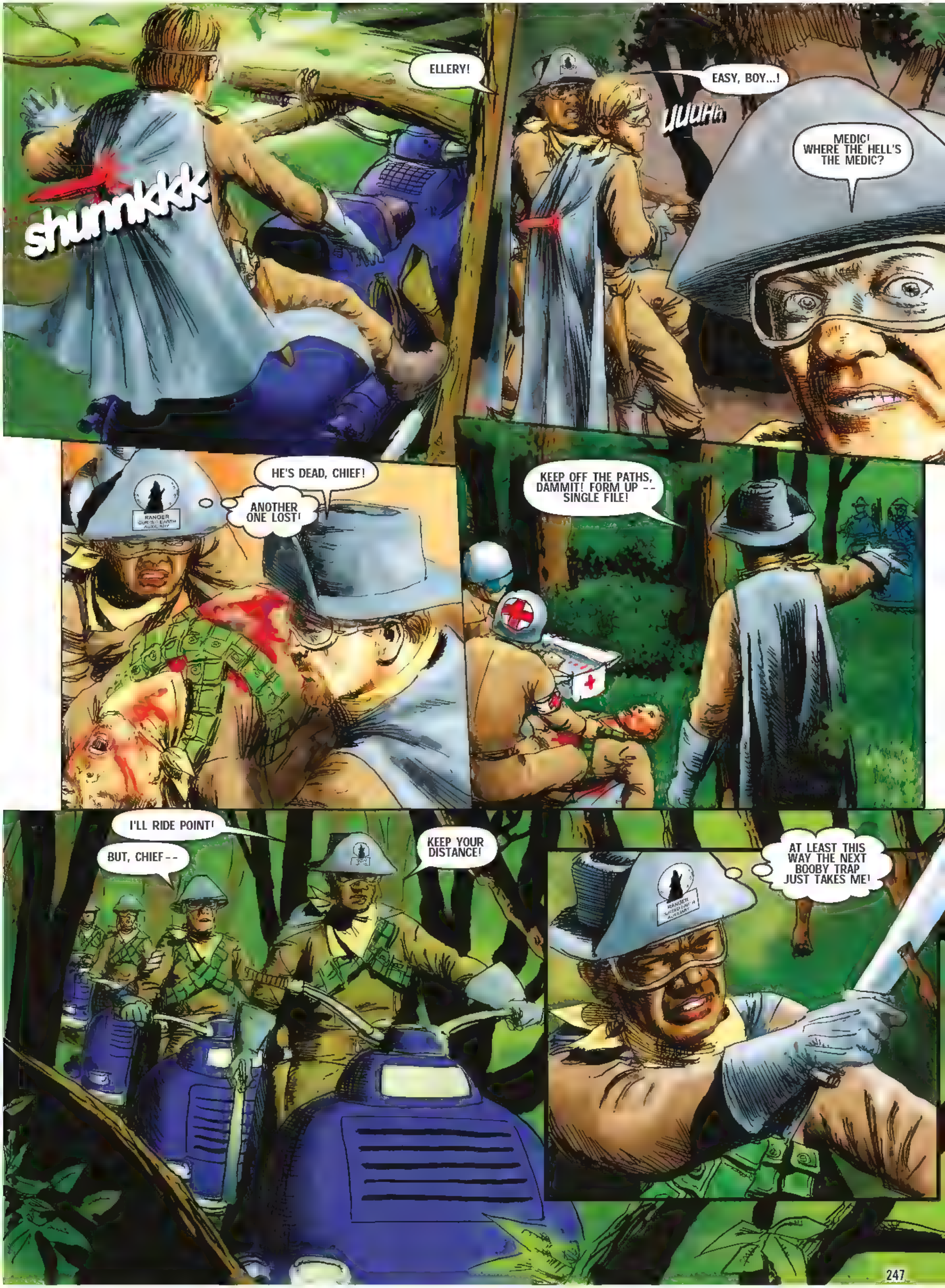

WHOMPF!
FOOOOOM!
ALL SIGNS ARE THAT SCATTERED UNITS OF **NMA** ARE CONVERGING ON THE BLACK HILLS, HERE. I SUSPECT THEY MEAN TO MAKE A LAST STAND THERE.
I INTEND TO GRANT THEIR WISH. I WANT ALL UNITS IN PLACE BY NIGHTFALL.
THIS WILL SOFTEN THEM UP A BIT.
THEY'LL TAKE SOME SOFTENING, SIR.

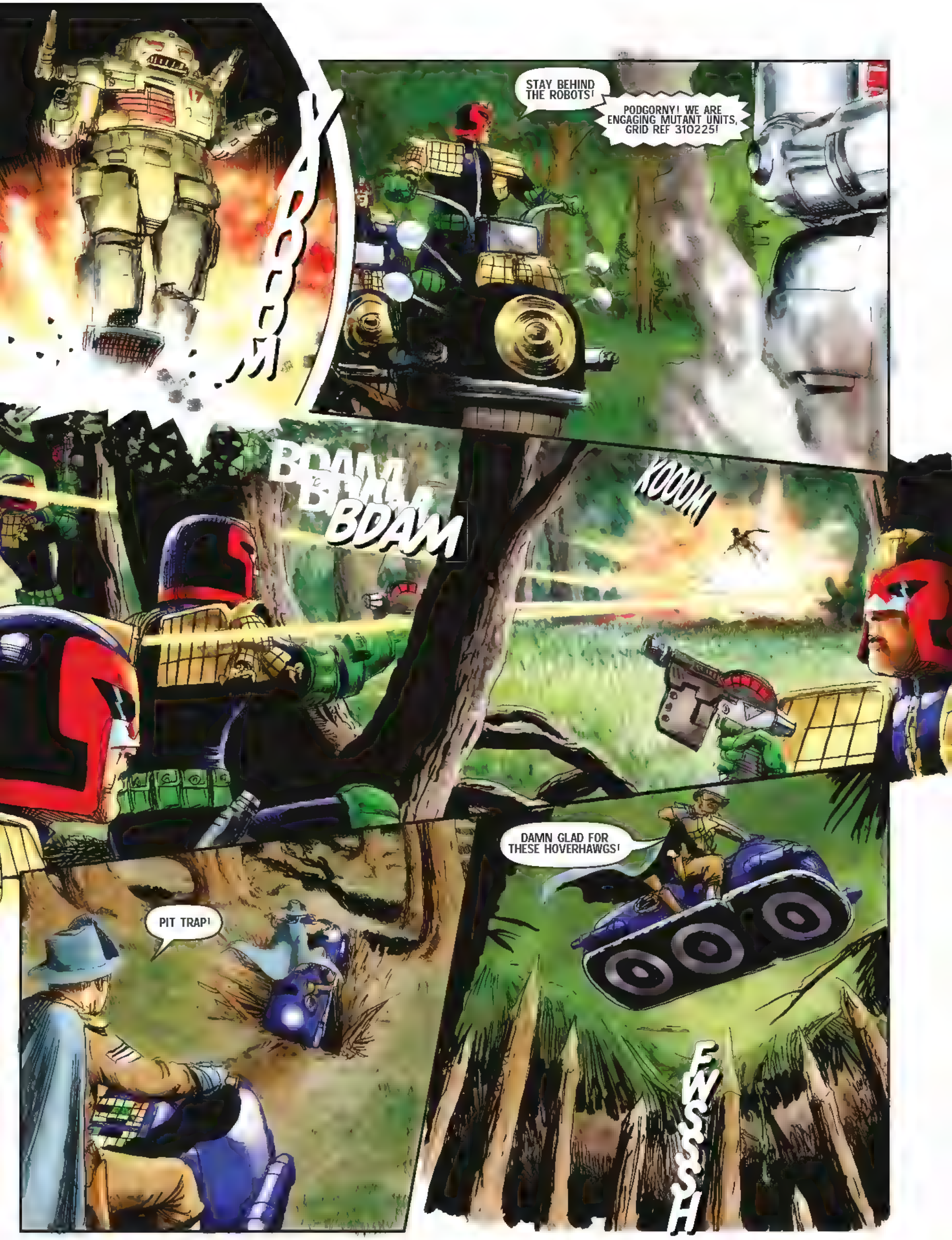

GUESS YOU KNOW THEM BETTER THAN I DO.
YOU'RE LOOKING TIRED, DOUNREY. EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?
YES, SIR.
BETTER GET SOME SLEEP. WE GO AT DAWN.
RANGER CURSED EARTH AUXILIARY
CAN'T SLEEP.
RANGER CURSED EARTH AUXILIARY
CAN'T SLEEP, 'COS MY HEAD FILLS WITH THE FACES OF THE DEAD.
CAN'T SLEEP, CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT.
AND TOMORROW I'M LEADING THESE KIDS INTO THE MOST VICIOUS BATTLE THEY'LL EVER SEE.
I'M NOT FIT TO LEAD THEM! NOT FIT TO BE IN CHARGE OF A JUVEY TROOP!
BETTER IF THEY HAVE SOMEONE ELSE IN COMMAND -- SOMEONE WHO WON'T GET THEM KILLED.
ME, I'M LIVIN' ON BORROWED TIME ANYWAY -- BORROWED FROM MY RANGERS.
TOMORROW IT ENDS. TOMORROW I GET THE DEATH I DESERVE.

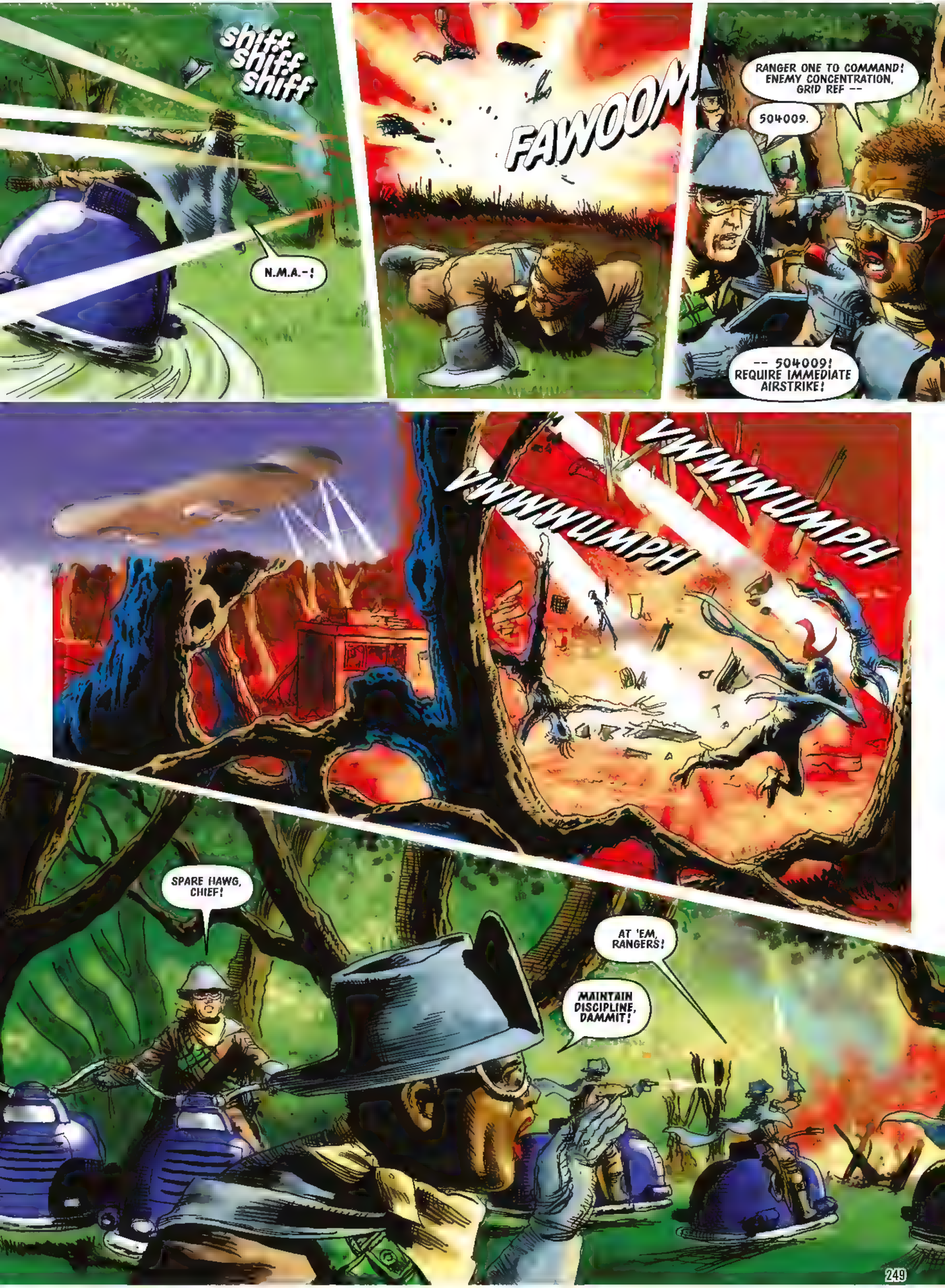

DRIVEN SOUTH INTO THE FORBIDDING BLACK HILLS, THE **NEW MUTANT ARMY** TURNS LIKE A BEAST AT BAY TO MAKE ITS LAST STAND.
AND LAST STAND IT WILL BE, FOR AROUND THEM IS ARRAYED A MIGHTY FORCE UNDER **JUDGE DREDD**, A MAN WELL KNOWN TO BE **WITHOUT MERCY.**
THERE HAS BEEN NO OFFER OF SURRENDER, AND HE HAS SOUGHT NONE. LET WHAT HAPPENS HERE TODAY SEND A SHOCKWAVE THROUGHOUT THE MUTANT LANDS.
THERE'S A NETWORK OF OLD MINE WORKINGS IN THOSE HILLS. THEY COULD BE HARD TO WINKLE OUT WITHOUT HEAVY CASUALTIES.
BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE. EVERY MAN MUST DO HIS DUTY.

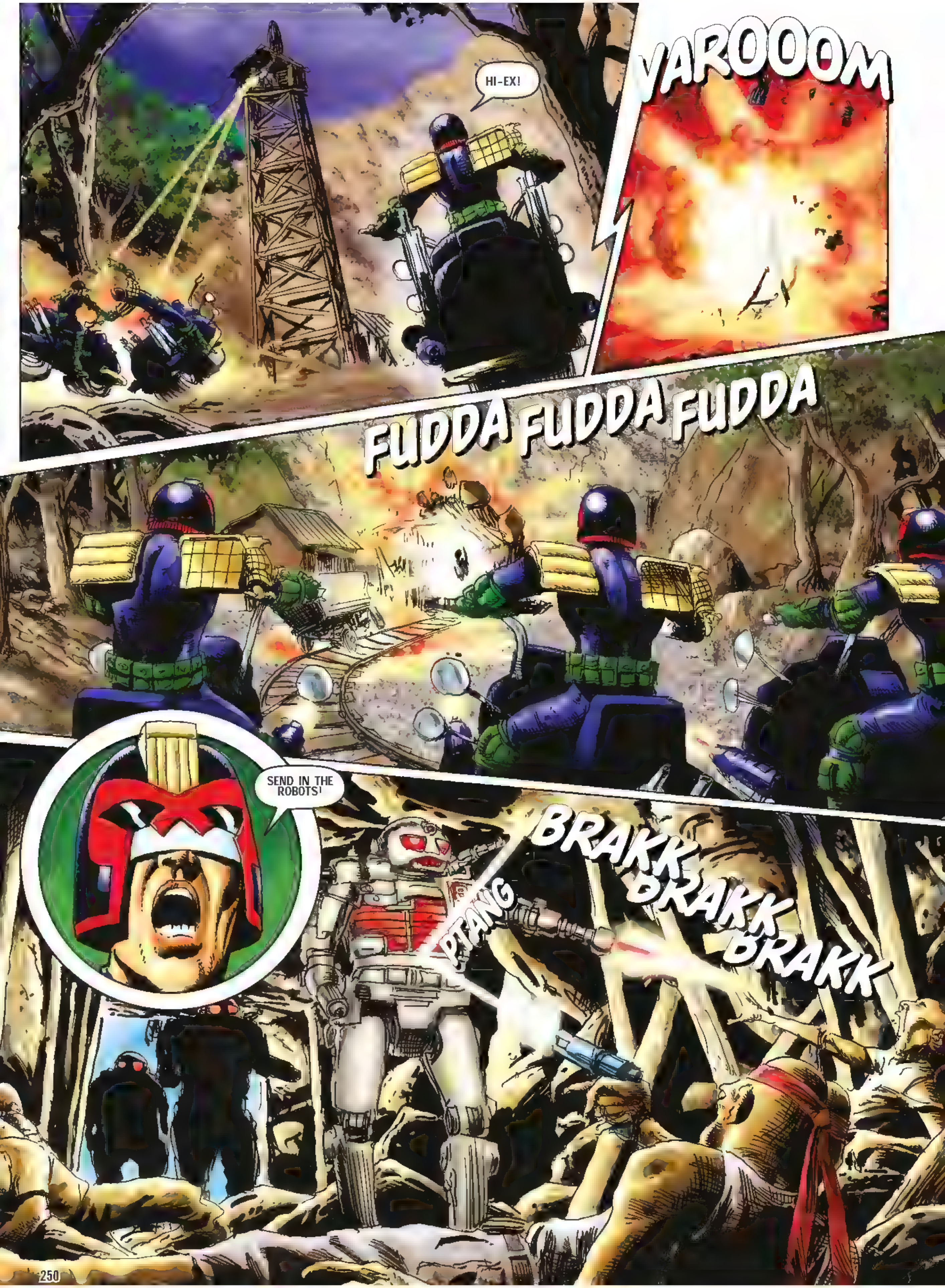

THE MUTANTS KNOW THAT FEW IF ANY WILL SURVIVE THE DAY. BUT THEY ALSO KNOW THAT FOR EVERY ONE OF THEM THAT DIES, FIVE WILL RISE.
WE WILL NOT SELL OUR LIVES CHEAPLY!
THE JUDGES DO THEMSELVES NO FAVOURS.
BLOOD FOR BLOOD!
FORWARD!
LET'S KEEP OUR EYES OPEN, PEOPLE!
SERGEANTS, MAINTAIN YOUR LINES!

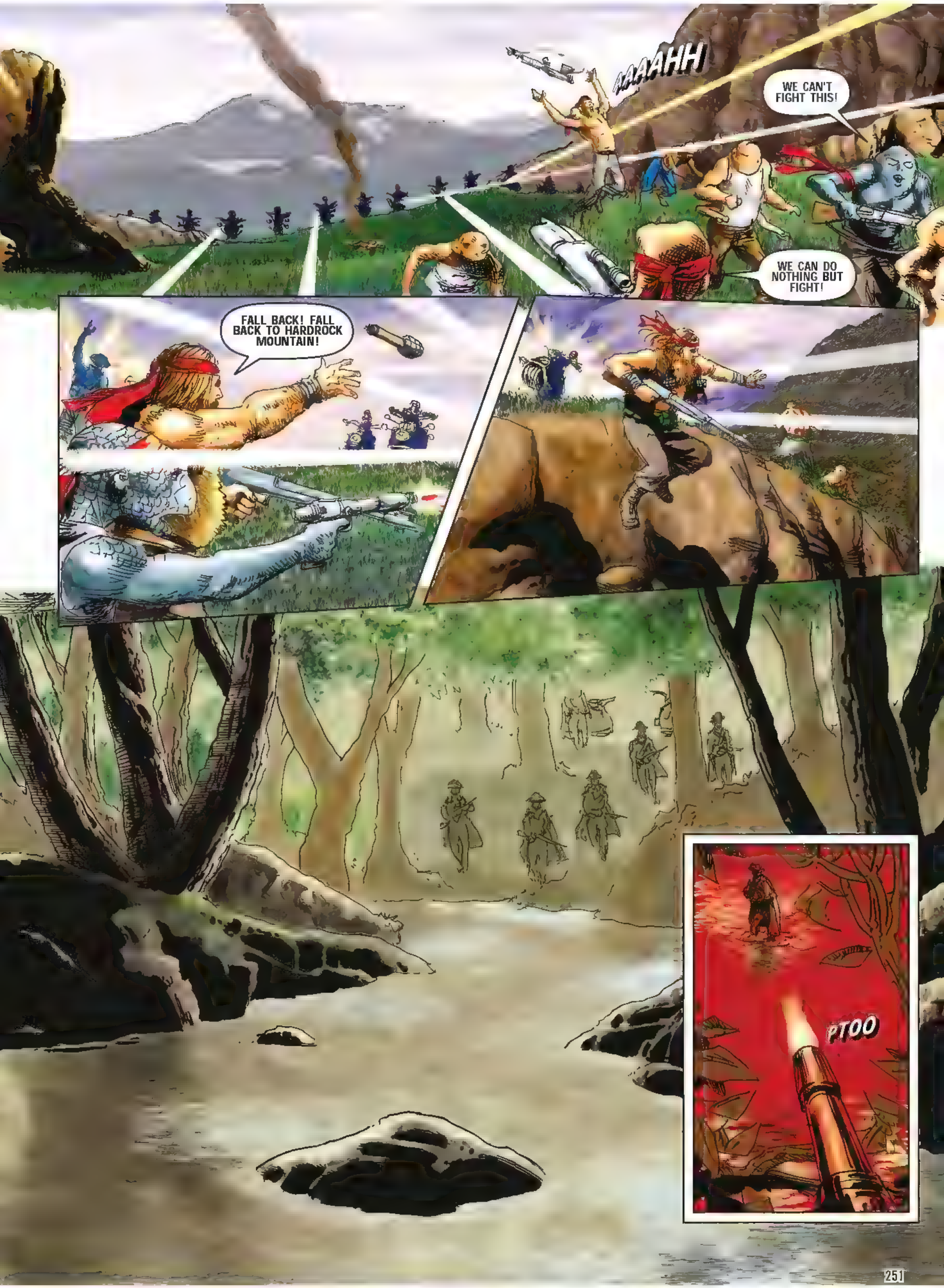

CHIEF RANGER DOUNREY, HIS MIND FOGGED BY SLEEPLESSNESS, IS RESOLVED THAT TODAY WILL ALSO BE HIS LAST.
IT IS THE ONLY WAY, HE BELIEVES, TO ATONE FOR THE EIGHT RANGERS HE LEFT ON THE BATTLEFIELD.
RANGER CURSED EARTH AUXILIARY
YET IT IS HARDLY THE SIMPLE END HE'D HOPED FOR -- LEADING FIFTY YOUNG RANGERS INTO THE BIGGEST FIREFIGHT OF THEIR LIVES.
HOW MANY MORE OF THESE KIDS WILL DIE TONIGHT?
CRAAAK
VADOOOM
BOOBY TRAPS!
ALL UNITS, BE AWARE!
trip

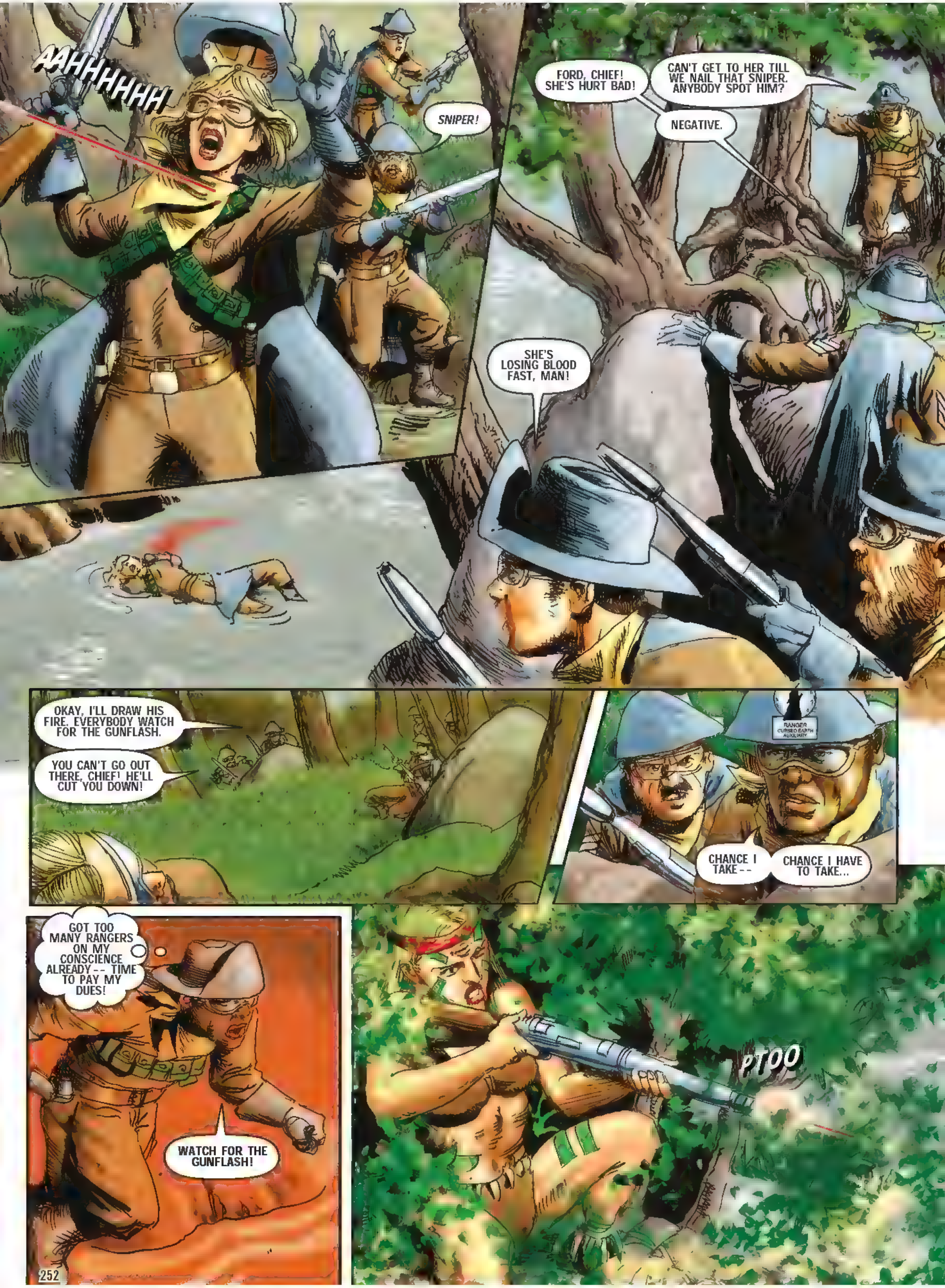

ELLERY!
shunnkkk
EASY, BOY...!
uuuhh
MEDIC! WHERE THE HELL'S THE MEDIC?
HE'S DEAD, CHIEF!
ANOTHER ONE LOST!
RANGER
KEEP OFF THE PATHS, DAMMIT! FORM UP -- SINGLE FILE!
I'LL RIDE POINT!
BUT, CHIEF--
KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!
AT LEAST THIS WAY THE NEXT BOOBY TRAP JUST TAKES ME!
RANGER

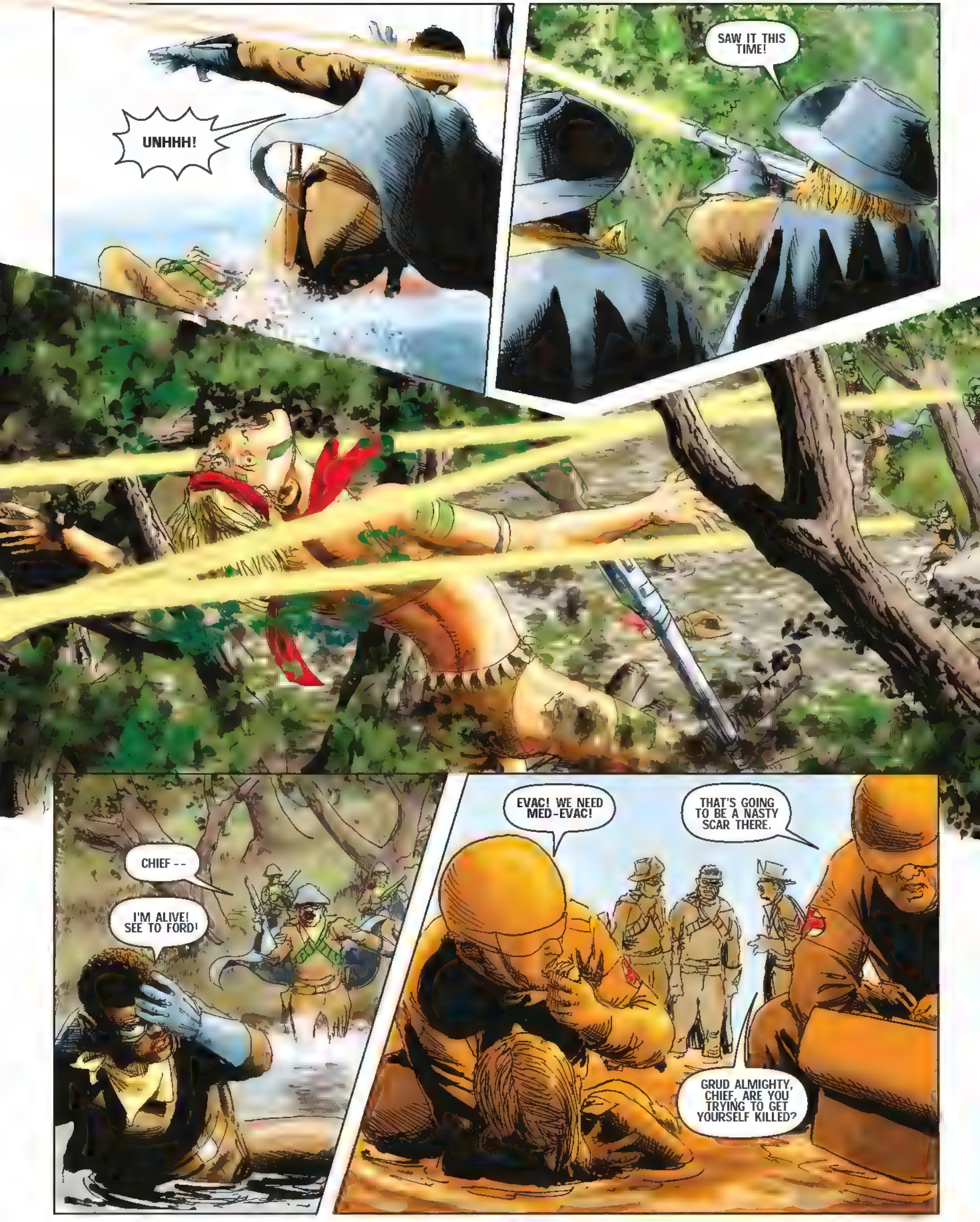

YOOOOM
STAY BEHIND THE ROBOTS!
PODGORNY! WE ARE ENGAGING MUTANT UNITS, GRID REF 310225!
BDAM BDAM BDAM
KOOOM
PIT TRAP!
DAMN GLAD FOR THESE HOVERHAWGS!
FWSSSH

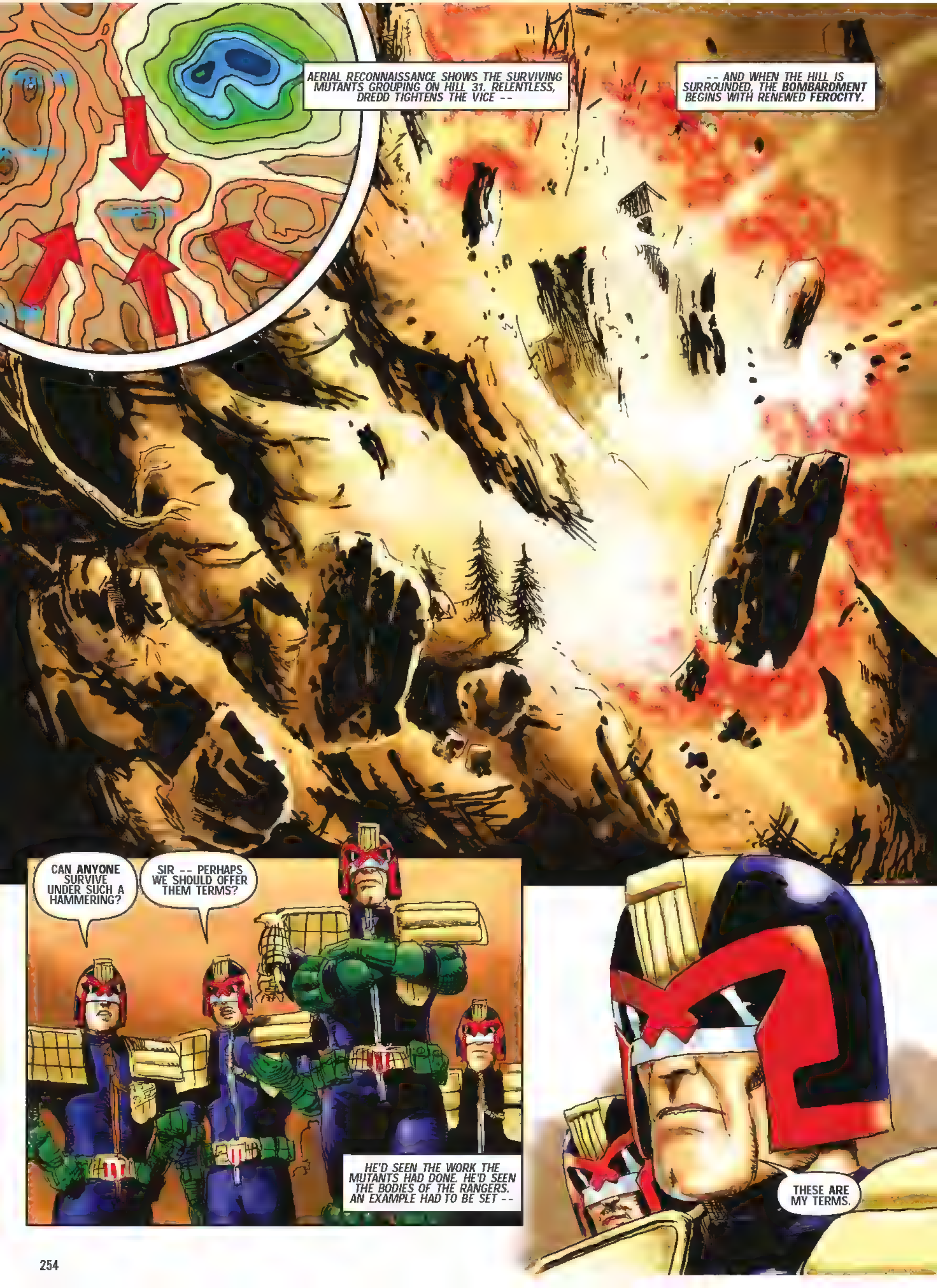

shiff shiff shiff
N.M.A.-!
FAWOOM
RANGER ONE TO COMMAND! ENEMY CONCENTRATION, GRID REF --
504009.
-- 504009! REQUIRE IMMEDIATE AIRSTRIKE!
VWWWUMPH
VWWWUMPH
SPARE HAWG, CHIEF!
AT 'EM, RANGERS!
MAINTAIN DISCIPLINE, DAMMIT!

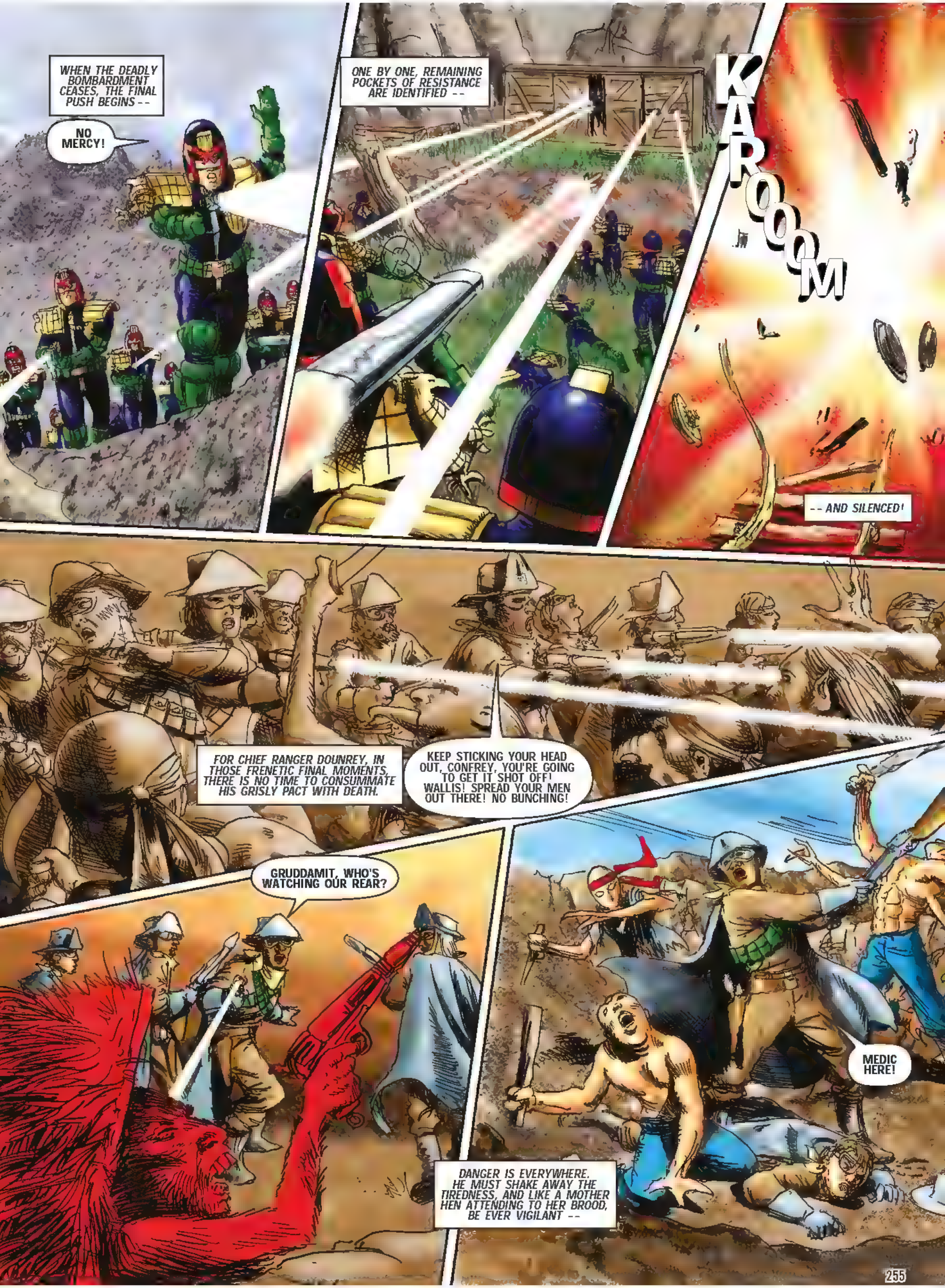

HI-EX!
VAROOOM
FUDDA FUDDA FUDDA
SEND IN THE ROBOTS!
BRAKK BRAKK BRAKK
PTANG

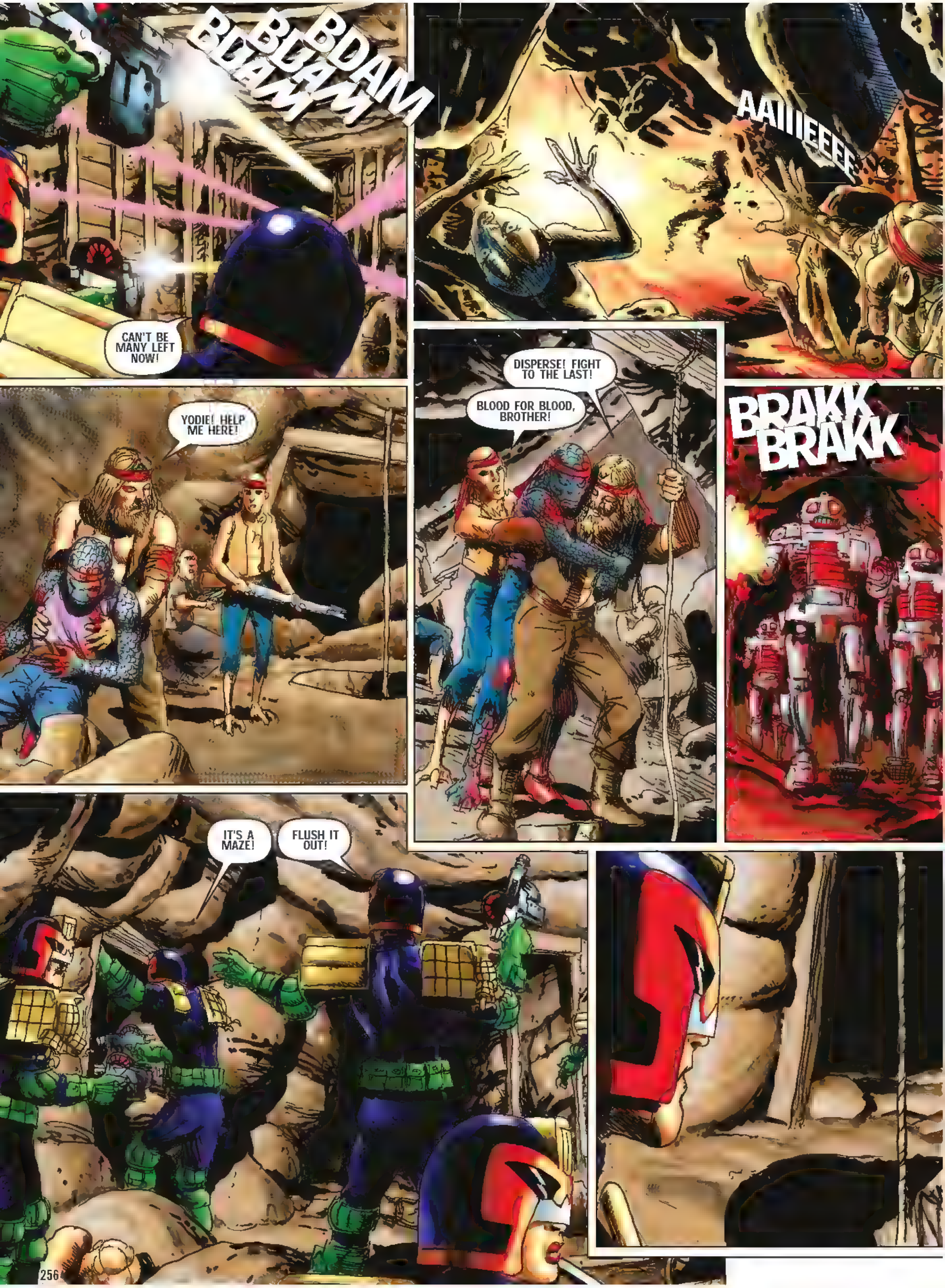

AAAAHH
WE CAN'T FIGHT THIS!
WE CAN DO NOTHING BUT FIGHT!
FALL BACK! FALL BACK TO HARDROCK MOUNTAIN!
PTOO

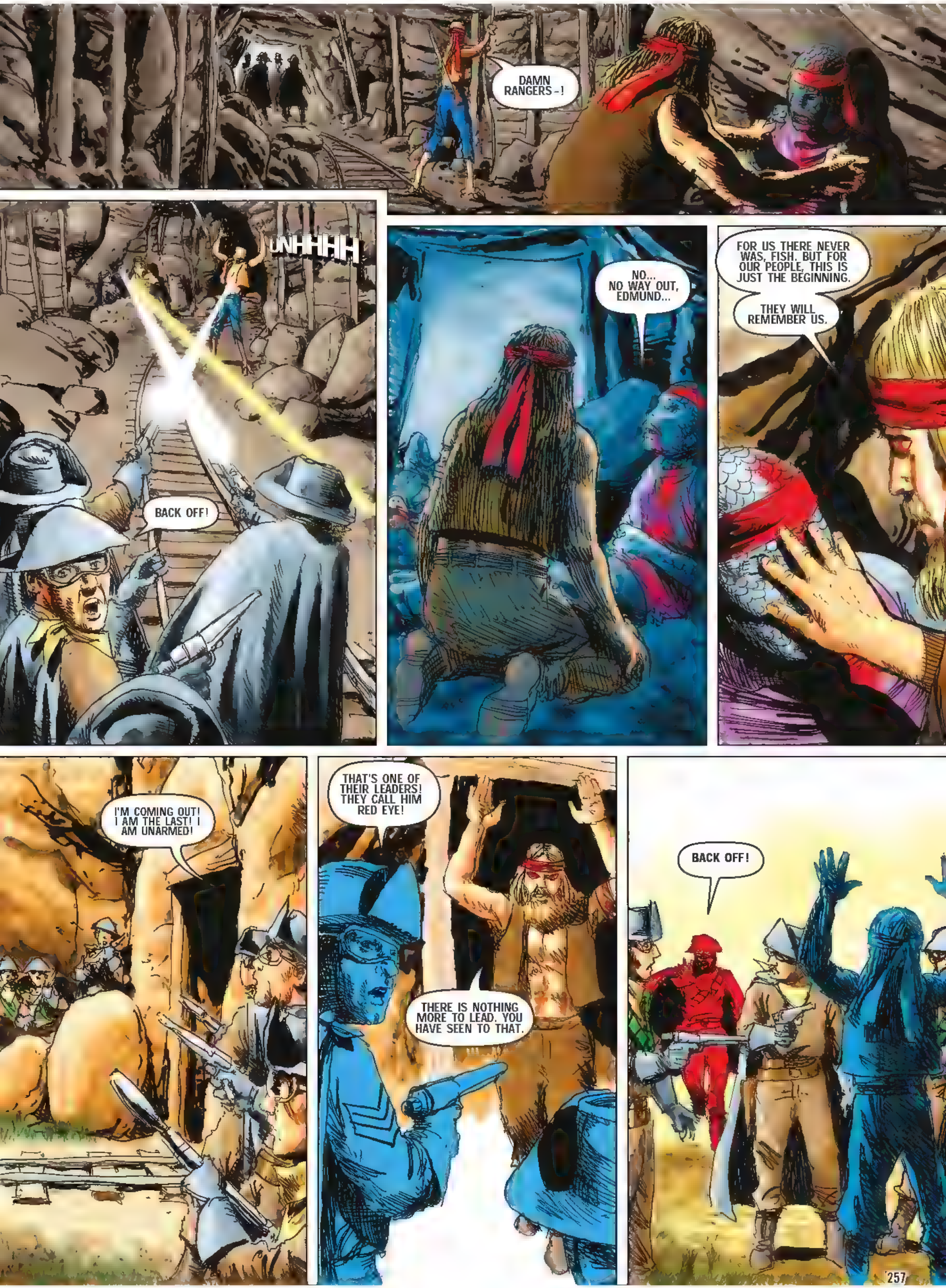

AAHHHHHH
SNIPER!
FORD, CHIEF! SHE'S HURT BAD!
CAN'T GET TO HER TILL WE NAIL THAT SNIPER. ANYBODY SPOT HIM?
NEGATIVE.
SHE'S LOSING BLOOD FAST, MAN!
OKAY, I'LL DRAW HIS FIRE. EVERYBODY WATCH FOR THE GUNFLASH.
YOU CAN'T GO OUT THERE, CHIEF! HE'LL CUT YOU DOWN!
RANGER CURSED EARTH AUXILIARY
CHANCE I TAKE--
CHANCE I HAVE TO TAKE...
GOT TOO MANY RANGERS ON MY CONSCIENCE ALREADY-- TIME TO PAY MY DUES!
WATCH FOR THE GUNFLASH!
PTOO

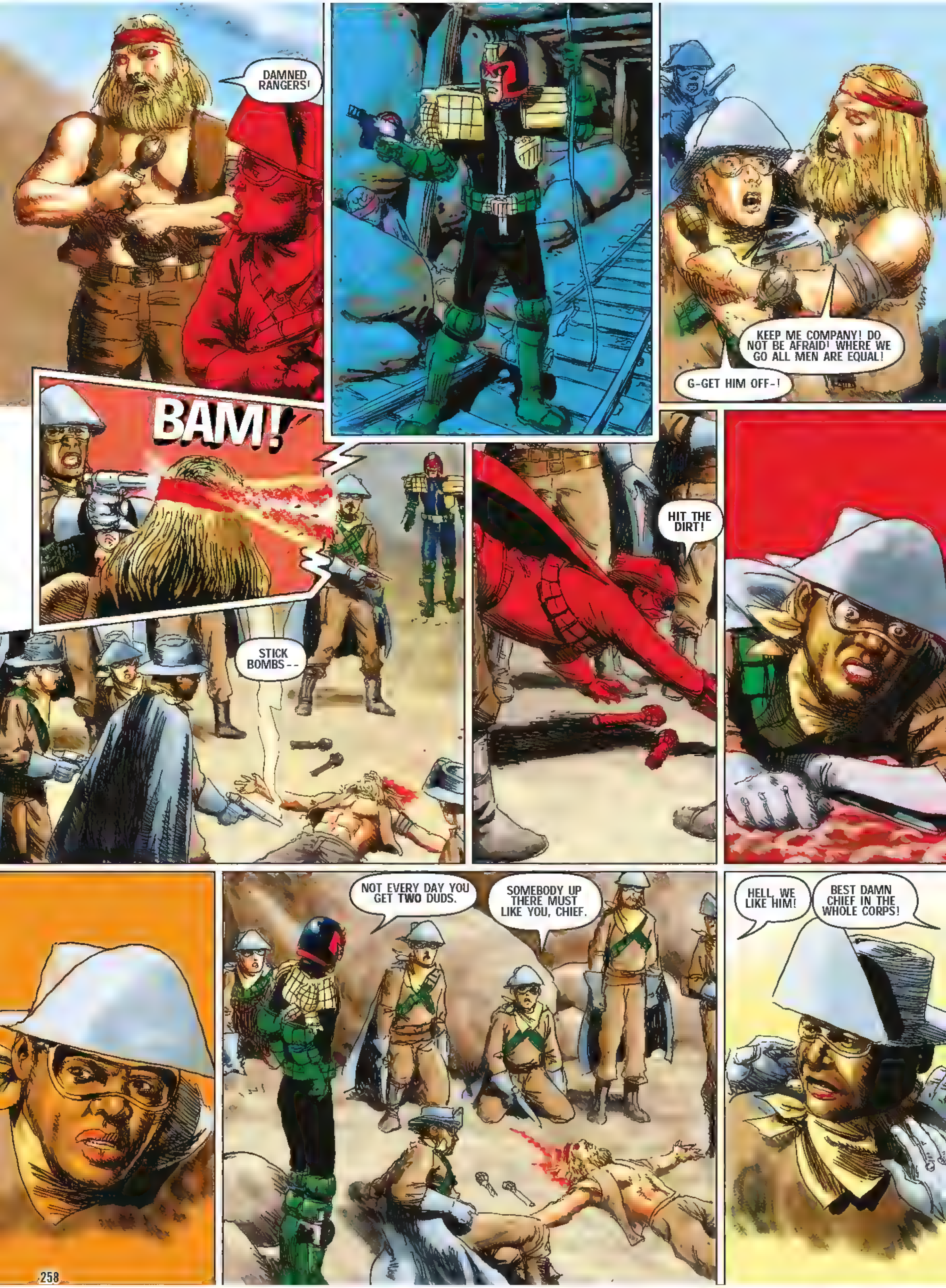

UNHHH!
SAW IT THIS TIME!
CHIEF --
I'M ALIVE! SEE TO FORD!
EVAC! WE NEED MED-EVAC!
THAT'S GOING TO BE A NASTY SCAR THERE.
GRUD ALMIGHTY, CHIEF, ARE YOU TRYING TO GET YOURSELF KILLED?

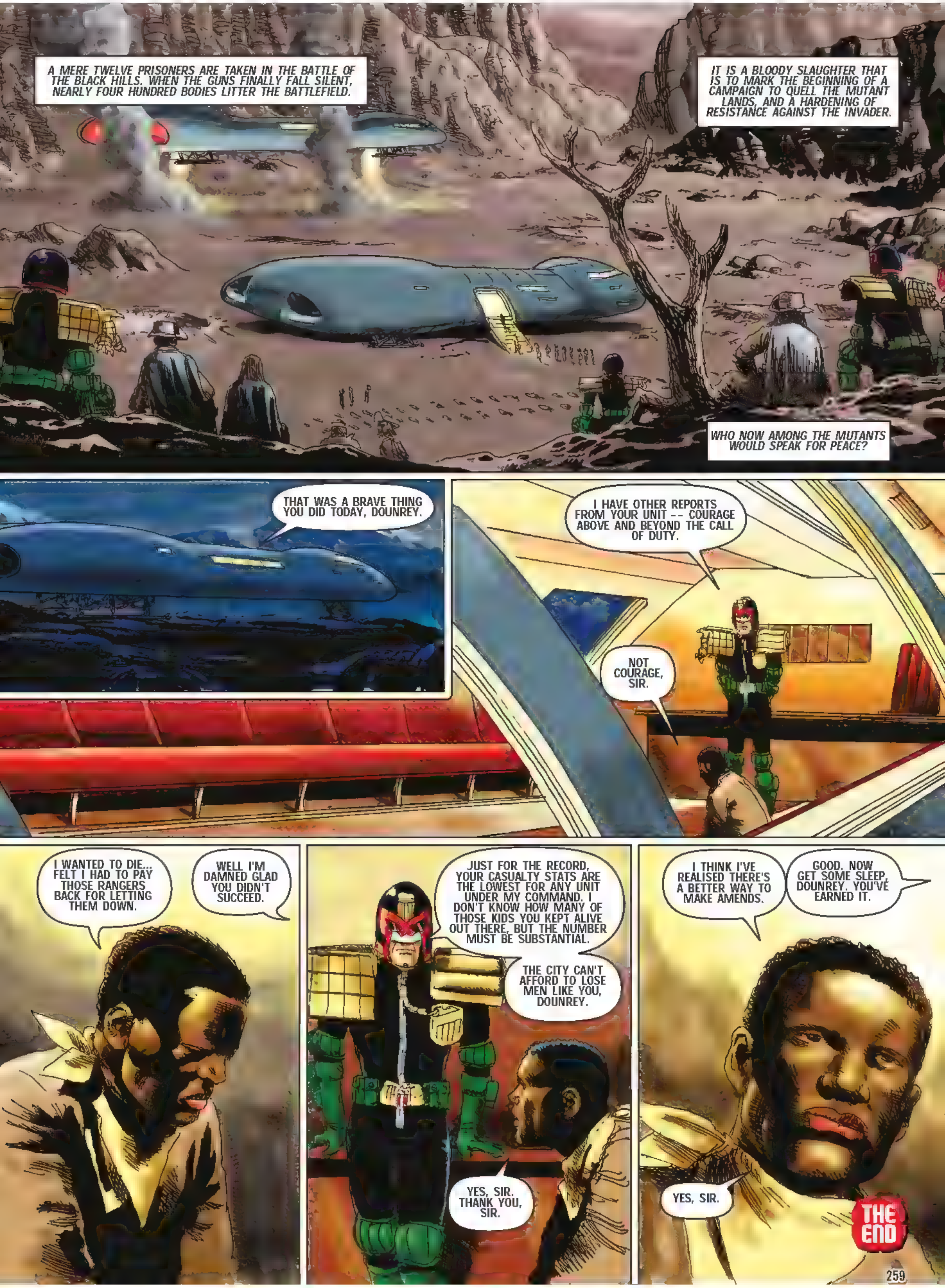

AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE SHOWS THE SURVIVING MUTANTS GROUPING ON HILL 31. RELENTLESS, DREDD TIGHTENS THE VICE --
-- AND WHEN THE HILL IS SURROUNDED, THE BOMBARDMENT BEGINS WITH RENEWED FEROCITY.
CAN ANYONE SURVIVE UNDER SUCH A HAMMERING?
SIR -- PERHAPS WE SHOULD OFFER THEM TERMS?
HE'D SEEN THE WORK THE MUTANTS HAD DONE. HE'D SEEN THE BODIES OF THE RANGERS. AN EXAMPLE HAD TO BE SET --
THESE ARE MY TERMS.

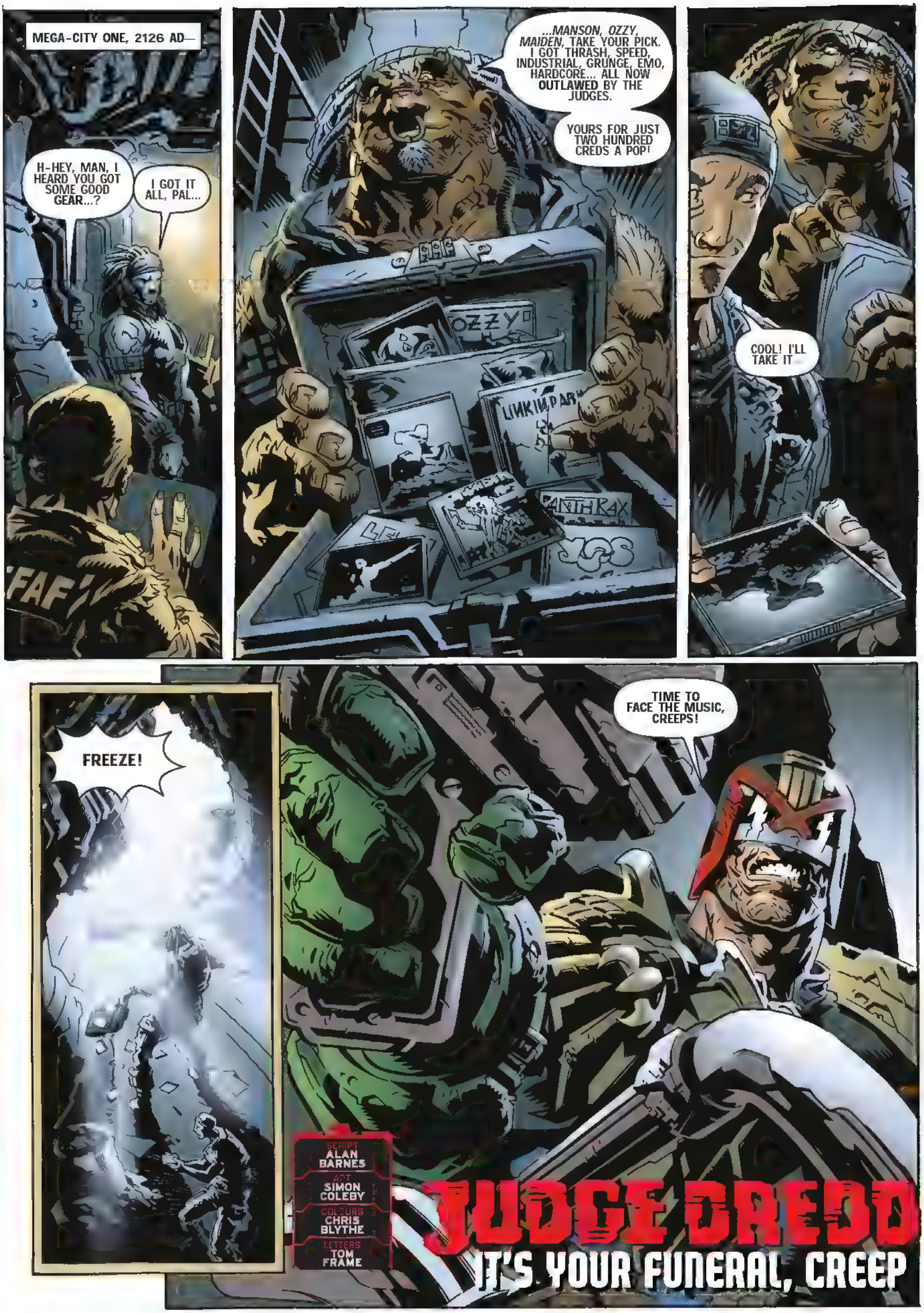

WHEN THE DEADLY BOMBARDMENT CEASES, THE FINAL PUSH BEGINS--
NO MERCY!
ONE BY ONE, REMAINING POCKETS OF RESISTANCE ARE IDENTIFIED --
KAROOOM
-- AND SILENCED!
FOR CHIEF RANGER DOUNREY, IN THOSE FRENETIC FINAL MOMENTS, THERE IS NO TIME TO CONSUMMATE HIS GRISLY PACT WITH DEATH.
KEEP STICKING YOUR HEAD OUT, CONFREY, YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT SHOT OFF! WALLIS! SPREAD YOUR MEN OUT THERE! NO BUNCHING!
GRUDDAMIT, WHO'S WATCHING OUR REAR?
MEDIC HERE!
DANGER IS EVERYWHERE. HE MUST SHAKE AWAY THE TIREDNESS, AND LIKE A MOTHER HEN ATTENDING TO HER BROOD, BE EVER VIGILANT --


BDAM
BLAM
BLAM
CAN'T BE MANY LEFT NOW!
AAIIIEEEE
YODIE! HELP ME HERE!
DISPERSE! FIGHT TO THE LAST!
BLOOD FOR BLOOD, BROTHER!
BRAKK
BRAKK
IT'S A MAZE!
FLUSH IT OUT!


DAMN RANGERS-!
UNHHHH
BACK OFF!
NO... NO WAY OUT, EDMUND...
FOR US THERE NEVER WAS, FISH. BUT FOR OUR PEOPLE, THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING.
THEY WILL REMEMBER US.
I'M COMING OUT! I AM THE LAST! I AM UNARMED!
THAT'S ONE OF THEIR LEADERS! THEY CALL HIM RED EYE!
THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO LEAD. YOU HAVE SEEN TO THAT.
BACK OFF!


DAMNED RANGERS!
KEEP ME COMPANY! DO NOT BE AFRAID! WHERE WE GO ALL MEN ARE EQUAL!
G-GET HIM OFF-!
BAM!
STICK BOMBS--
HIT THE DIRT!
NOT EVERY DAY YOU GET TWO DUDS.
SOMEBODY UP THERE MUST LIKE YOU, CHIEF.
HELL, WE LIKE HIM!
BEST DAMN CHIEF IN THE WHOLE CORPS!

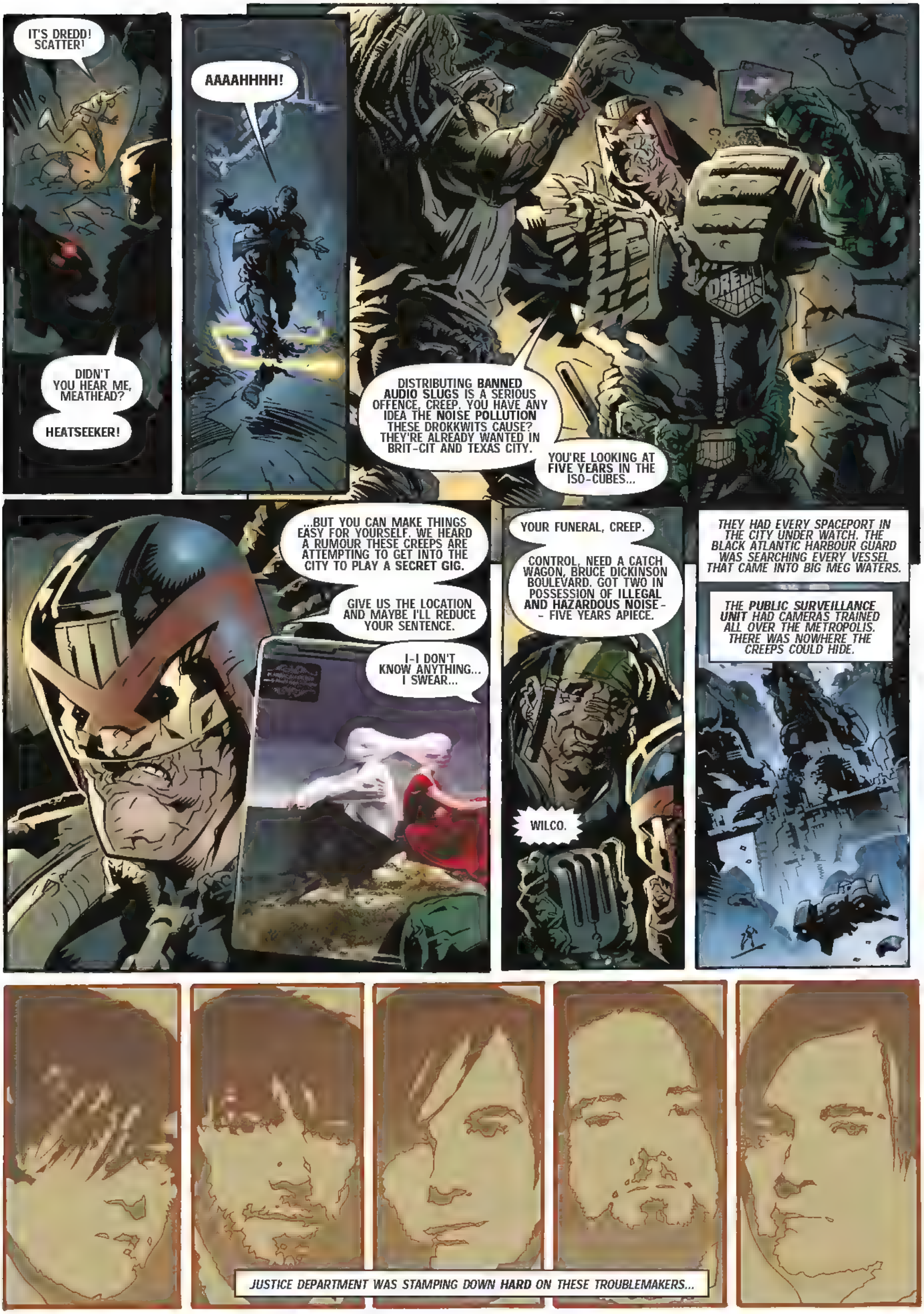

A MERE TWELVE PRISONERS ARE TAKEN IN THE BATTLE OF THE BLACK HILLS. WHEN THE GUNS FINALLY FALL SILENT, NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED BODIES LITTER THE BATTLEFIELD.
IT IS A BLOODY SLAUGHTER THAT IS TO MARK THE BEGINNING OF A CAMPAIGN TO QUELL THE MUTANT LANDS, AND A HARDENING OF RESISTANCE AGAINST THE INVADER.
WHO NOW AMONG THE MUTANTS WOULD SPEAK FOR PEACE?
THAT WAS A BRAVE THING YOU DID TODAY, DOUNREY.
I HAVE OTHER REPORTS FROM YOUR UNIT -- COURAGE ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY.
NOT COURAGE, SIR.
I WANTED TO DIE... FELT I HAD TO PAY THOSE RANGERS BACK FOR LETTING THEM DOWN.
WELL I'M DAMNED GLAD YOU DIDN'T SUCCEED.
JUST FOR THE RECORD, YOUR CASUALTY STATS ARE THE LOWEST FOR ANY UNIT UNDER MY COMMAND. I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY OF THOSE KIDS YOU KEPT ALIVE OUT THERE, BUT THE NUMBER MUST BE SUBSTANTIAL.
THE CITY CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE MEN LIKE YOU, DOUNREY.
YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR.
I THINK I'VE REALISED THERE'S A BETTER WAY TO MAKE AMENDS.
GOOD. NOW GET SOME SLEEP, DOUNREY. YOU'VE EARNED IT.
YES, SIR.
THE END

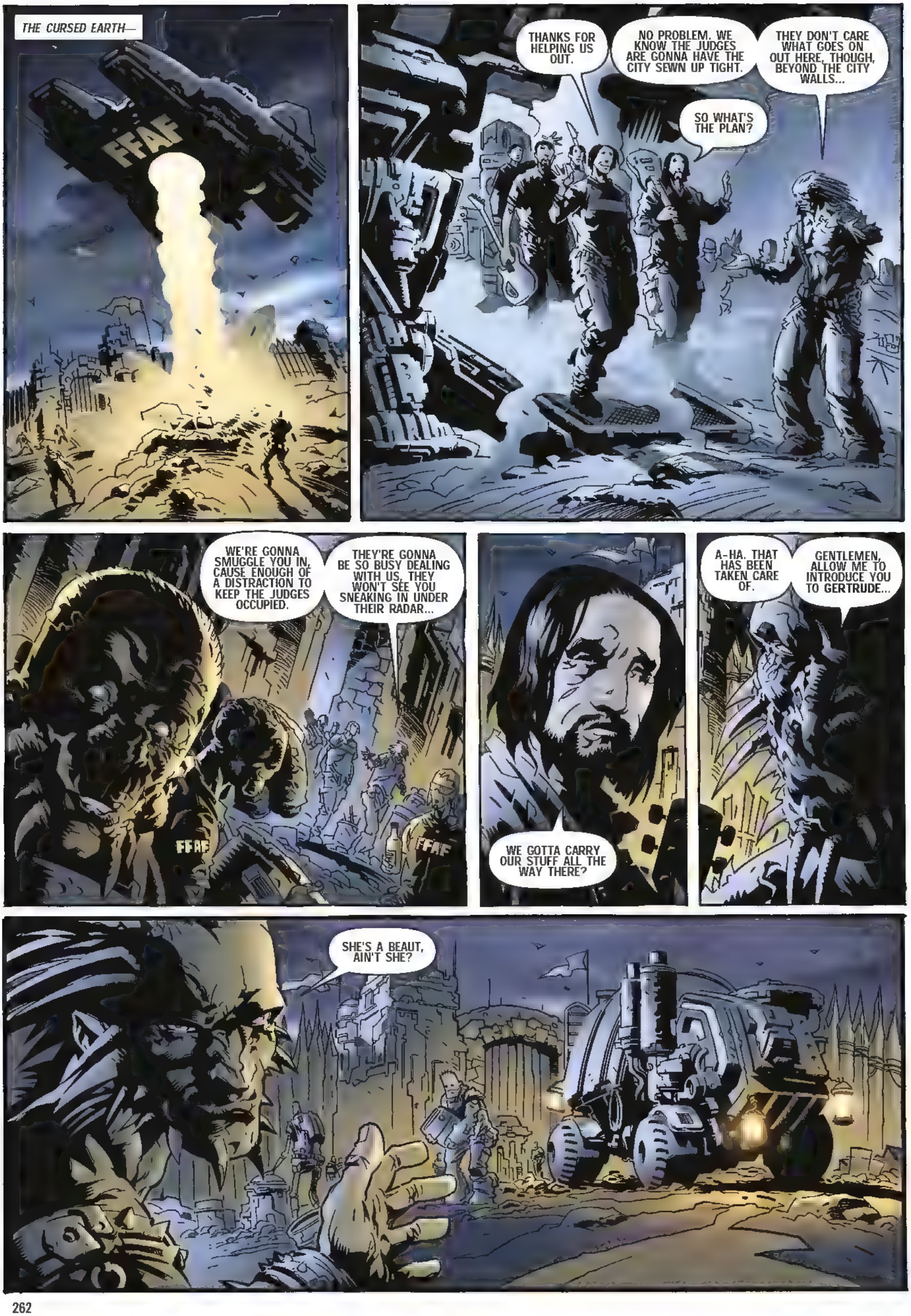

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2126 AD—
H-HEY, MAN, I HEARD YOU GOT SOME GOOD GEAR...?
I GOT IT ALL, PAL...
...MANSON, OZZY, MAIDEN, TAKE YOUR PICK. I GOT THRASH, SPEED, INDUSTRIAL, GRUNGE, EMO, HARDCORE... ALL NOW OUTLAWED BY THE JUDGES.
YOURS FOR JUST TWO HUNDRED CREDS A POP!
OZZY
LINKIN PARK
ANTHRAX
COOL! I'LL TAKE IT...
FAF
FREEZE!
TIME TO FACE THE MUSIC, CREEPS!

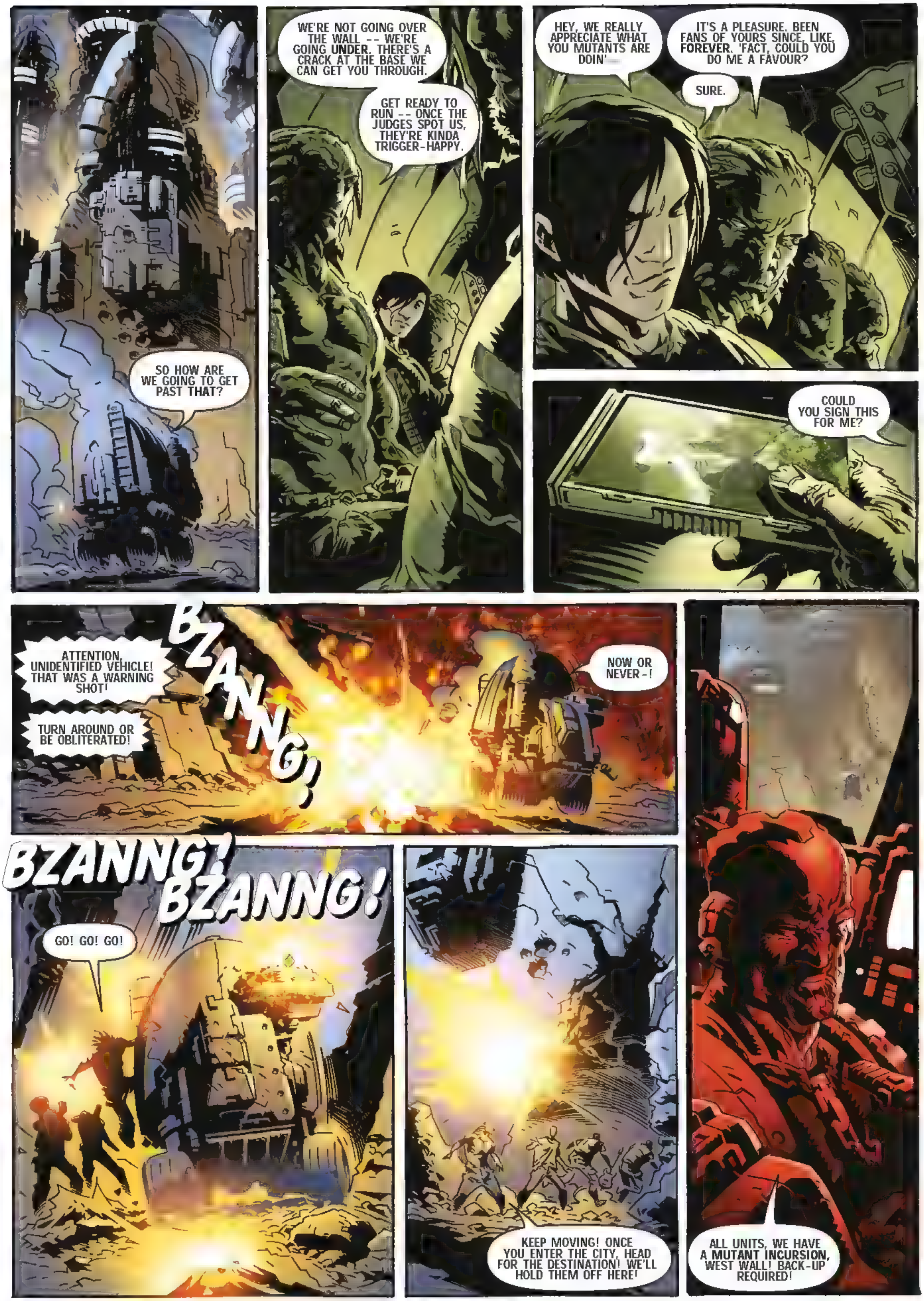
JUDGE DREDD

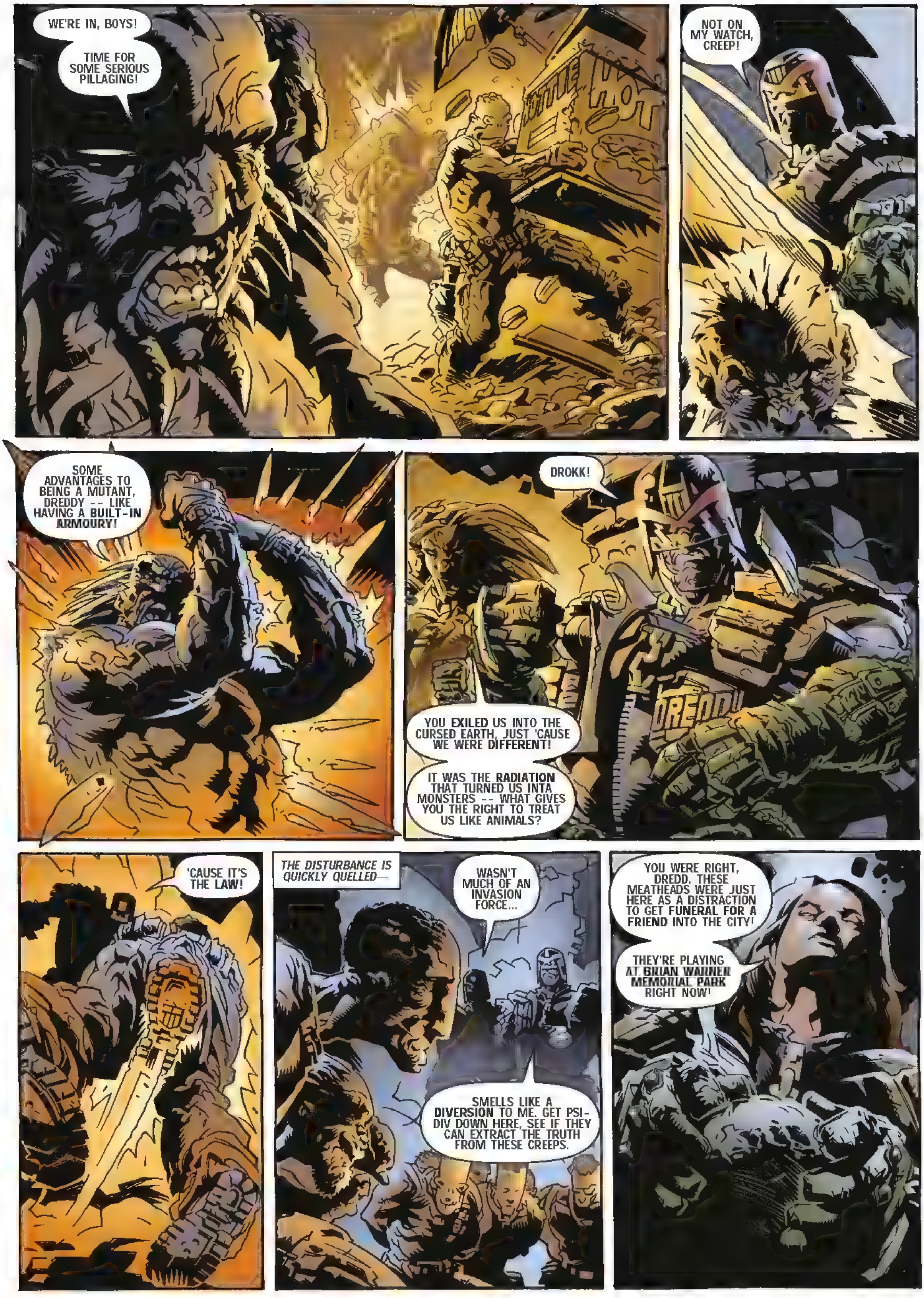
IT'S YOUR FUNERAL, CREEP

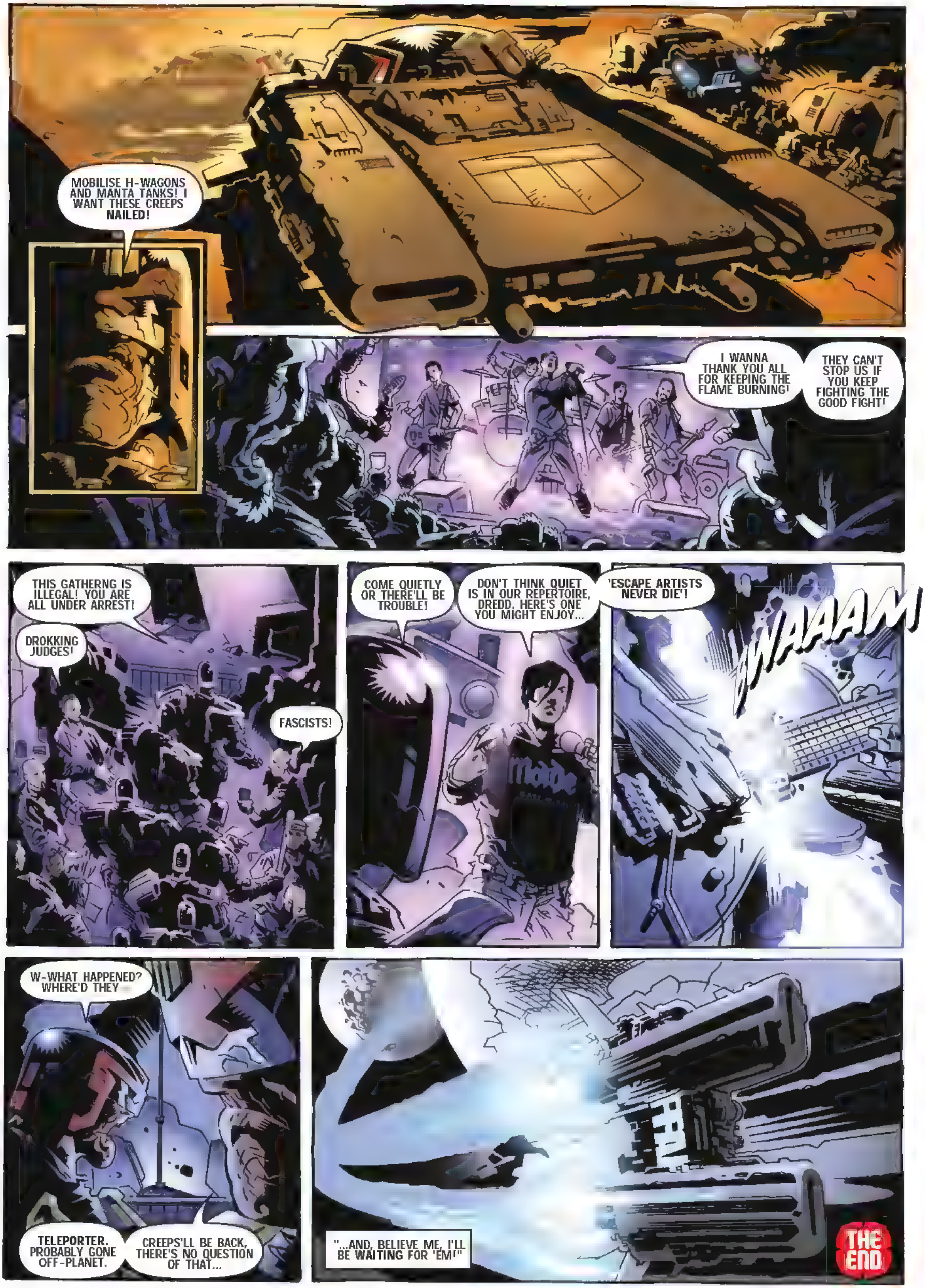
SCRIPT
ALAN BARNES
ART
SIMON COLEBY
COLOURS
CHRIS BLYTHE
LETTERS
TOM FRAME

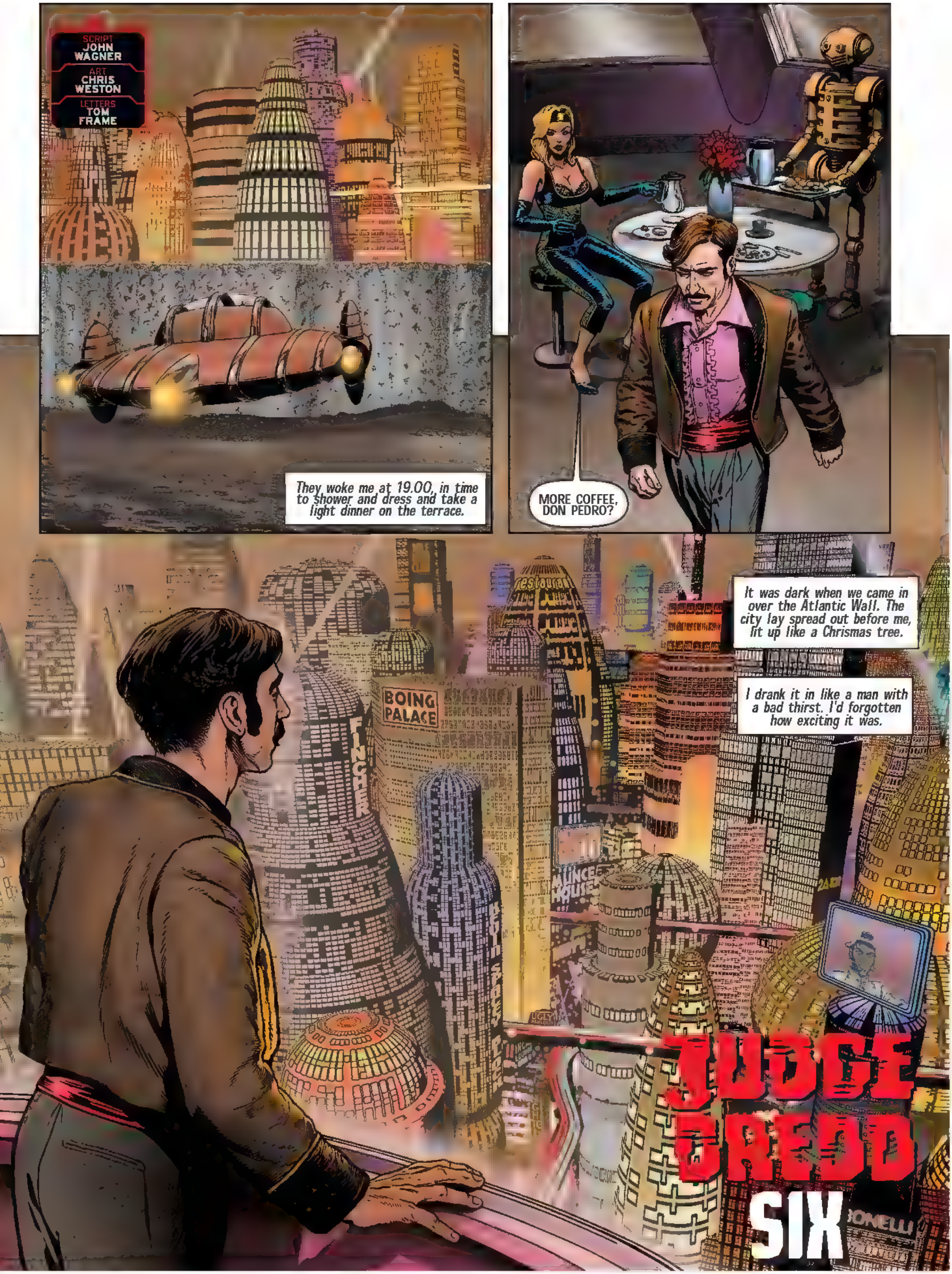

IT'S DREDD! SCATTER!
AAAAHHHH!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME, MEATHEAD?
HEATSEEKER!
DREDD
DISTRIBUTING BANNED AUDIO SLUGS IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE, CREEP. YOU HAVE ANY IDEA THE NOISE POLLUTION THESE DROKKWITS CAUSE? THEY'RE ALREADY WANTED IN BRIT-CIT AND TEXAS CITY.
YOU'RE LOOKING AT FIVE YEARS IN THE ISO-CUBES...
...BUT YOU CAN MAKE THINGS EASY FOR YOURSELF. WE HEARD A RUMOUR THESE CREEPS ARE ATTEMPTING TO GET INTO THE CITY TO PLAY A SECRET GIG.
GIVE US THE LOCATION AND MAYBE I'LL REDUCE YOUR SENTENCE.
I-I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING... I SWEAR...
YOUR FUNERAL, CREEP.
CONTROL, NEED A CATCH WAGON, BRUCE DICKINSON BOULEVARD. GOT TWO IN POSSESSION OF ILLEGAL AND HAZARDOUS NOISE - - FIVE YEARS APIECE.
WILCO.
THEY HAD EVERY SPACEPORT IN THE CITY UNDER WATCH. THE BLACK ATLANTIC HARBOUR GUARD WAS SEARCHING EVERY VESSEL THAT CAME INTO BIG MEG WATERS.
THE PUBLIC SURVEILLANCE UNIT HAD CAMERAS TRAINED ALL OVER THE METROPOLIS. THERE WAS NOWHERE THE CREEPS COULD HIDE.
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WAS STAMPING DOWN HARD ON THESE TROUBLEMAKERS...

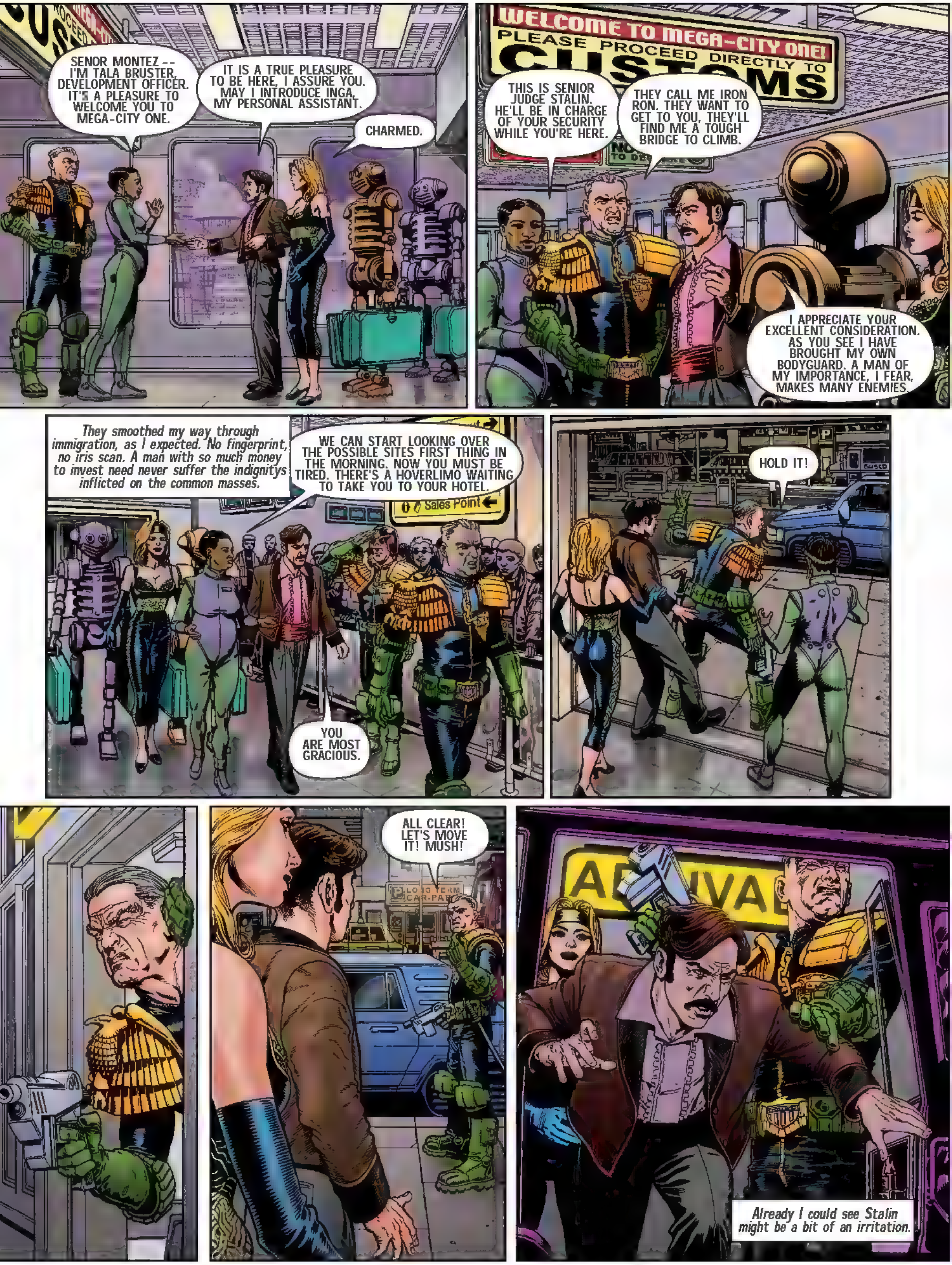

THE CURSED EARTH—
FFAF
THANKS FOR HELPING US OUT.
NO PROBLEM. WE KNOW THE JUDGES ARE GONNA HAVE THE CITY SEWN UP TIGHT.
THEY DON'T CARE WHAT GOES ON OUT HERE, THOUGH, BEYOND THE CITY WALLS...
SO WHAT'S THE PLAN?
WE'RE GONNA SMUGGLE YOU IN, CAUSE ENOUGH OF A DISTRACTION TO KEEP THE JUDGES OCCUPIED.
THEY'RE GONNA BE SO BUSY DEALING WITH US, THEY WON'T SEE YOU SNEAKING IN UNDER THEIR RADAR...
FFAF
FFAF
WE GOTTA CARRY OUR STUFF ALL THE WAY THERE?
A-HA. THAT HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF.
GENTLEMEN, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO GERTRUDE...
SHE'S A BEAUT, AIN'T SHE?

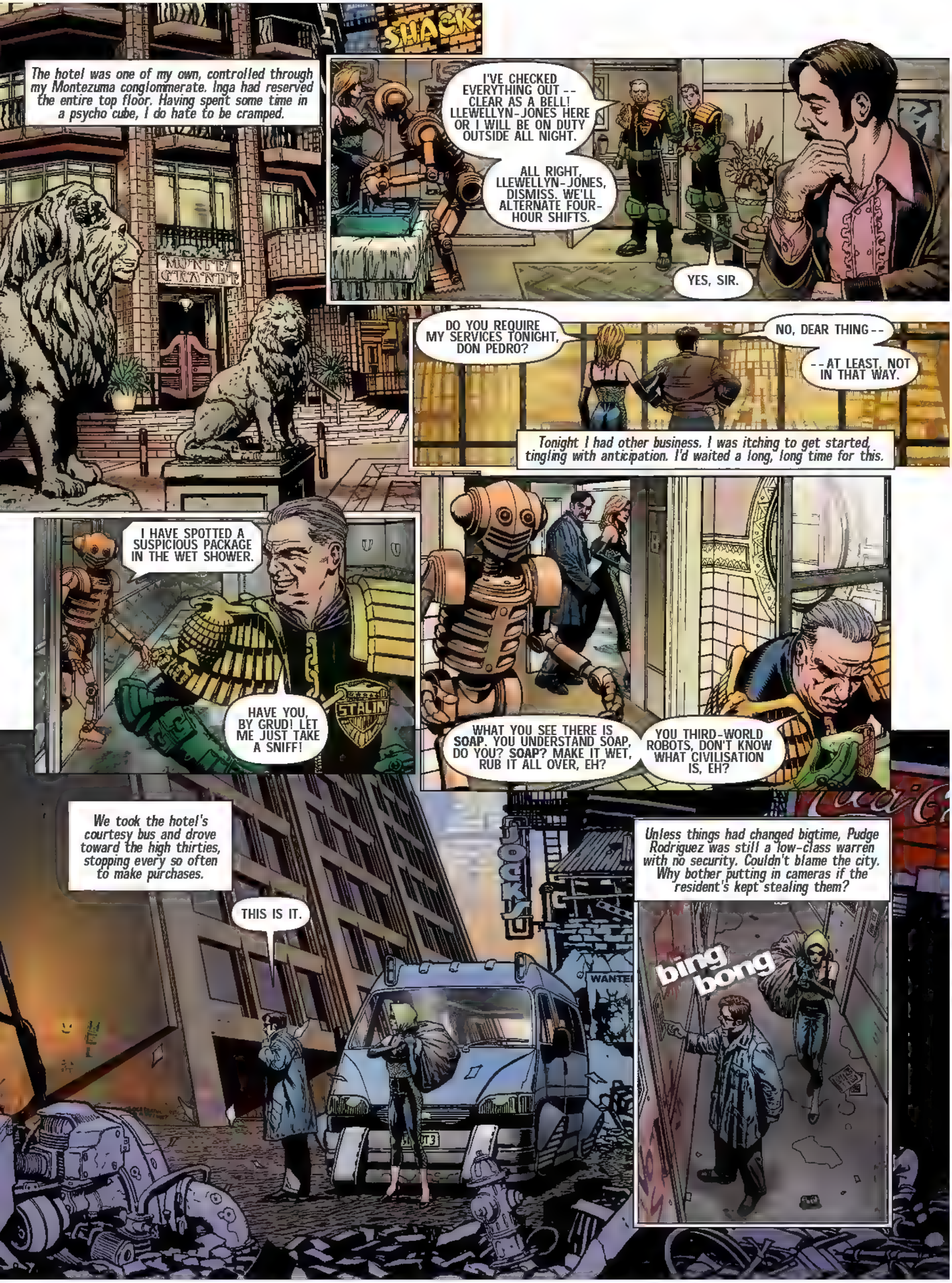

SO HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET PAST THAT?
WE'RE NOT GOING OVER THE WALL -- WE'RE GOING **UNDER**. THERE'S A CRACK AT THE BASE WE CAN GET YOU THROUGH.
GET READY TO RUN -- ONCE THE JUDGES SPOT US, THEY'RE KINDA TRIGGER-HAPPY.
HEY, WE REALLY APPRECIATE WHAT YOU MUTANTS ARE DOIN'--
IT'S A PLEASURE. BEEN FANS OF YOURS SINCE, LIKE, **FOREVER**. 'FACT, COULD YOU DO ME A FAVOUR?
SURE.
COULD YOU SIGN THIS FOR ME?
ATTENTION, UNIDENTIFIED VEHICLE! THAT WAS A WARNING SHOT!
TURN AROUND OR BE OBLITERATED!
BZANNG!
NOW OR NEVER-!
BZANNG! BZANNG!
GO! GO! GO!
KEEP MOVING! ONCE YOU ENTER THE CITY, HEAD FOR THE DESTINATION! WE'LL HOLD THEM OFF HERE!
ALL UNITS, WE HAVE A **MUTANT INCURSION**, WEST WALL! BACK-UP REQUIRED!

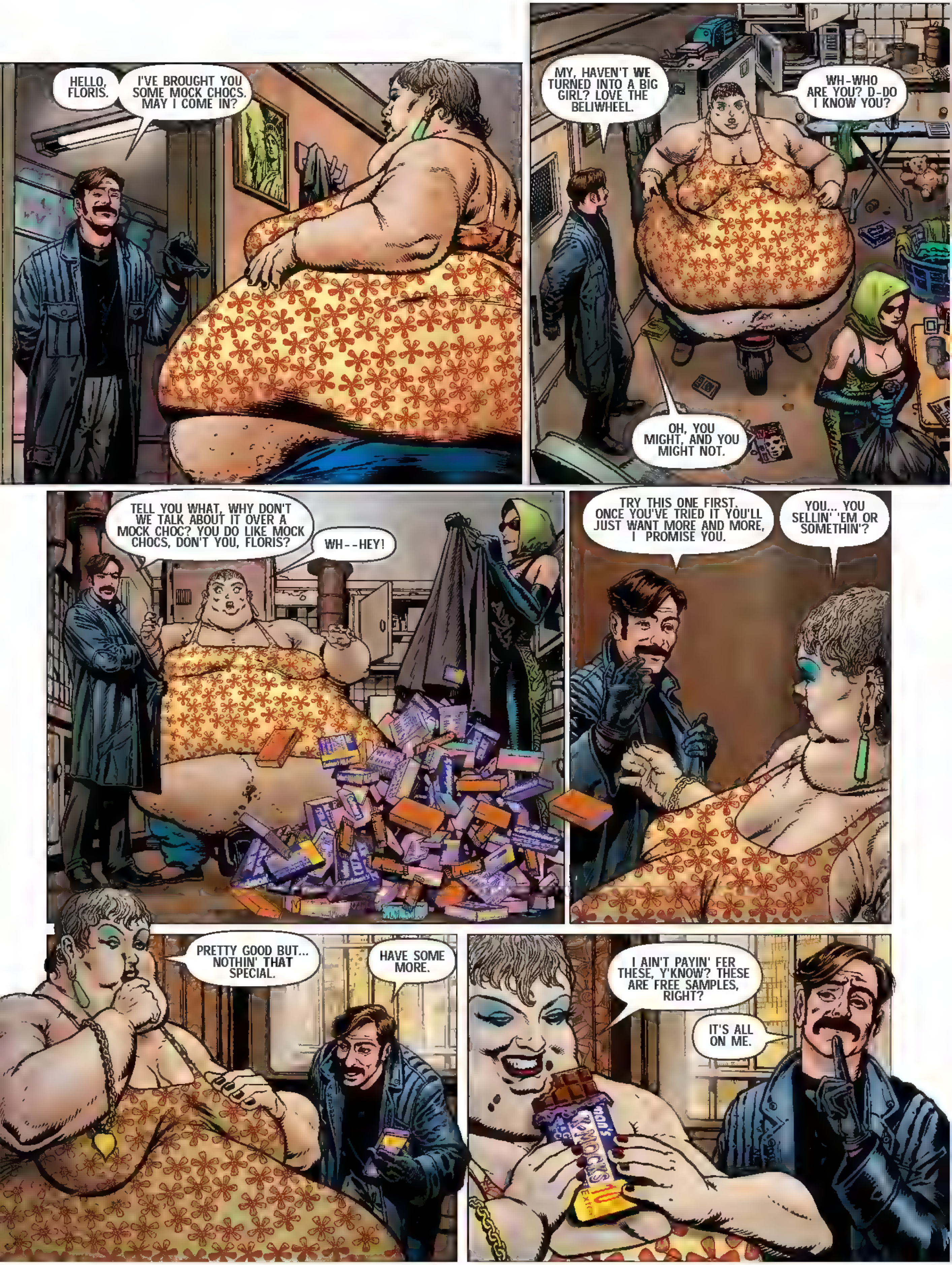

WE'RE IN, BOYS!
TIME FOR SOME SERIOUS PILLAGING!
LITTLE HOT
NOT ON MY WATCH, CREEP!
SOME ADVANTAGES TO BEING A MUTANT, DREDDY -- LIKE HAVING A BUILT-IN ARMOURY!
DROKK!
DREDD
YOU EXILED US INTO THE CURSED EARTH, JUST 'CAUSE WE WERE DIFFERENT!
IT WAS THE RADIATION THAT TURNED US INTA MONSTERS -- WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO TREAT US LIKE ANIMALS?
'CAUSE IT'S THE LAW!
THE DISTURBANCE IS QUICKLY QUELLED—
WASN'T MUCH OF AN INVASION FORCE...
SMELLS LIKE A DIVERSION TO ME. GET PSI-DIV DOWN HERE, SEE IF THEY CAN EXTRACT THE TRUTH FROM THESE CREEPS.
YOU WERE RIGHT, DREDD. THESE MEATHEADS WERE JUST HERE AS A DISTRACTION TO GET FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND INTO THE CITY!
THEY'RE PLAYING AT BRIAN WARNER MEMORIAL PARK RIGHT NOW!

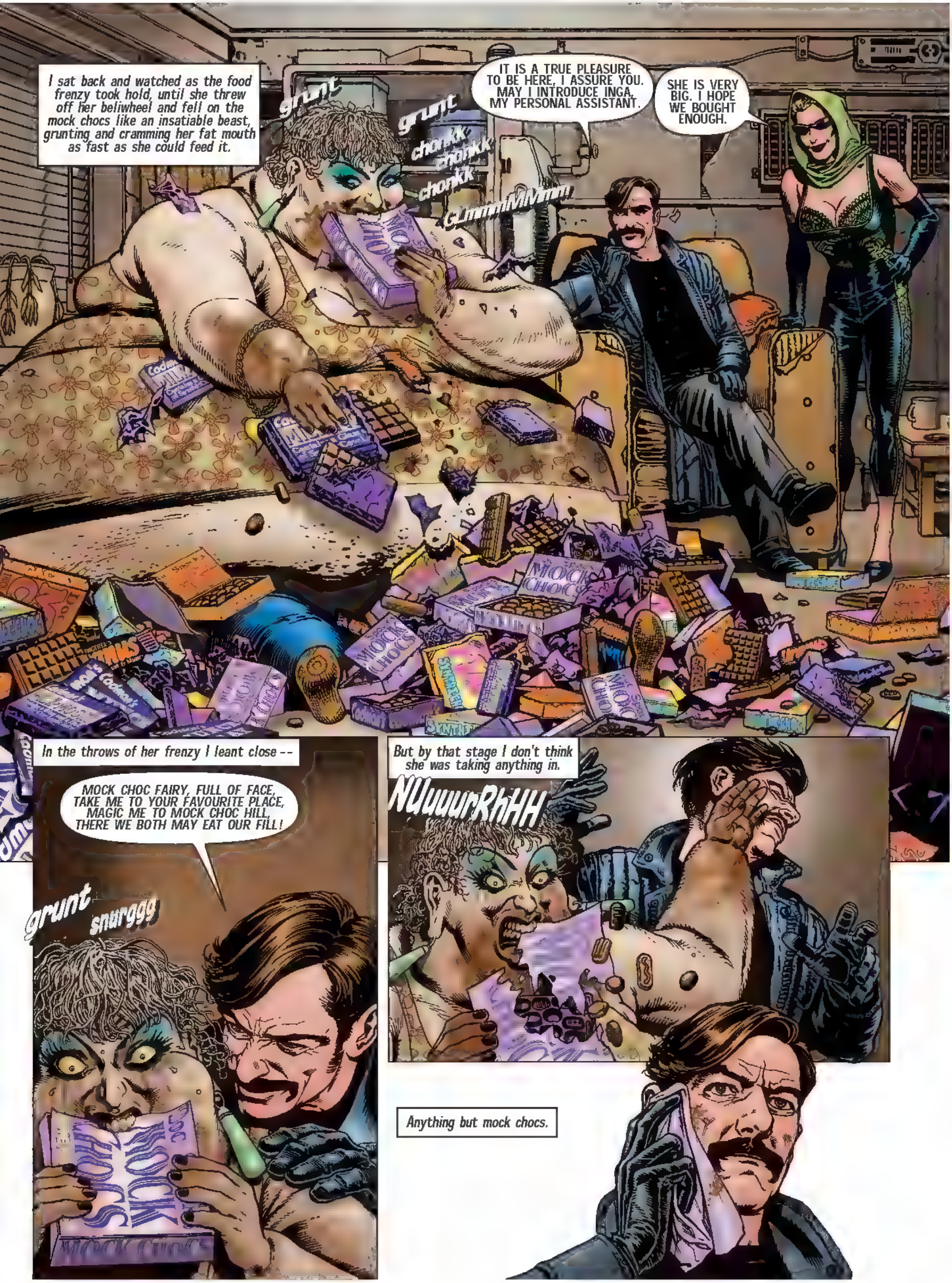

MOBILISE H-WAGONS AND MANTA TANKS! I WANT THESE CREEPS NAILED!
I WANNA THANK YOU ALL FOR KEEPING THE FLAME BURNING!
THEY CAN'T STOP US IF YOU KEEP FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT!
THIS GATHERNG IS ILLEGAL! YOU ARE ALL UNDER ARREST!
DROKKING JUDGES!
FASCISTS!
COME QUIETLY OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE!
DON'T THINK QUIET IS IN OUR REPERTOIRE, DREDD. HERE'S ONE YOU MIGHT ENJOY...
'ESCAPE ARTISTS NEVER DIE'!
WAAAAM
W-WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'D THEY
TELEPORTER. PROBABLY GONE OFF-PLANET.
CREEPS'LL BE BACK, THERE'S NO QUESTION OF THAT...
"...AND, BELIEVE ME, I'LL BE WAITING FOR 'EM!"
THE END

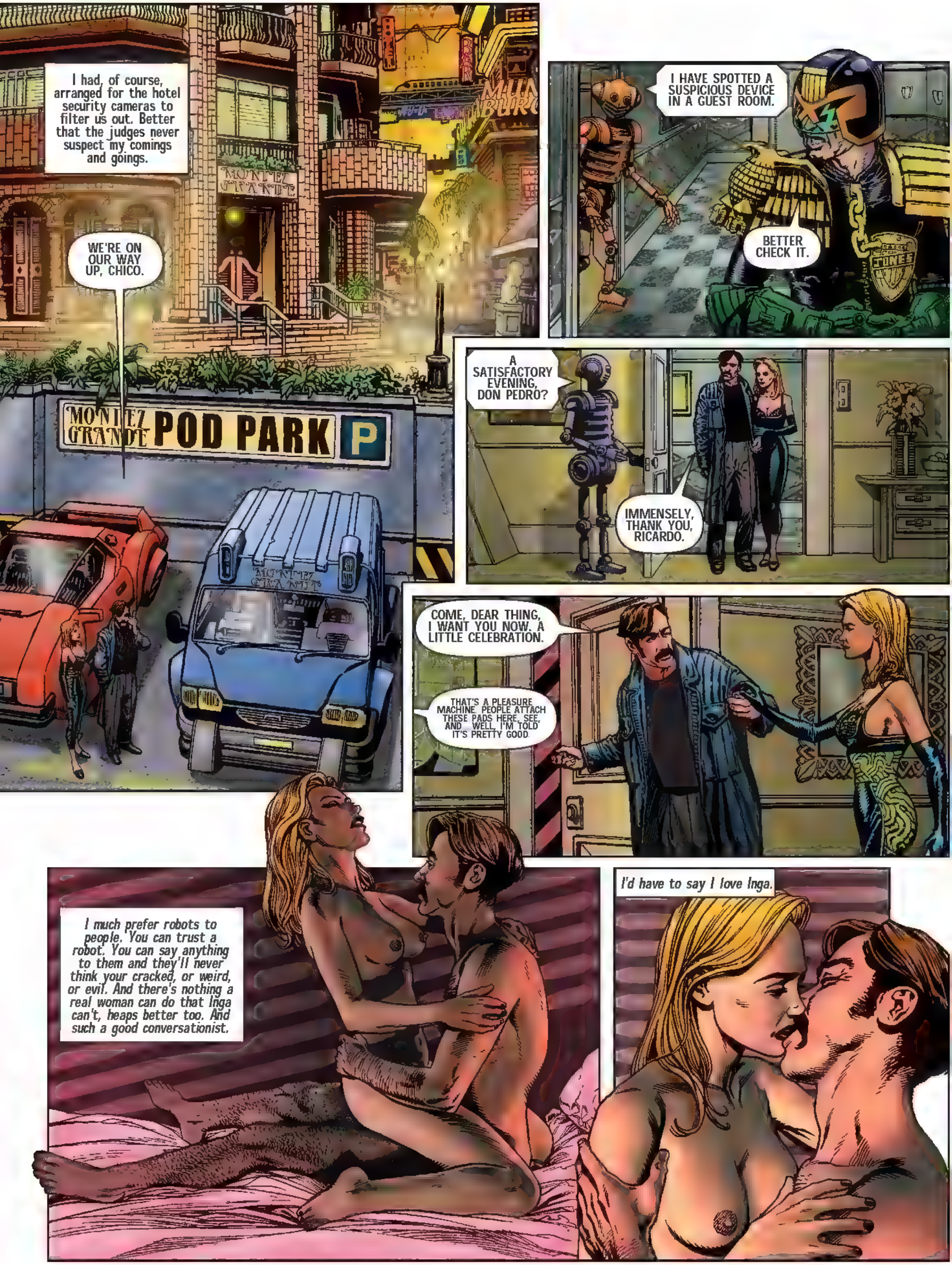

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART CHRIS WESTON
LETTERS TOM FRAME
They woke me at 19.00, in time to shower and dress and take a light dinner on the terrace.
MORE COFFEE, DON PEDRO?
It was dark when we came in over the Atlantic Wall. The city lay spread out before me, lit up like a Chrismas tree.
I drank it in like a man with a bad thirst. I'd forgotten how exciting it was.
restaurant
BOING PALACE
FINCHER
JUDGE DREDD
SIX

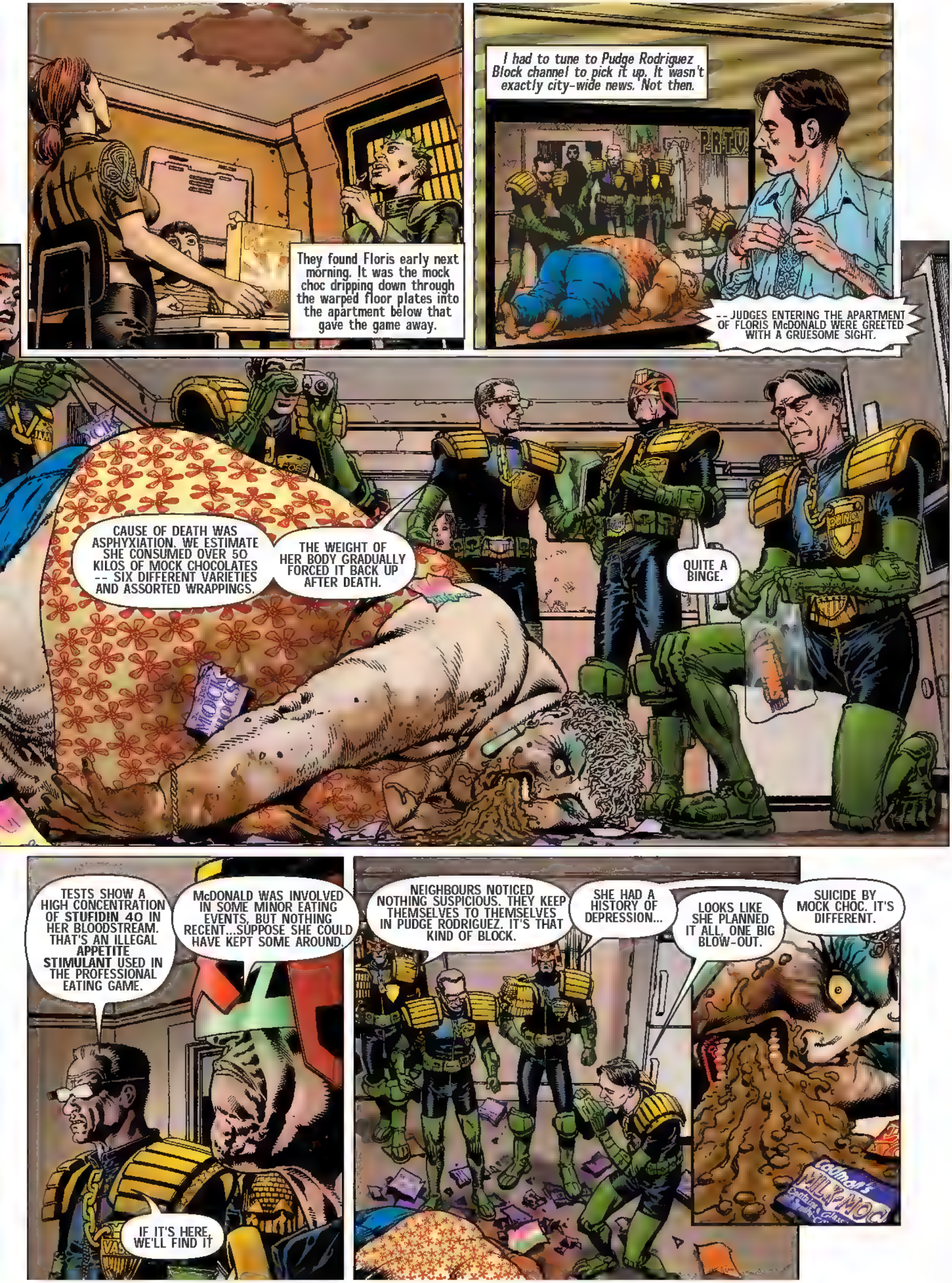

SENOR MONTEZ -- I'M TALA BRUSTER, DEVELOPMENT OFFICER. IT'S A PLEASURE TO WELCOME YOU TO MEGA-CITY ONE.
IT IS A TRUE PLEASURE TO BE HERE, I ASSURE YOU. MAY I INTRODUCE INGA, MY PERSONAL ASSISTANT.
CHARMED.
WELCOME TO MEGA-CITY ONE!
PLEASE PROCEED DIRECTLY TO
CUSTOMS
THIS IS SENIOR JUDGE STALIN. HE'LL BE IN CHARGE OF YOUR SECURITY WHILE YOU'RE HERE.
THEY CALL ME IRON RON. THEY WANT TO GET TO YOU, THEY'LL FIND ME A TOUGH BRIDGE TO CLIMB.
I APPRECIATE YOUR EXCELLENT CONSIDERATION. AS YOU SEE I HAVE BROUGHT MY OWN BODYGUARD. A MAN OF MY IMPORTANCE, I FEAR, MAKES MANY ENEMIES.
They smoothed my way through immigration, as I expected. No fingerprint, no iris scan. A man with so much money to invest need never suffer the indignitys inflicted on the common masses.
WE CAN START LOOKING OVER THE POSSIBLE SITES FIRST THING IN THE MORNING. NOW YOU MUST BE TIRED. THERE'S A HOVERLIMO WAITING TO TAKE YOU TO YOUR HOTEL.
Sales Point
YOU ARE MOST GRACIOUS.
HOLD IT!
ALL CLEAR! LET'S MOVE IT! MUSH!
LONG TERM CAR-PARK
ARRIVAL
Already I could see Stalin might be a bit of an irritation.

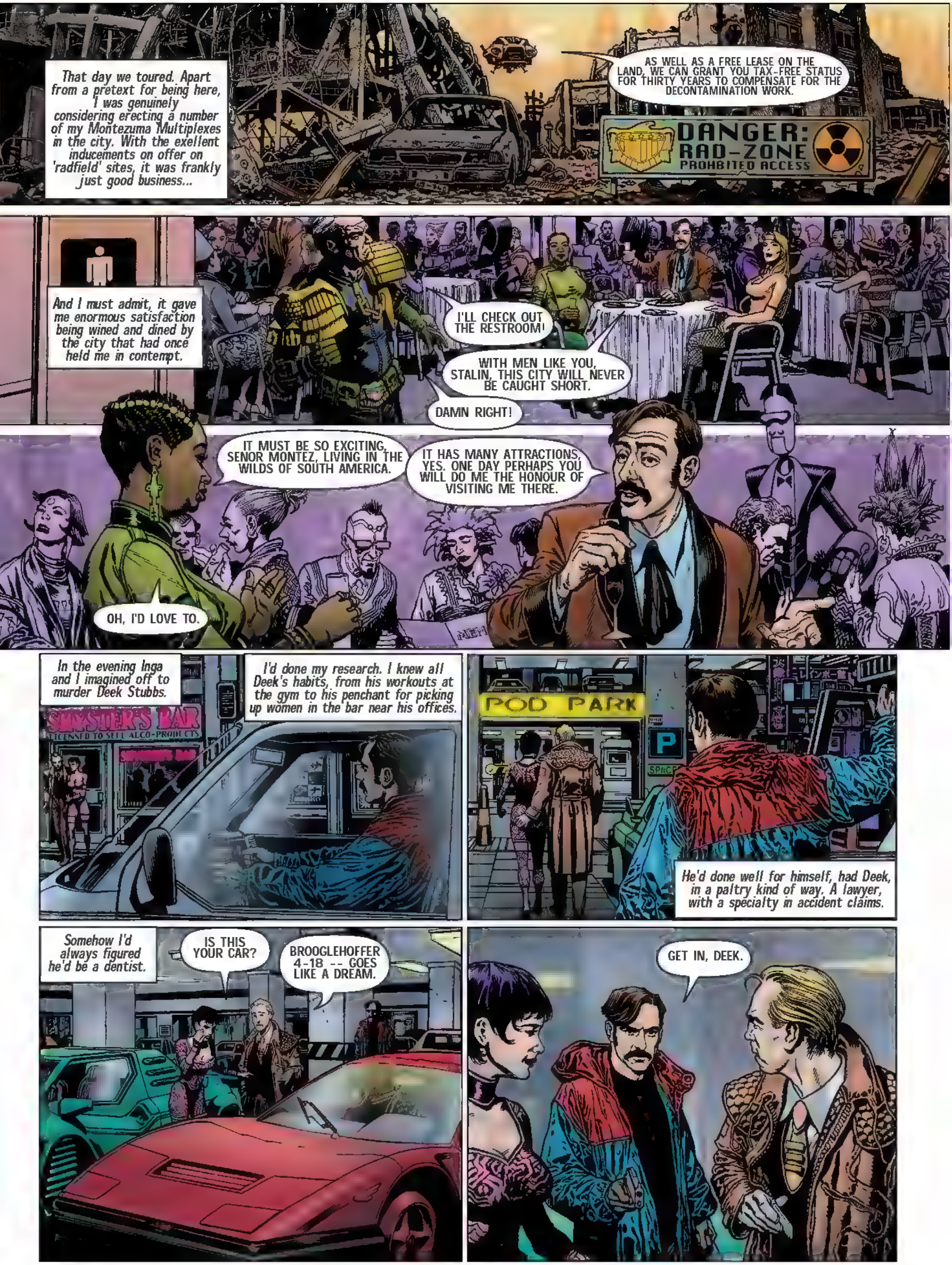

SHACK
The hotel was one of my own, controlled through my Montezuma conglommerate. Inga had reserved the entire top floor. Having spent some time in a psycho cube, I do hate to be cramped.
I'VE CHECKED EVERYTHING OUT -- CLEAR AS A BELL! LLEWELLYN-JONES HERE OR I WILL BE ON DUTY OUTSIDE ALL NIGHT.
ALL RIGHT, LLEWELLYN-JONES, DISMISS. WE'LL ALTERNATE FOUR-HOUR SHIFTS.
YES, SIR.
DO YOU REQUIRE MY SERVICES TONIGHT, DON PEDRO?
NO, DEAR THING --
-- AT LEAST, NOT IN THAT WAY.
Tonight I had other business. I was itching to get started, tingling with anticipation. I'd waited a long, long time for this.
I HAVE SPOTTED A SUSPICIOUS PACKAGE IN THE WET SHOWER.
HAVE YOU, BY GRUD! LET ME JUST TAKE A SNIFF!
STALIN
WHAT YOU SEE THERE IS SOAP. YOU UNDERSTAND SOAP, DO YOU? SOAP? MAKE IT WET, RUB IT ALL OVER, EH?
YOU THIRD-WORLD ROBOTS, DON'T KNOW WHAT CIVILISATION IS, EH?
We took the hotel's courtesy bus and drove toward the high thirties, stopping every so often to make purchases.
THIS IS IT.
Unless things had changed bigtime, Pudge Rodriguez was still a low-class warren with no security. Couldn't blame the city. Why bother putting in cameras if the resident's kept stealing them?
bing bong

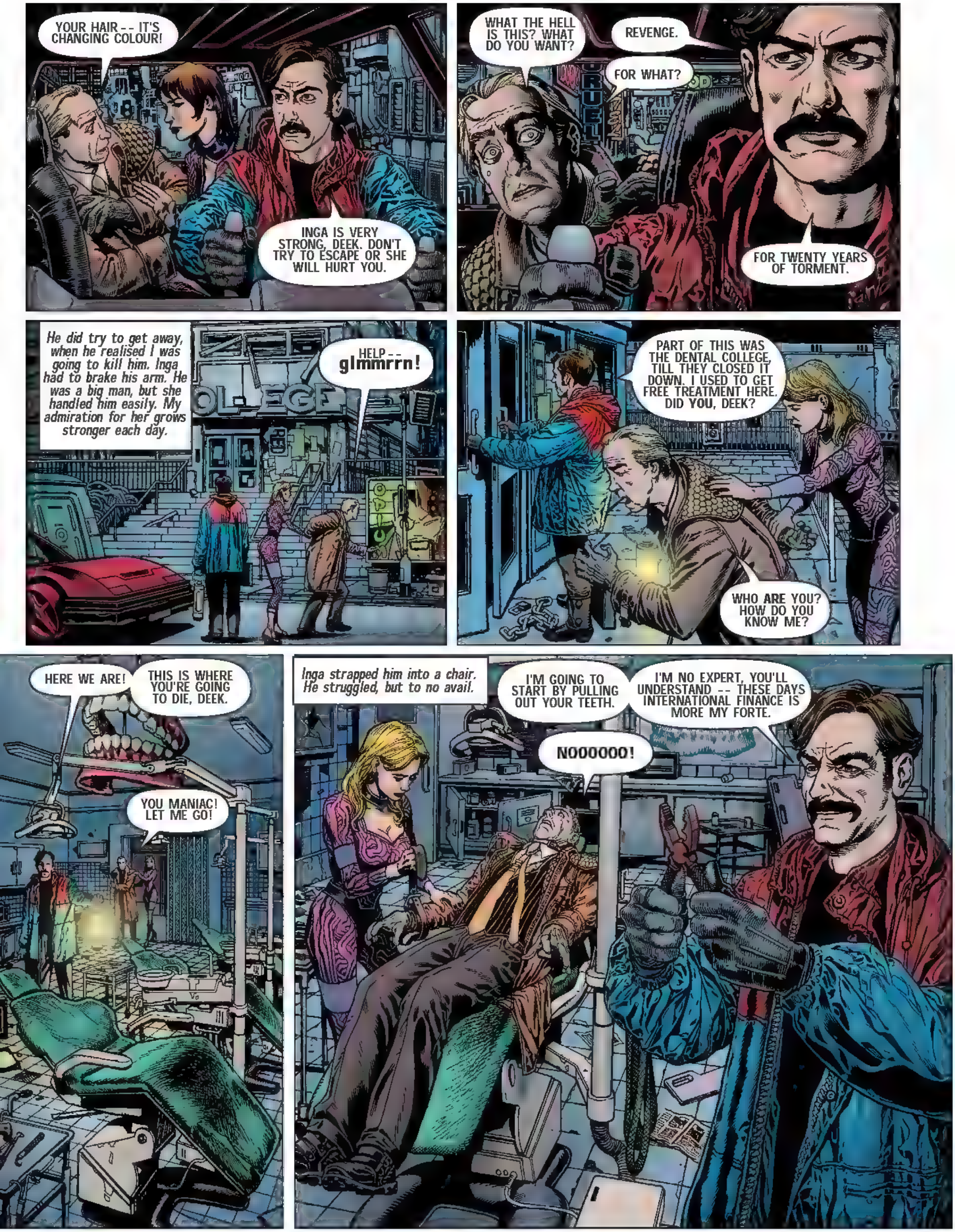

HELLO, FLORIS.
I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME MOCK CHOCS. MAY I COME IN?
MY, HAVEN'T WE TURNED INTO A BIG GIRL? LOVE THE BELIWHEEL.
WH-WHO ARE YOU? D-DO I KNOW YOU?
OH, YOU MIGHT, AND YOU MIGHT NOT.
TELL YOU WHAT, WHY DON'T WE TALK ABOUT IT OVER A MOCK CHOC? YOU DO LIKE MOCK CHOCS, DON'T YOU, FLORIS?
WH--HEY!
TRY THIS ONE FIRST. ONCE YOU'VE TRIED IT YOU'LL JUST WANT MORE AND MORE, I PROMISE YOU.
YOU... YOU SELLIN' 'EM OR SOMETHIN'?
PRETTY GOOD BUT... NOTHIN' THAT SPECIAL.
HAVE SOME MORE.
I AIN'T PAYIN' FER THESE, Y'KNOW? THESE ARE FREE SAMPLES, RIGHT?
IT'S ALL ON ME.
MOCKS

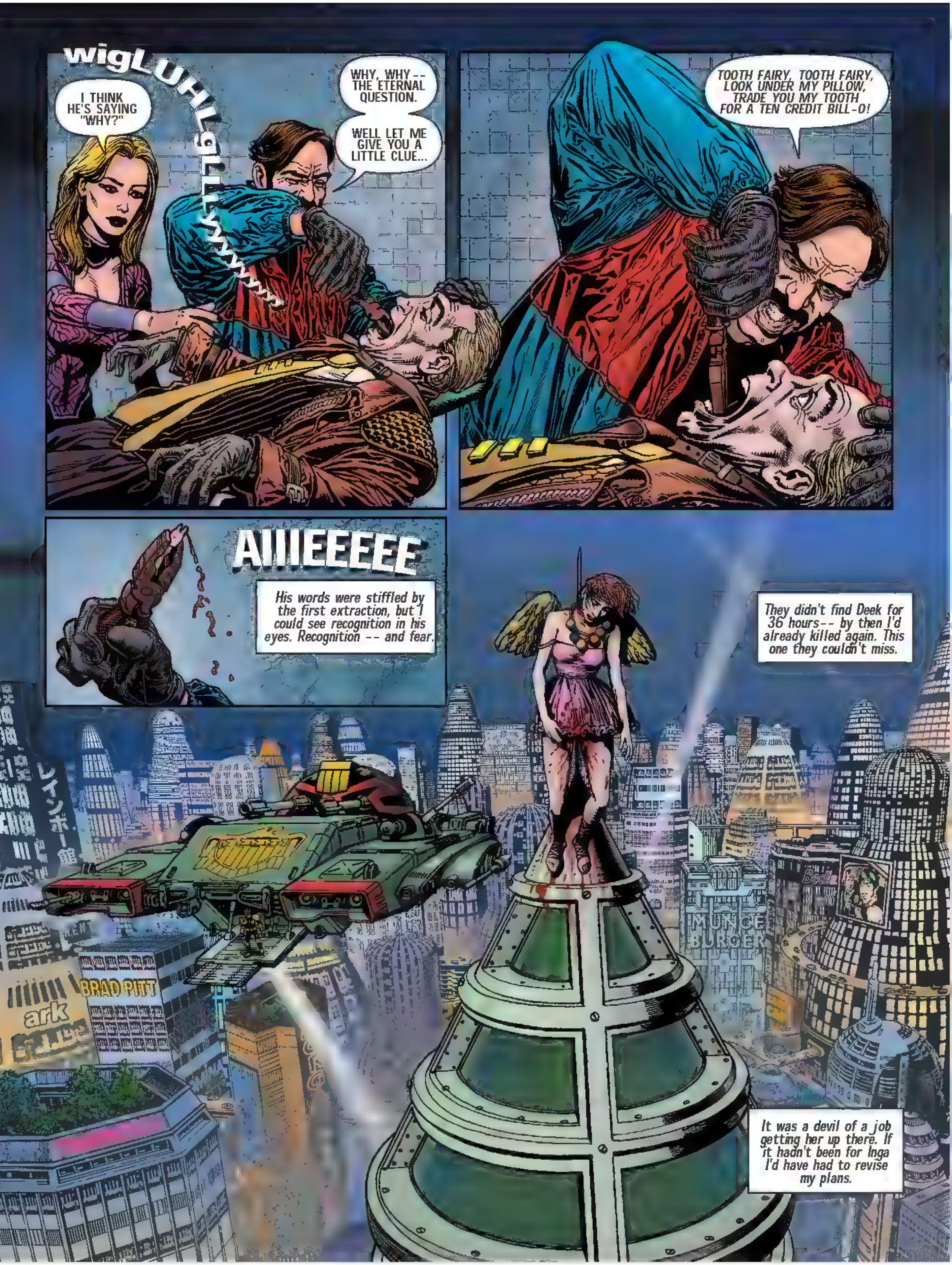

I sat back and watched as the food frenzy took hold, until she threw off her beliwheel and fell on the mock chocs like an insatiable beast, grunting and cramming her fat mouth as fast as she could feed it.
grunt
grunt
chonkk chonkk chonkk
GLmmmMMmm
IT IS A TRUE PLEASURE TO BE HERE, I ASSURE YOU. MAY I INTRODUCE INGA, MY PERSONAL ASSISTANT.
SHE IS VERY BIG. I HOPE WE BOUGHT ENOUGH.
MOCK CHOCS
In the throws of her frenzy I leant close --
MOCK CHOC FAIRY, FULL OF FACE, TAKE ME TO YOUR FAVOURITE PLACE, MAGIC ME TO MOCK CHOC HILL, THERE WE BOTH MAY EAT OUR FILL!
grunt
snurggg
But by that stage I don't think she was taking anything in.
NUuuurRhHH
Anything but mock chocs.

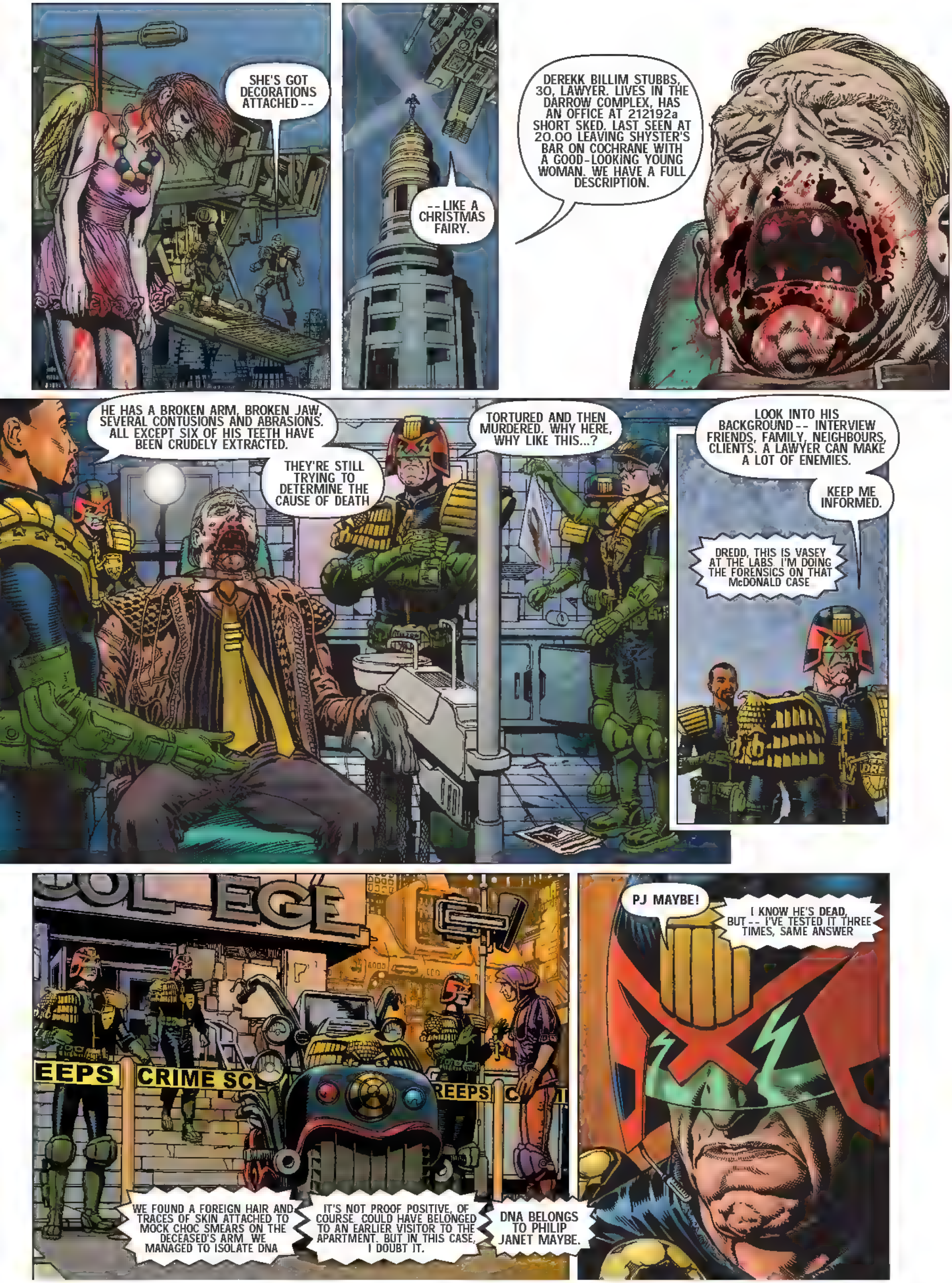

I had, of course, arranged for the hotel security cameras to filter us out. Better that the judges never suspect my comings and goings.
MONTEZ GRANDE
WE'RE ON OUR WAY UP, CHICO.
MONTEZ GRANDE POD PARK
P
MONTEZ GRANDE
I HAVE SPOTTED A SUSPICIOUS DEVICE IN A GUEST ROOM.
BETTER CHECK IT.
JONES
A SATISFACTORY EVENING, DON PEDRO?
IMMENSELY, THANK YOU, RICARDO.
COME, DEAR THING, I WANT YOU NOW. A LITTLE CELEBRATION.
THAT'S A PLEASURE MACHINE. PEOPLE ATTACH THESE PADS HERE, SEE, AND... WELL, I'M TOLD IT'S PRETTY GOOD.
I much prefer robots to people. You can trust a robot. You can say anything to them and they'll never think your cracked, or weird, or evil. And there's nothing a real woman can do that Inga can't, heaps better too. And such a good conversationist.
I'd have to say I love Inga.

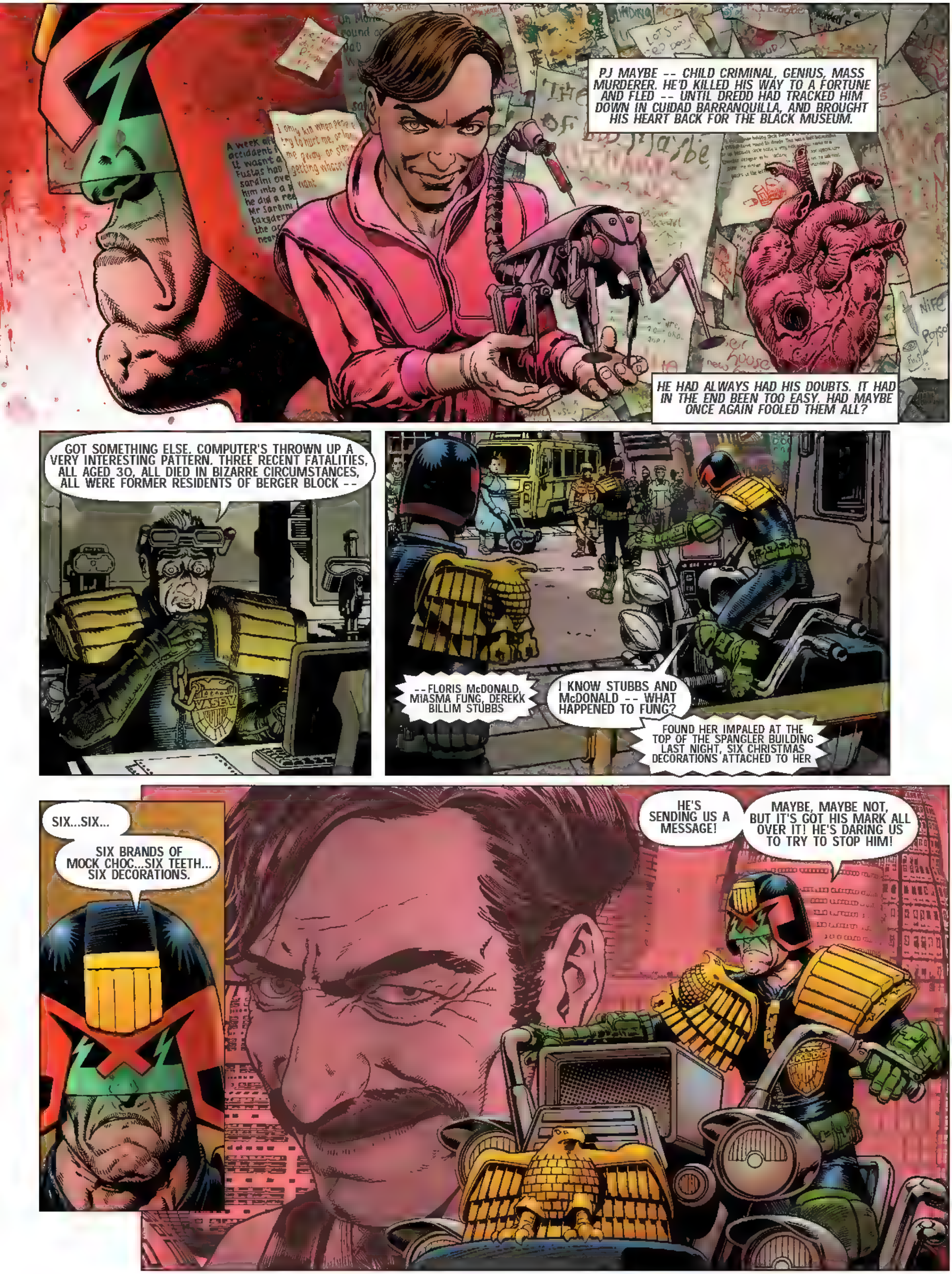

They found Floris early next morning. It was the mock choc dripping down through the warped floor plates into the apartment below that gave the game away.
I had to tune to Pudge Rodriguez Block channel to pick it up. It wasn't exactly city-wide news. Not then.
P.R.T.V.
-- JUDGES ENTERING THE APARTMENT OF FLORIS McDONALD WERE GREETED WITH A GRUESOME SIGHT.
CAUSE OF DEATH WAS ASPHYXIATION. WE ESTIMATE SHE CONSUMED OVER 50 KILOS OF MOCK CHOCOLATES -- SIX DIFFERENT VARIETIES AND ASSORTED WRAPPINGS.
THE WEIGHT OF HER BODY GRADUALLY FORCED IT BACK UP AFTER DEATH.
QUITE A BINGE.
MOCK CHOCS
TESTS SHOW A HIGH CONCENTRATION OF STUFIDIN 40 IN HER BLOODSTREAM. THAT'S AN ILLEGAL APPETITE STIMULANT USED IN THE PROFESSIONAL EATING GAME.
McDONALD WAS INVOLVED IN SOME MINOR EATING EVENTS, BUT NOTHING RECENT...SUPPOSE SHE COULD HAVE KEPT SOME AROUND.
IF IT'S HERE, WE'LL FIND IT
NEIGHBOURS NOTICED NOTHING SUSPICIOUS. THEY KEEP THEMSELVES TO THEMSELVES IN PUDGE RODRIGUEZ. IT'S THAT KIND OF BLOCK.
SHE HAD A HISTORY OF DEPRESSION...
LOOKS LIKE SHE PLANNED IT ALL, ONE BIG BLOW-OUT.
SUICIDE BY MOCK CHOC. IT'S DIFFERENT.
MILK-MOC

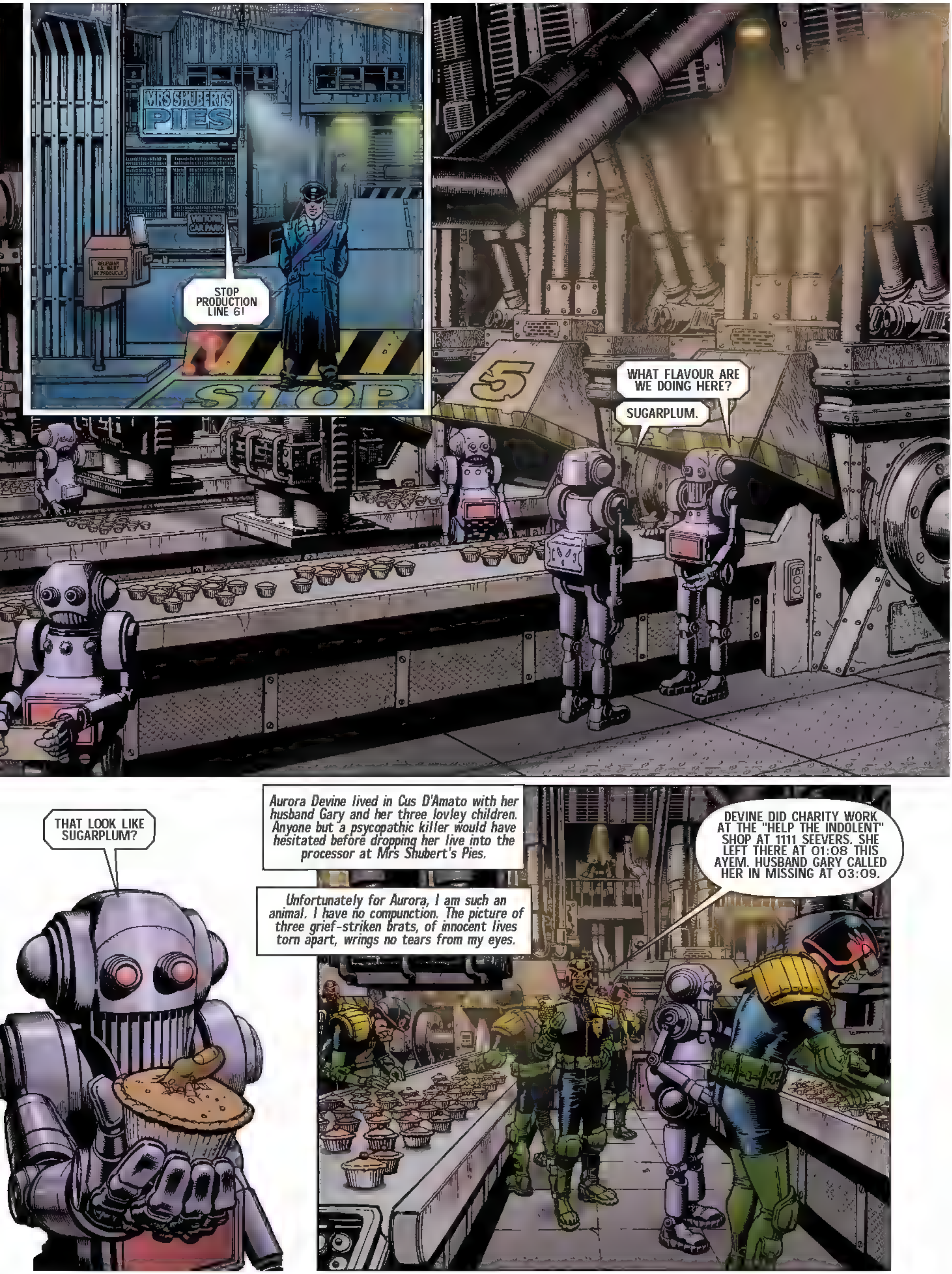

That day we toured. Apart from a pretext for being here, I was genuinely considering erecting a number of my Montezuma Multiplexes in the city. With the exellent inducements on offer on 'radfield' sites, it was frankly just good business...
AS WELL AS A FREE LEASE ON THE LAND, WE CAN GRANT YOU TAX-FREE STATUS FOR THIRTY YEARS TO COMPENSATE FOR THE DECONTAMINATION WORK.
DANGER: RAD-ZONE PROHBITED ACCESS
And I must admit, it gave me enormous satisfaction being wined and dined by the city that had once held me in contempt.
I'LL CHECK OUT THE RESTROOM!
WITH MEN LIKE YOU, STALIN, THIS CITY WILL NEVER BE CAUGHT SHORT.
DAMN RIGHT!
IT MUST BE SO EXCITING, SENOR MONTEZ, LIVING IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AMERICA.
IT HAS MANY ATTRACTIONS, YES. ONE DAY PERHAPS YOU WILL DO ME THE HONOUR OF VISITING ME THERE.
OH, I'D LOVE TO.
In the evening Inga and I imagined off to murder Deek Stubbs.
I'd done my research. I knew all Deek's habits, from his workouts at the gym to his penchant for picking up women in the bar near his offices.
SLYSTER'S BAR
LICENSED TO SELL ALCO-PRODUCTS
POD PARK
P
He'd done well for himself, had Deek, in a paltry kind of way. A lawyer, with a specialty in accident claims.
Somehow I'd always figured he'd be a dentist.
IS THIS YOUR CAR?
BROOGLEHOFFER 4-18 -- GOES LIKE A DREAM.
GET IN, DEEK.

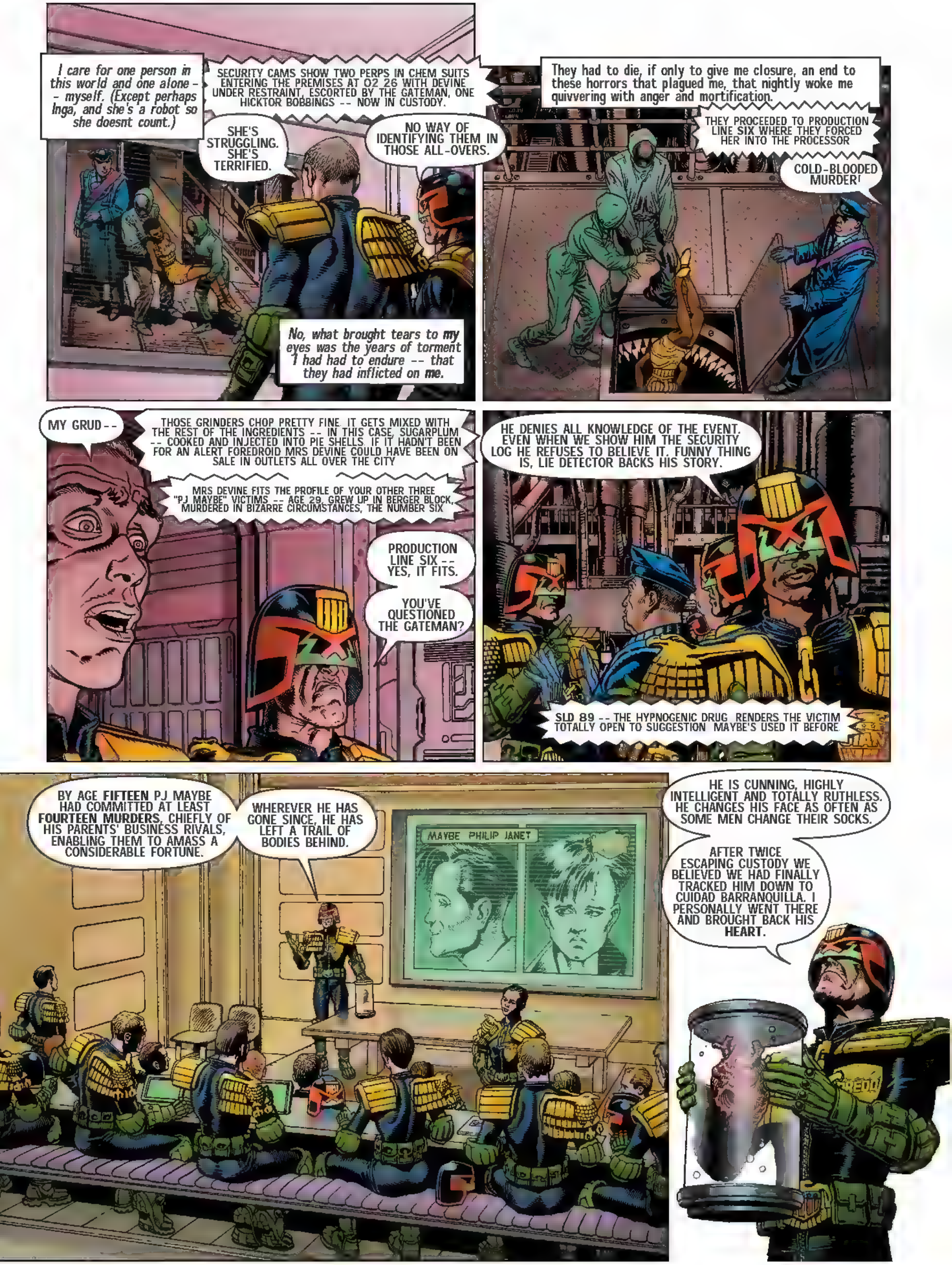

YOUR HAIR -- IT'S CHANGING COLOUR!
INGA IS VERY STRONG, DEEK. DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE OR SHE WILL HURT YOU.
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
REVENGE.
FOR WHAT?
FOR TWENTY YEARS OF TORMENT.
He did try to get away, when he realised I was going to kill him. Inga had to brake his arm. He was a big man, but she handled him easily. My admiration for her grows stronger each day.
HELP -- glmmrrn!
PART OF THIS WAS THE DENTAL COLLEGE, TILL THEY CLOSED IT DOWN. I USED TO GET FREE TREATMENT HERE. DID YOU, DEEK?
WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?
HERE WE ARE!
THIS IS WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, DEEK.
YOU MANIAC! LET ME GO!
Inga strapped him into a chair. He struggled, but to no avail.
I'M GOING TO START BY PULLING OUT YOUR TEETH.
I'M NO EXPERT, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND -- THESE DAYS INTERNATIONAL FINANCE IS MORE MY FORTE.
NOOOOOO!

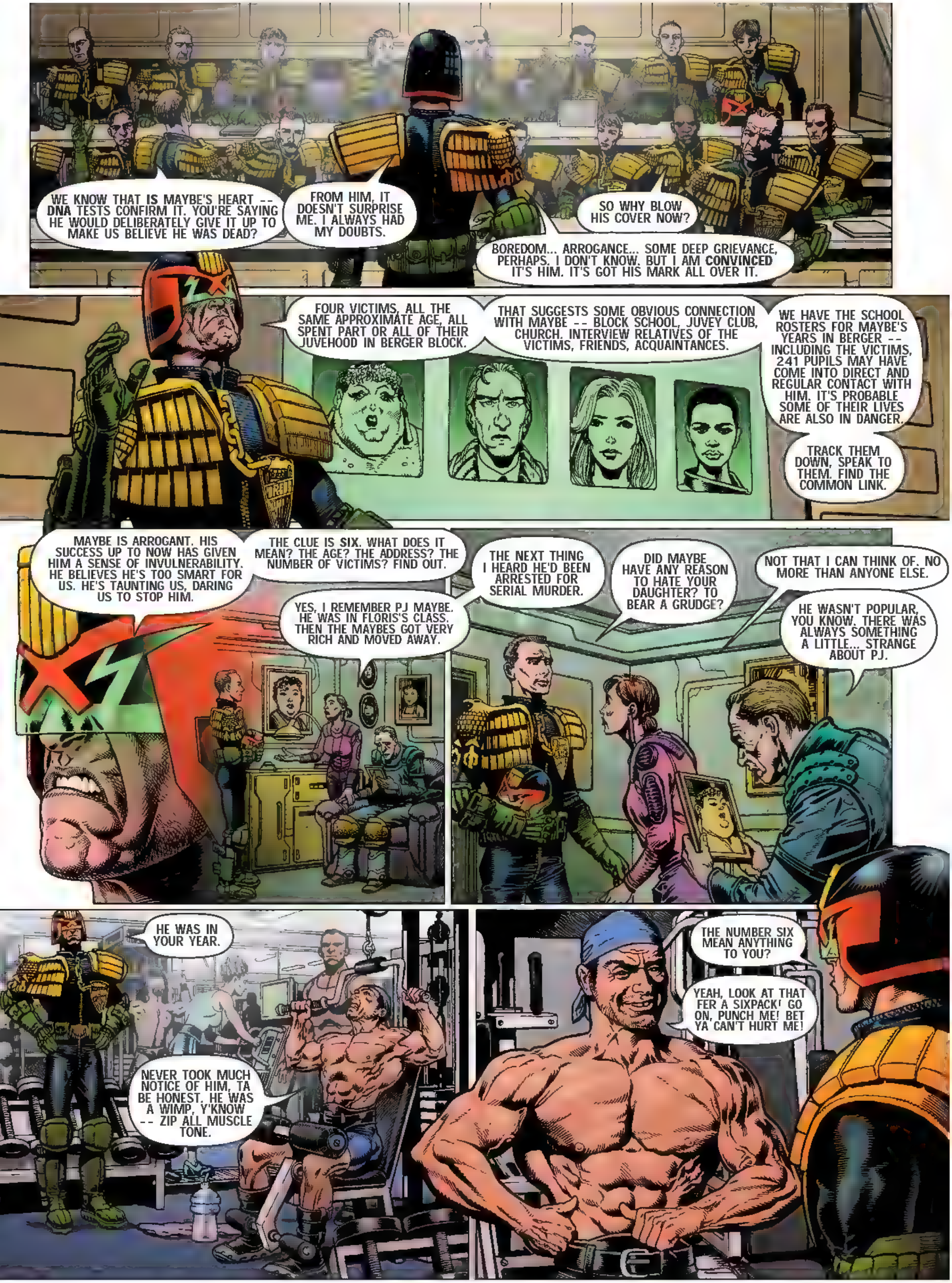

wigLUHLgLLyyyyyy
I THINK HE'S SAYING "WHY?"
WHY, WHY -- THE ETERNAL QUESTION.
WELL LET ME GIVE YOU A LITTLE CLUE...
TOOTH FAIRY, TOOTH FAIRY, LOOK UNDER MY PILLOW, TRADE YOU MY TOOTH FOR A TEN CREDIT BILL-O!
AIIIEEEEE
His words were stiffled by the first extraction, but I could see recognition in his eyes. Recognition -- and fear.
They didn't find Deek for 36 hours-- by then I'd already killed again. This one they couldn't miss.
レインボー館
BRAD PITT
ark
MUNCE BURGER
It was a devil of a job getting her up there. If it hadn't been for Inga I'd have had to revise my plans.

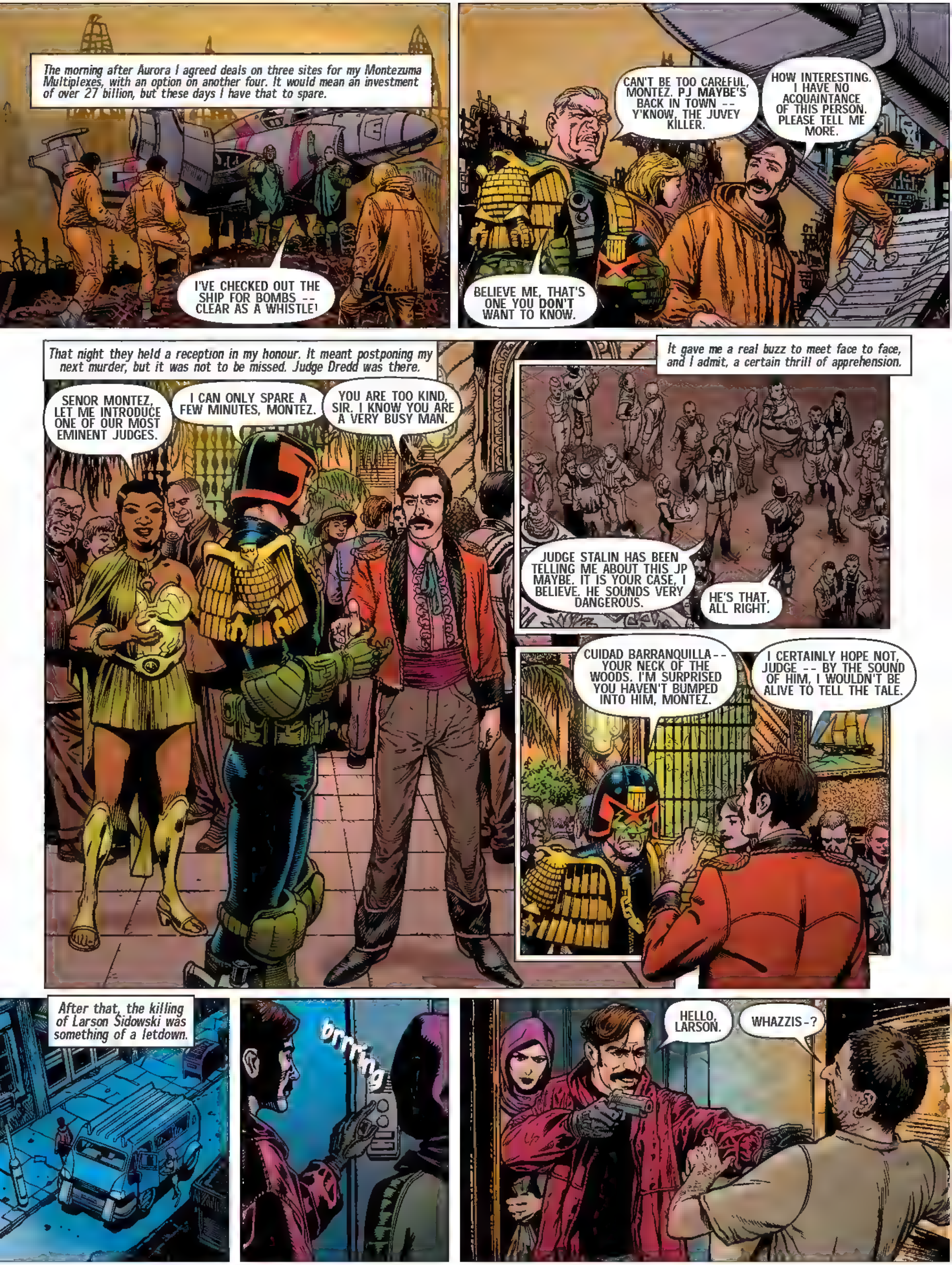

SHE'S GOT DECORATIONS ATTACHED--
--LIKE A CHRISTMAS FAIRY.
DEREKK BILLIM STUBBS, 30, LAWYER. LIVES IN THE DARROW COMPLEX, HAS AN OFFICE AT 212192a SHORT SKED. LAST SEEN AT 20.00 LEAVING SHYSTER'S BAR ON COCHRANE WITH A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN. WE HAVE A FULL DESCRIPTION.
HE HAS A BROKEN ARM, BROKEN JAW, SEVERAL CONTUSIONS AND ABRASIONS. ALL EXCEPT SIX OF HIS TEETH HAVE BEEN CRUDELY EXTRACTED.
THEY'RE STILL TRYING TO DETERMINE THE CAUSE OF DEATH
TORTURED AND THEN MURDERED. WHY HERE, WHY LIKE THIS...?
LOOK INTO HIS BACKGROUND-- INTERVIEW FRIENDS, FAMILY, NEIGHBOURS, CLIENTS. A LAWYER CAN MAKE A LOT OF ENEMIES.
KEEP ME INFORMED.
DREDD, THIS IS VASEY AT THE LABS. I'M DOING THE FORENSICS ON THAT McDONALD CASE
EGE
EEPS
CRIME SC
REEPS
WE FOUND A FOREIGN HAIR AND TRACES OF SKIN ATTACHED TO MOCK CHOC SMEARS ON THE DECEASED'S ARM. WE MANAGED TO ISOLATE DNA
IT'S NOT PROOF POSITIVE, OF COURSE. COULD HAVE BELONGED TO AN EARLIER VISITOR TO THE APARTMENT. BUT IN THIS CASE, I DOUBT IT.
DNA BELONGS TO PHILIP JANET MAYBE.
PJ MAYBE!
I KNOW HE'S DEAD, BUT-- I'VE TESTED IT THREE TIMES, SAME ANSWER

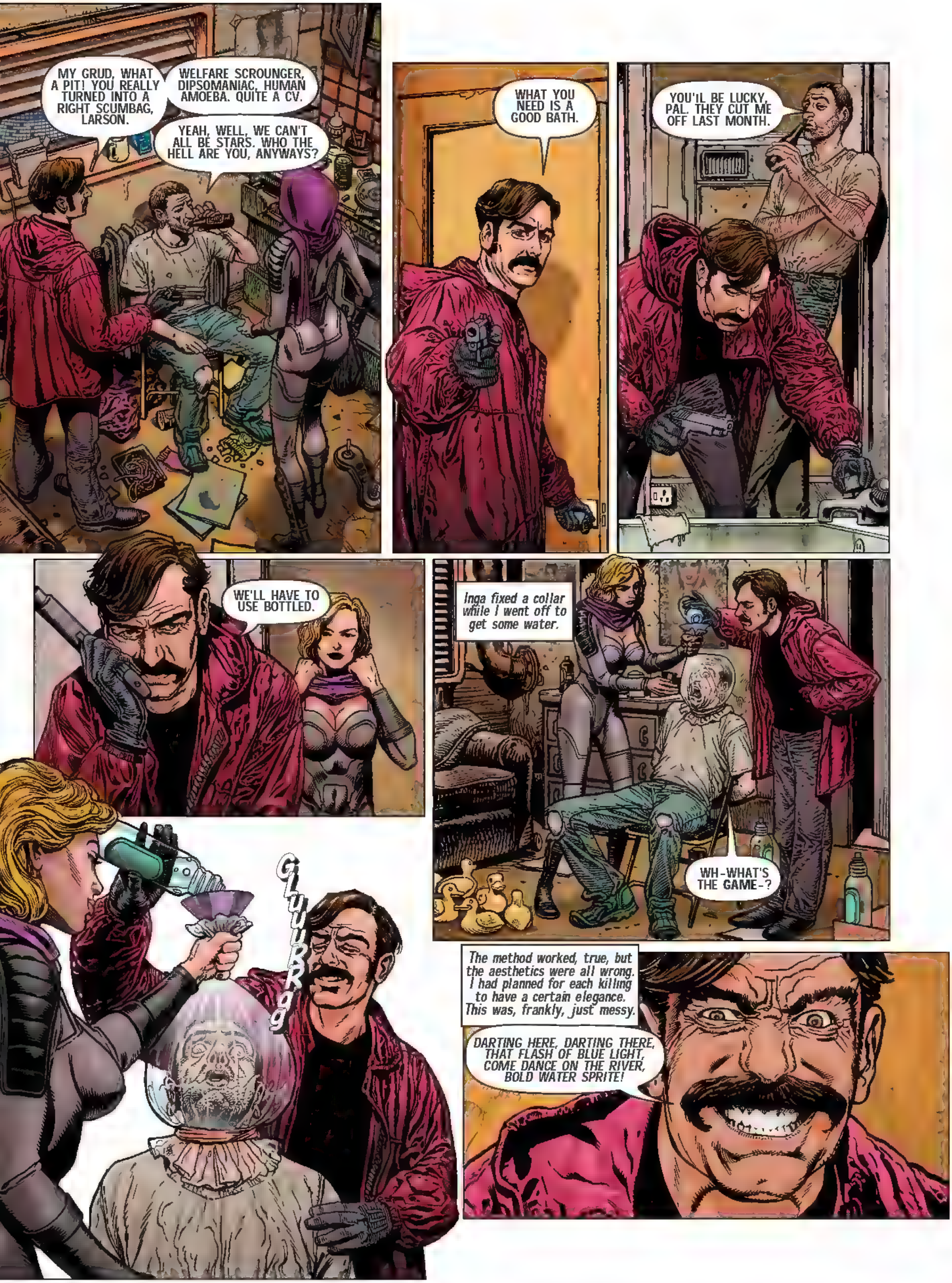

PJ MAYBE -- CHILD CRIMINAL, GENIUS, MASS MURDERER. HE'D KILLED HIS WAY TO A FORTUNE AND FLED -- UNTIL DREDD HAD TRACKED HIM DOWN IN CUIDAD BARRANQUILLA, AND BROUGHT HIS HEART BACK FOR THE BLACK MUSEUM.
HE HAD ALWAYS HAD HIS DOUBTS. IT HAD IN THE END BEEN TOO EASY. HAD MAYBE ONCE AGAIN FOOLED THEM ALL?
GOT SOMETHING ELSE. COMPUTER'S THROWN UP A VERY INTERESTING PATTERN. THREE RECENT FATALITIES, ALL AGED 30, ALL DIED IN BIZARRE CIRCUMSTANCES, ALL WERE FORMER RESIDENTS OF BERGER BLOCK --
VASEY
--FLORIS McDONALD, MIASMA FUNG, DEREKK BILLIM STUBBS
I KNOW STUBBS AND McDONALD -- WHAT HAPPENED TO FUNG?
FOUND HER IMPALED AT THE TOP OF THE SPANGLER BUILDING LAST NIGHT, SIX CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS ATTACHED TO HER
SIX...SIX...
SIX BRANDS OF MOCK CHOC...SIX TEETH... SIX DECORATIONS.
HE'S SENDING US A MESSAGE!
MAYBE, MAYBE NOT, BUT IT'S GOT HIS MARK ALL OVER IT! HE'S DARING US TO TRY TO STOP HIM!

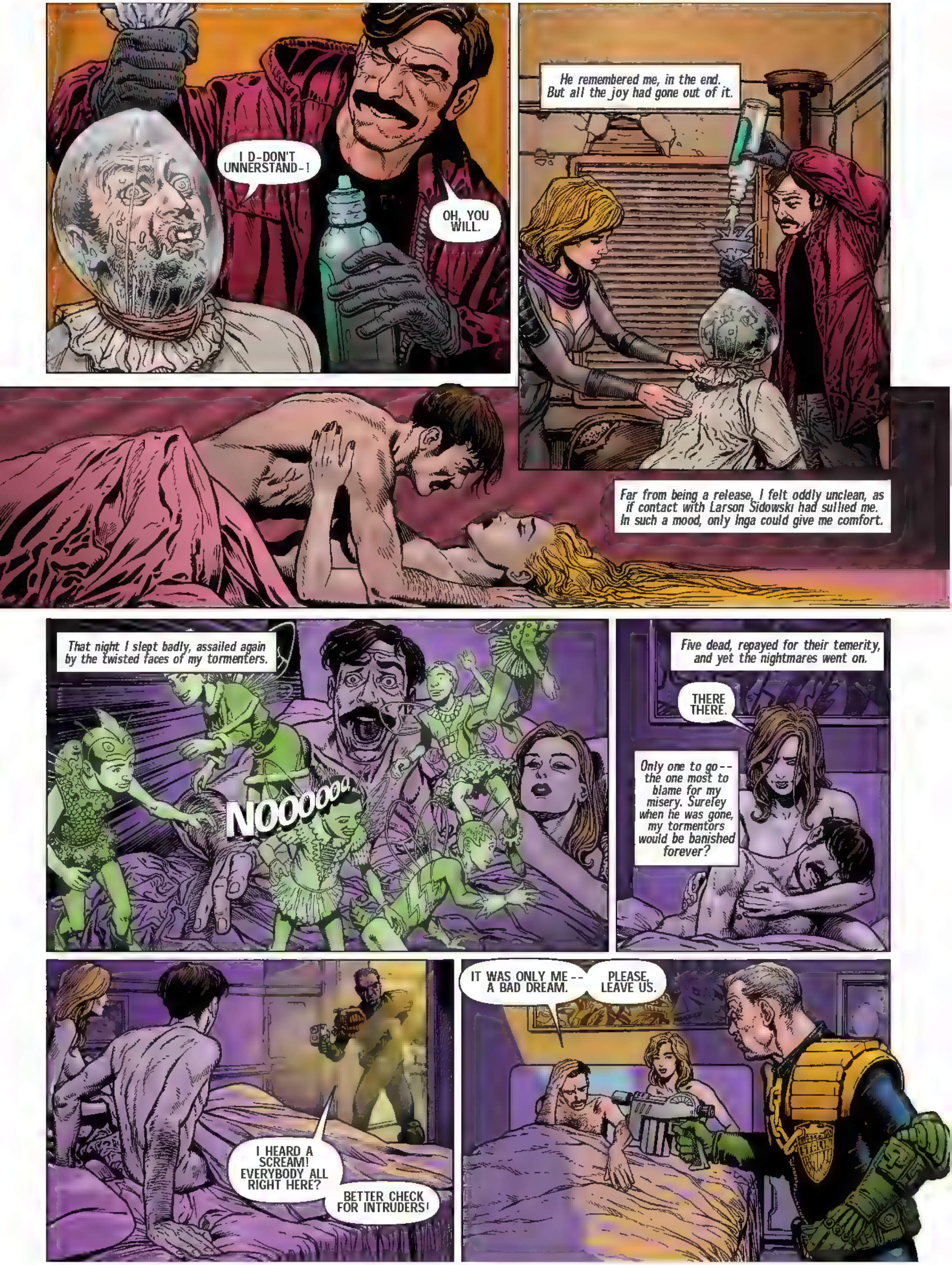

MRS SHUBERT'S PIES
VISITORS CAR PARK
RELEVANT I.D. MUST BE PRODUCED
STOP PRODUCTION LINE 6!
STOP
5
WHAT FLAVOUR ARE WE DOING HERE?
SUGARPLUM.
THAT LOOK LIKE SUGARPLUM?
Aurora Devine lived in Cus D'Amato with her husband Gary and her three lovley children. Anyone but a psycopathic killer would have hesitated before dropping her live into the processor at Mrs Shubert's Pies.
Unfortunately for Aurora, I am such an animal. I have no compunction. The picture of three grief-striken brats, of innocent lives torn apart, wrings no tears from my eyes.
DEVINE DID CHARITY WORK AT THE "HELP THE INDOLENT" SHOP AT 1111 SEEVERS. SHE LEFT THERE AT 01:08 THIS AYEM. HUSBAND GARY CALLED HER IN MISSING AT 03:09.

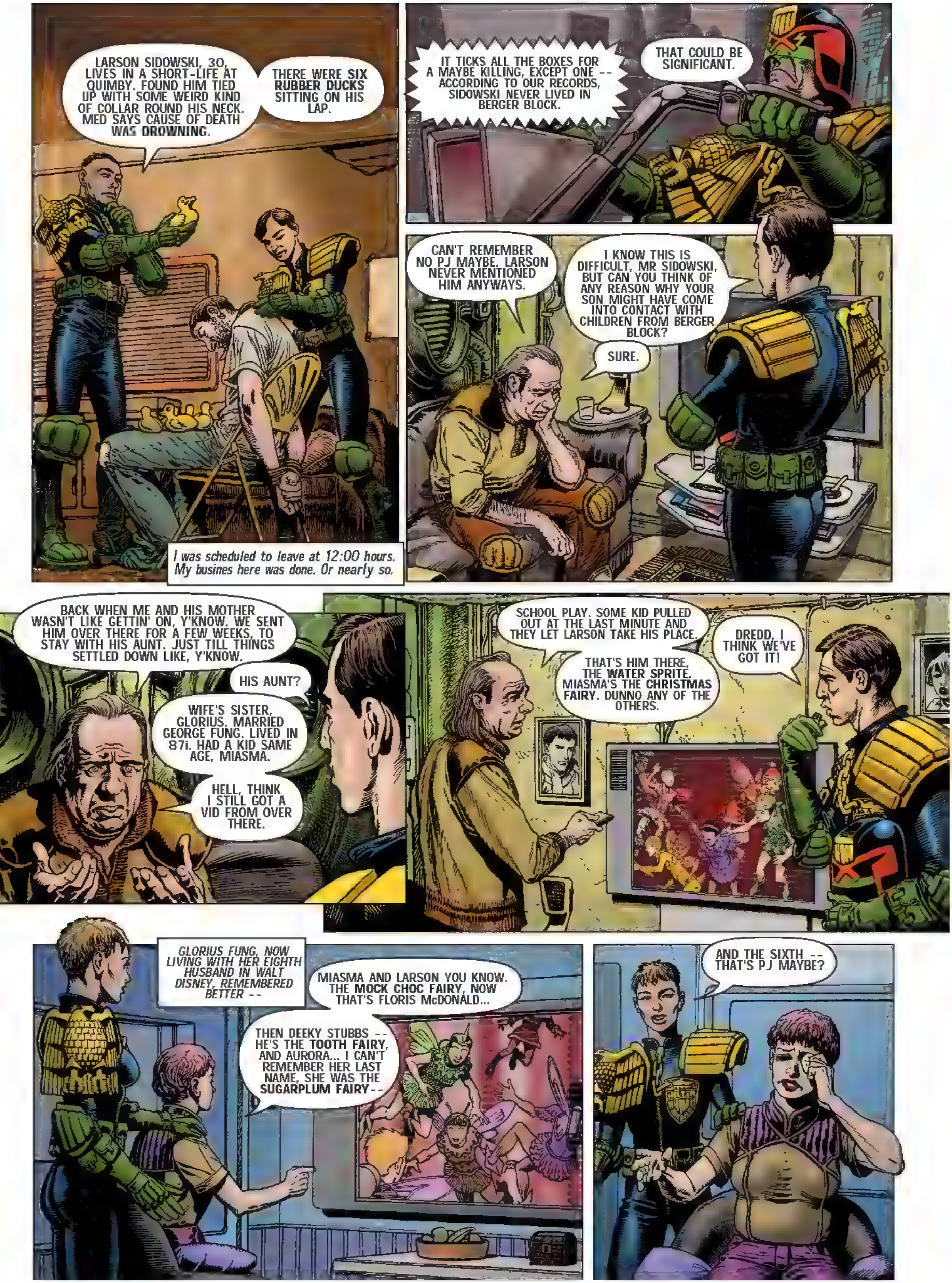

I care for one person in this world and one alone -- myself. (Except perhaps Inga, and she's a robot so she doesnt count.)
SECURITY CAMS SHOW TWO PERPS IN CHEM SUITS ENTERING THE PREMISES AT 02 26 WITH DEVINE UNDER RESTRAINT, ESCORTED BY THE GATEMAN, ONE HICKTOR BOBBINGS -- NOW IN CUSTODY.
SHE'S STRUGGLING. SHE'S TERRIFIED.
NO WAY OF IDENTIFYING THEM IN THOSE ALL-OVERS.
No, what brought tears to my eyes was the years of torment I had had to endure -- that they had inflicted on me.
They had to die, if only to give me closure, an end to these horrors that plagued me, that nightly woke me quivvering with anger and mortification.
THEY PROCEEDED TO PRODUCTION LINE SIX WHERE THEY FORCED HER INTO THE PROCESSOR
COLD-BLOODED MURDER!
MY GRUD--
THOSE GRINDERS CHOP PRETTY FINE. IT GETS MIXED WITH THE REST OF THE INGREDIENTS -- IN THIS CASE, SUGARPLUM -- COOKED AND INJECTED INTO PIE SHELLS. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR AN ALERT FOREDROID MRS DEVINE COULD HAVE BEEN ON SALE IN OUTLETS ALL OVER THE CITY
MRS DEVINE FITS THE PROFILE OF YOUR OTHER THREE "PJ MAYBE" VICTIMS -- AGE 29, GREW UP IN BERGER BLOCK, MURDERED IN BIZARRE CIRCUMSTANCES, THE NUMBER SIX
PRODUCTION LINE SIX -- YES, IT FITS.
YOU'VE QUESTIONED THE GATEMAN?
HE DENIES ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THE EVENT. EVEN WHEN WE SHOW HIM THE SECURITY LOG HE REFUSES TO BELIEVE IT. FUNNY THING IS, LIE DETECTOR BACKS HIS STORY.
SLD 89 -- THE HYPNOGENIC DRUG. RENDERS THE VICTIM TOTALLY OPEN TO SUGGESTION. MAYBE'S USED IT BEFORE.
BY AGE FIFTEEN PJ MAYBE HAD COMMITTED AT LEAST FOURTEEN MURDERS, CHIEFLY OF HIS PARENTS' BUSINESS RIVALS, ENABLING THEM TO AMASS A CONSIDERABLE FORTUNE.
WHEREVER HE HAS GONE SINCE, HE HAS LEFT A TRAIL OF BODIES BEHIND.
MAYBE PHILIP JANET
HE IS CUNNING, HIGHLY INTELLIGENT AND TOTALLY RUTHLESS. HE CHANGES HIS FACE AS OFTEN AS SOME MEN CHANGE THEIR SOCKS.
AFTER TWICE ESCAPING CUSTODY WE BELIEVED WE HAD FINALLY TRACKED HIM DOWN TO CUIDAD BARRANQUILLA. I PERSONALLY WENT THERE AND BROUGHT BACK HIS HEART.
DREDD

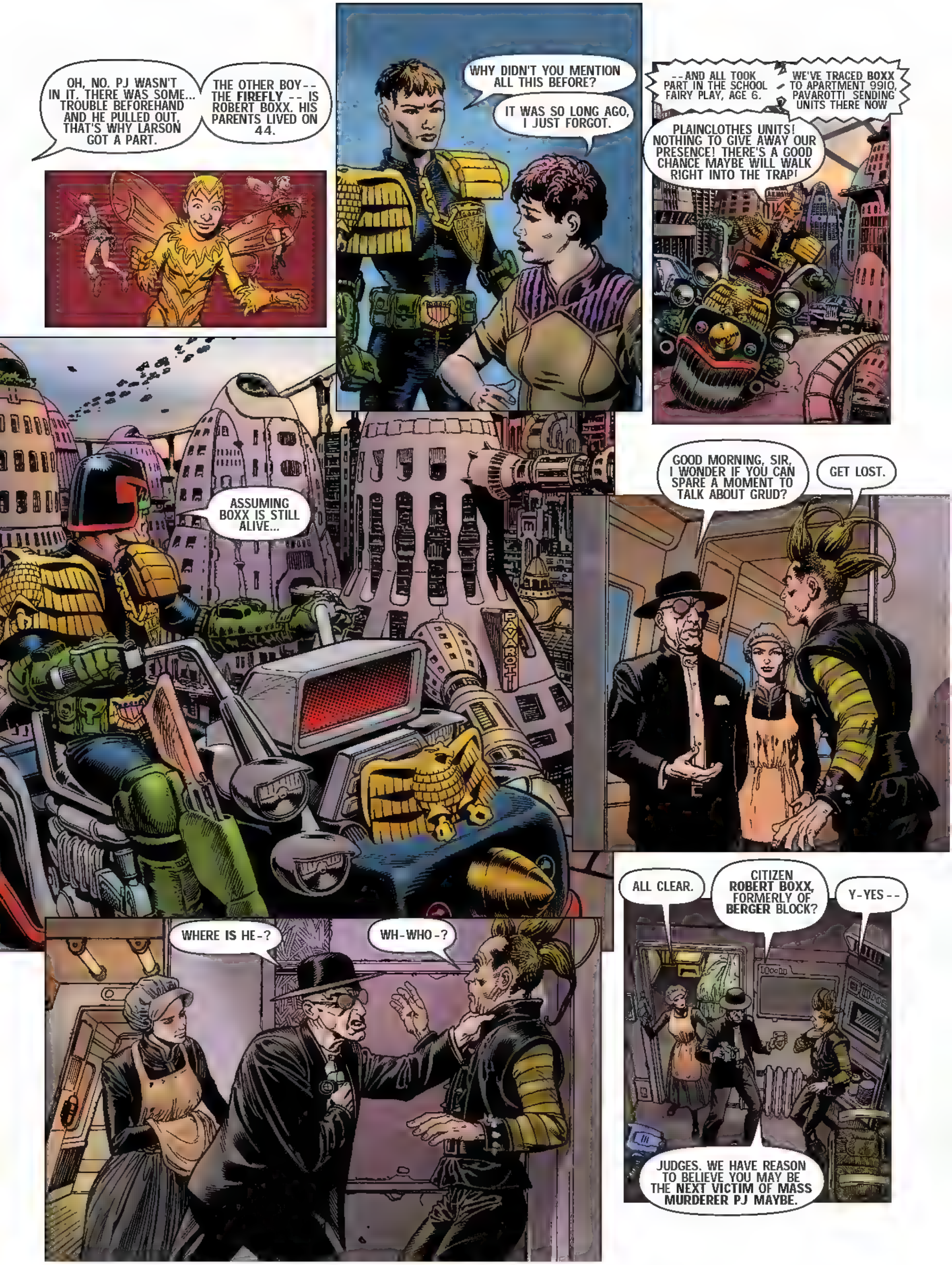

WE KNOW THAT **IS** MAYBE'S HEART -- **DNA** TESTS CONFIRM IT. YOU'RE SAYING HE WOULD DELIBERATELY GIVE IT UP TO MAKE US BELIEVE HE WAS DEAD?
FROM HIM, IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME. I ALWAYS HAD MY DOUBTS.
SO WHY BLOW HIS COVER NOW?
BOREDOM... ARROGANCE... SOME DEEP GRIEVANCE, PERHAPS. I DON'T KNOW. BUT I AM **CONVINCED** IT'S HIM. IT'S GOT HIS MARK ALL OVER IT.
FOUR VICTIMS, ALL THE SAME APPROXIMATE AGE, ALL SPENT PART OR ALL OF THEIR JUVEHOOD IN BERGER BLOCK.
THAT SUGGESTS SOME OBVIOUS CONNECTION WITH MAYBE -- BLOCK SCHOOL, JUVEY CLUB, CHURCH. INTERVIEW RELATIVES OF THE VICTIMS, FRIENDS, ACQUAINTANCES.
WE HAVE THE SCHOOL ROSTERS FOR MAYBE'S YEARS IN BERGER -- INCLUDING THE VICTIMS, 241 PUPILS MAY HAVE COME INTO DIRECT AND REGULAR CONTACT WITH HIM. IT'S PROBABLE SOME OF THEIR LIVES ARE ALSO IN DANGER.
TRACK THEM DOWN, SPEAK TO THEM. FIND THE COMMON LINK.
MAYBE IS ARROGANT. HIS SUCCESS UP TO NOW HAS GIVEN HIM A SENSE OF INVULNERABILITY. HE BELIEVES HE'S TOO SMART FOR US. HE'S TAUNTING US, DARING US TO STOP HIM.
THE CLUE IS **SIX**. WHAT DOES IT MEAN? THE AGE? THE ADDRESS? THE NUMBER OF VICTIMS? FIND OUT.
YES, I REMEMBER PJ MAYBE. HE WAS IN FLORIS'S CLASS. THEN THE MAYBES GOT VERY RICH AND MOVED AWAY.
THE NEXT THING I HEARD HE'D BEEN ARRESTED FOR SERIAL MURDER.
DID MAYBE HAVE ANY REASON TO HATE YOUR DAUGHTER? TO BEAR A GRUDGE?
NOT THAT I CAN THINK OF. NO MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE.
HE WASN'T POPULAR, YOU KNOW. THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING A LITTLE... STRANGE ABOUT PJ.
HE WAS IN YOUR YEAR.
NEVER TOOK MUCH NOTICE OF HIM, TA BE HONEST. HE WAS A WIMP, Y'KNOW -- ZIP ALL MUSCLE TONE.
THE NUMBER SIX MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
YEAH, LOOK AT THAT FER A SIXPACK! GO ON, PUNCH ME! BET YA CAN'T HURT ME!

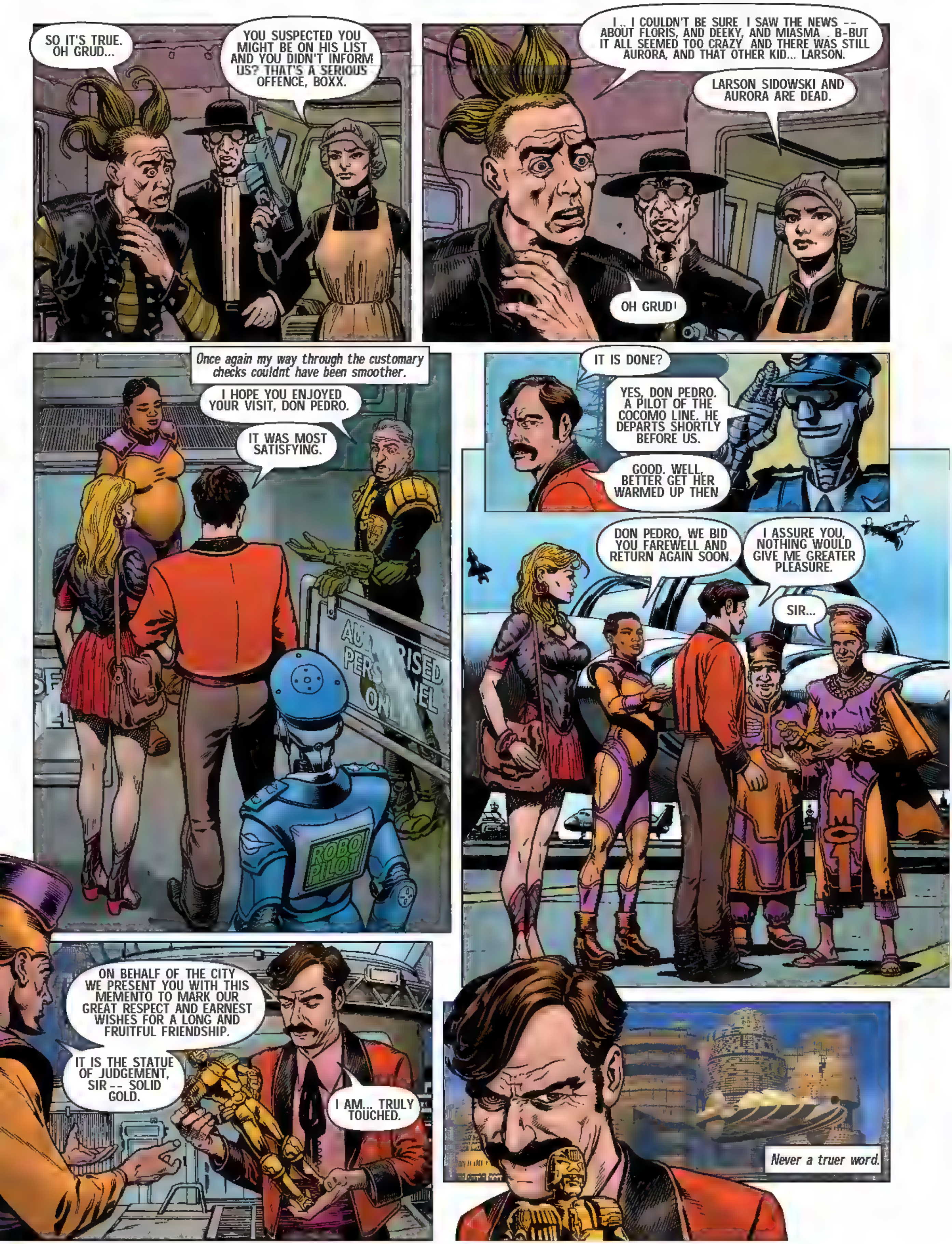

The morning after Aurora I agreed deals on three sites for my Montezuma Multiplexes, with an option on another four. It would mean an investment of over 27 billion, but these days I have that to spare.
I'VE CHECKED OUT THE SHIP FOR BOMBS -- CLEAR AS A WHISTLE!
CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL, MONTEZ. PJ MAYBE'S BACK IN TOWN -- Y'KNOW, THE JUVEY KILLER.
HOW INTERESTING. I HAVE NO ACQUAINTANCE OF THIS PERSON. PLEASE TELL ME MORE.
BELIEVE ME, THAT'S ONE YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
That night they held a reception in my honour. It meant postponing my next murder, but it was not to be missed. Judge Dredd was there.
SENOR MONTEZ, LET ME INTRODUCE ONE OF OUR MOST EMINENT JUDGES.
I CAN ONLY SPARE A FEW MINUTES, MONTEZ.
YOU ARE TOO KIND, SIR. I KNOW YOU ARE A VERY BUSY MAN.
It gave me a real buzz to meet face to face, and I admit, a certain thrill of apprehension.
JUDGE STALIN HAS BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT THIS JP MAYBE. IT IS YOUR CASE, I BELIEVE. HE SOUNDS VERY DANGEROUS.
HE'S THAT, ALL RIGHT.
CUIDAD BARRANQUILLA -- YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS. I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T BUMPED INTO HIM, MONTEZ.
I CERTAINLY HOPE NOT, JUDGE -- BY THE SOUND OF HIM, I WOULDN'T BE ALIVE TO TELL THE TALE.
After that, the killing of Larson Sidowski was something of a letdown.
brrring
HELLO, LARSON.
WHAZZIS-?

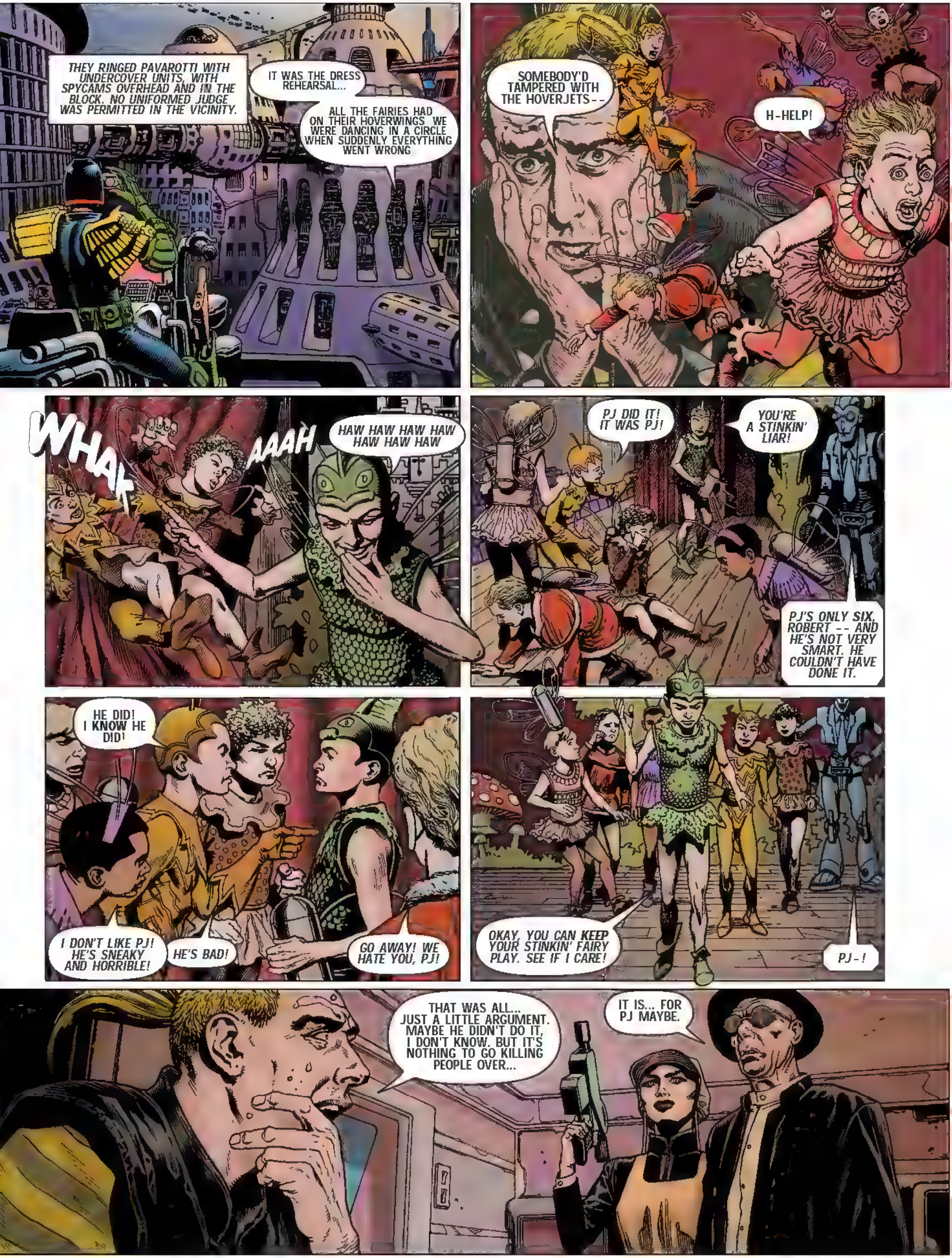

MY GRUD, WHAT A PIT! YOU REALLY TURNED INTO A RIGHT SCUMBAG, LARSON.
WELFARE SCROUNGER, DIPSOMANIAC, HUMAN AMOEBA. QUITE A CV.
YEAH, WELL, WE CAN'T ALL BE STARS. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, ANYWAYS?
WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD BATH.
YOU'LL BE LUCKY, PAL. THEY CUT ME OFF LAST MONTH.
WE'LL HAVE TO USE BOTTLED.
Inga fixed a collar while I went off to get some water.
WH-WHAT'S THE GAME-?
GLUUBRRG
The method worked, true, but the aesthetics were all wrong. I had planned for each killing to have a certain elegance. This was, frankly, just messy.
DARTING HERE, DARTING THERE, THAT FLASH OF BLUE LIGHT, COME DANCE ON THE RIVER, BOLD WATER SPRITE!

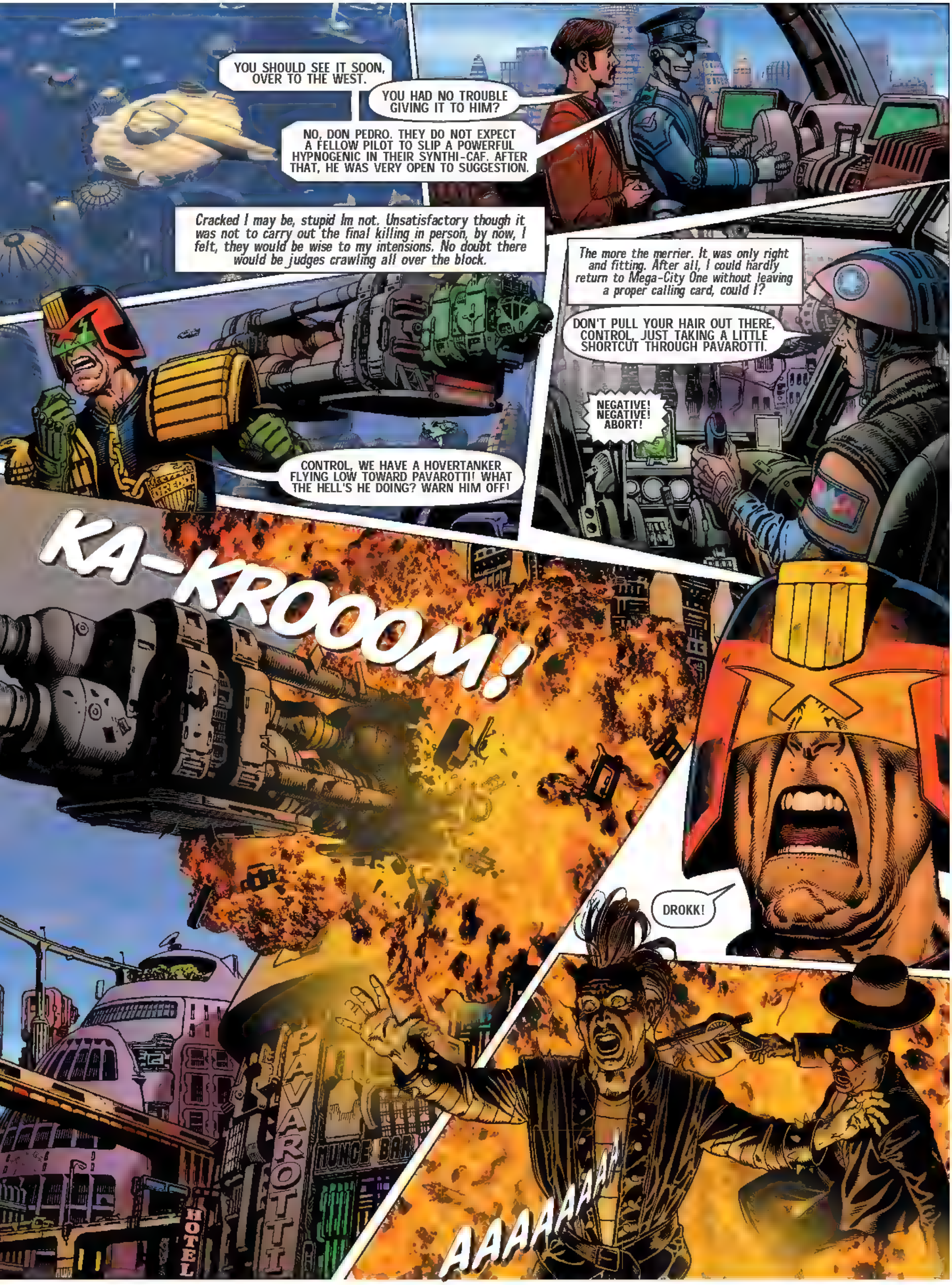

I D-DON'T UNNERSTAND-!
OH, YOU WILL.
He remembered me, in the end. But all the joy had gone out of it.
Far from being a release, I felt oddly unclean, as if contact with Larson Sidowski had sullied me. In such a mood, only Inga could give me comfort.
That night I slept badly, assailed again by the twisted faces of my tormenters.
NOOOOOO
Five dead, repayed for their temerity, and yet the nightmares went on.
THERE THERE.
Only one to go-- the one most to blame for my misery. Sureley when he was gone, my tormentors would be banished forever?
I HEARD A SCREAM! EVERYBODY ALL RIGHT HERE?
BETTER CHECK FOR INTRUDERS!
IT WAS ONLY ME -- A BAD DREAM.
PLEASE, LEAVE US.

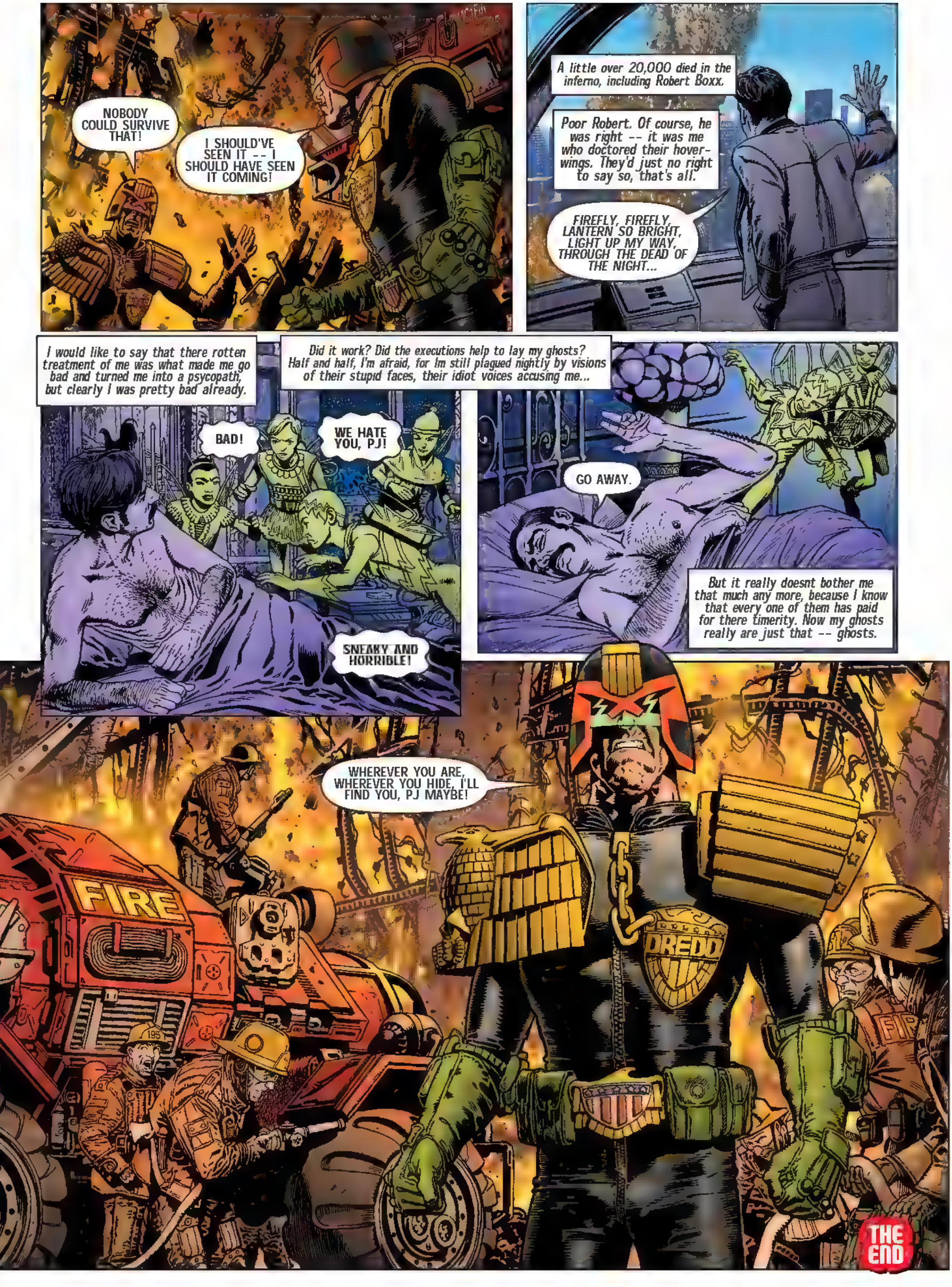

LARSON SIDOWSKI, 30, LIVES IN A SHORT-LIFE AT QUIMBY. FOUND HIM TIED UP WITH SOME WEIRD KIND OF COLLAR ROUND HIS NECK. MED SAYS CAUSE OF DEATH WAS DROWNING.
THERE WERE **SIX RUBBER DUCKS** SITTING ON HIS LAP.
I was scheduled to leave at 12:00 hours. My busines here was done. Or nearly so.
IT TICKS ALL THE BOXES FOR A MAYBE KILLING, EXCEPT ONE -- ACCORDING TO OUR RECORDS, SIDOWSKI NEVER LIVED IN BERGER BLOCK.
THAT COULD BE SIGNIFICANT.
CAN'T REMEMBER NO PJ MAYBE. LARSON NEVER MENTIONED HIM ANYWAYS.
I KNOW THIS IS DIFFICULT, MR SIDOWSKI, BUT CAN YOU THINK OF ANY REASON WHY YOUR SON MIGHT HAVE COME INTO CONTACT WITH CHILDREN FROM BERGER BLOCK?
SURE.
BACK WHEN ME AND HIS MOTHER WASN'T LIKE GETTIN' ON, Y'KNOW. WE SENT HIM OVER THERE FOR A FEW WEEKS, TO STAY WITH HIS AUNT. JUST TILL THINGS SETTLED DOWN LIKE, Y'KNOW.
HIS AUNT?
WIFE'S SISTER, GLORIUS. MARRIED GEORGE FUNG. LIVED IN 87i. HAD A KID SAME AGE, MIASMA.
HELL, THINK I STILL GOT A VID FROM OVER THERE.
SCHOOL PLAY. SOME KID PULLED OUT AT THE LAST MINUTE AND THEY LET LARSON TAKE HIS PLACE.
THAT'S HIM THERE, THE **WATER SPRITE**. MIASMA'S THE **CHRISTMAS FAIRY**. DUNNO ANY OF THE OTHERS.
DREDD, I THINK WE'VE GOT IT!
GLORIUS FUNG, NOW LIVING WITH HER EIGHTH HUSBAND IN WALT DISNEY, REMEMBERED BETTER --
MIASMA AND LARSON YOU KNOW. THE **MOCK CHOC FAIRY**, NOW THAT'S FLORIS McDONALD...
THEN DEEKY STUBBS -- HE'S THE **TOOTH FAIRY**, AND AURORA... I CAN'T REMEMBER HER LAST NAME, SHE WAS THE **SUGARPLUM FAIRY**--
AND THE SIXTH -- THAT'S PJ MAYBE?


OH, NO. PJ WASN'T IN IT. THERE WAS SOME... TROUBLE BEFOREHAND AND HE PULLED OUT. THAT'S WHY LARSON GOT A PART.
THE OTHER BOY-- THE **FIREFLY** -- IS ROBERT BOXX. HIS PARENTS LIVED ON 44.
WHY DIDN'T YOU MENTION ALL THIS BEFORE?
IT WAS SO LONG AGO, I JUST FORGOT.
--AND ALL TOOK PART IN THE SCHOOL FAIRY PLAY, AGE 6.
WE'VE TRACED **BOXX** TO APARTMENT 9910, PAVAROTTI. SENDING UNITS THERE NOW
PLAINCLOTHES UNITS! NOTHING TO GIVE AWAY OUR PRESENCE! THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE MAYBE WILL WALK RIGHT INTO THE TRAP!
ASSUMING BOXX IS STILL ALIVE...
PAVAROTTI
GOOD MORNING, SIR, I WONDER IF YOU CAN SPARE A MOMENT TO TALK ABOUT GRUD?
GET LOST.
WHERE IS HE-?
WH-WHO-?
ALL CLEAR.
CITIZEN **ROBERT BOXX**, FORMERLY OF **BERGER BLOCK**?
Y-YES--
JUDGES. WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE YOU MAY BE THE **NEXT VICTIM** OF MASS **MURDERER PJ MAYBE**.


SO IT'S TRUE. OH GRUD...
YOU SUSPECTED YOU MIGHT BE ON HIS LIST AND YOU DIDN'T INFORM US? THAT'S A SERIOUS OFFENCE, BOXX.
I.. I COULDN'T BE SURE. I SAW THE NEWS -- ABOUT FLORIS, AND DEEKY, AND MIASMA.. B-BUT IT ALL SEEMED TOO CRAZY. AND THERE WAS STILL AURORA, AND THAT OTHER KID... LARSON.
LARSON SIDOWSKI AND AURORA ARE DEAD.
OH GRUD!
Once again my way through the customary checks couldnt have been smoother.
I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR VISIT, DON PEDRO.
IT WAS MOST SATISFYING.
ROBO PILOT
IT IS DONE?
YES, DON PEDRO. A PILOT OF THE COCOMO LINE. HE DEPARTS SHORTLY BEFORE US.
GOOD. WELL, BETTER GET HER WARMED UP THEN.
DON PEDRO, WE BID YOU FAREWELL AND RETURN AGAIN SOON.
I ASSURE YOU, NOTHING WOULD GIVE ME GREATER PLEASURE.
SIR...
ON BEHALF OF THE CITY WE PRESENT YOU WITH THIS MEMENTO TO MARK OUR GREAT RESPECT AND EARNEST WISHES FOR A LONG AND FRUITFUL FRIENDSHIP.
IT IS THE STATUE OF JUDGEMENT, SIR -- SOLID GOLD.
I AM... TRULY TOUCHED.
Never a truer word.


THEY RINGED PAVAROTTI WITH UNDERCOVER UNITS, WITH SPYCAMS OVERHEAD AND IN THE BLOCK. NO UNIFORMED JUDGE WAS PERMITTED IN THE VICINITY.
IT WAS THE DRESS REHEARSAL...
ALL THE FAIRIES HAD ON THEIR HOVERWINGS. WE WERE DANCING IN A CIRCLE WHEN SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WENT WRONG
SOMEBODY'D TAMPERED WITH THE HOVERJETS--
H-HELP!
WHAK
AAAH
HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW
PJ DID IT! IT WAS PJ!
YOU'RE A STINKIN' LIAR!
PJ'S ONLY SIX, ROBERT -- AND HE'S NOT VERY SMART. HE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT.
HE DID! I KNOW HE DID!
I DON'T LIKE PJ! HE'S SNEAKY AND HORRIBLE!
HE'S BAD!
GO AWAY! WE HATE YOU, PJ!
OKAY, YOU CAN KEEP YOUR STINKIN' FAIRY PLAY. SEE IF I CARE!
PJ-!
THAT WAS ALL... JUST A LITTLE ARGUMENT. MAYBE HE DIDN'T DO IT, I DON'T KNOW. BUT IT'S NOTHING TO GO KILLING PEOPLE OVER...
IT IS... FOR PJ MAYBE.

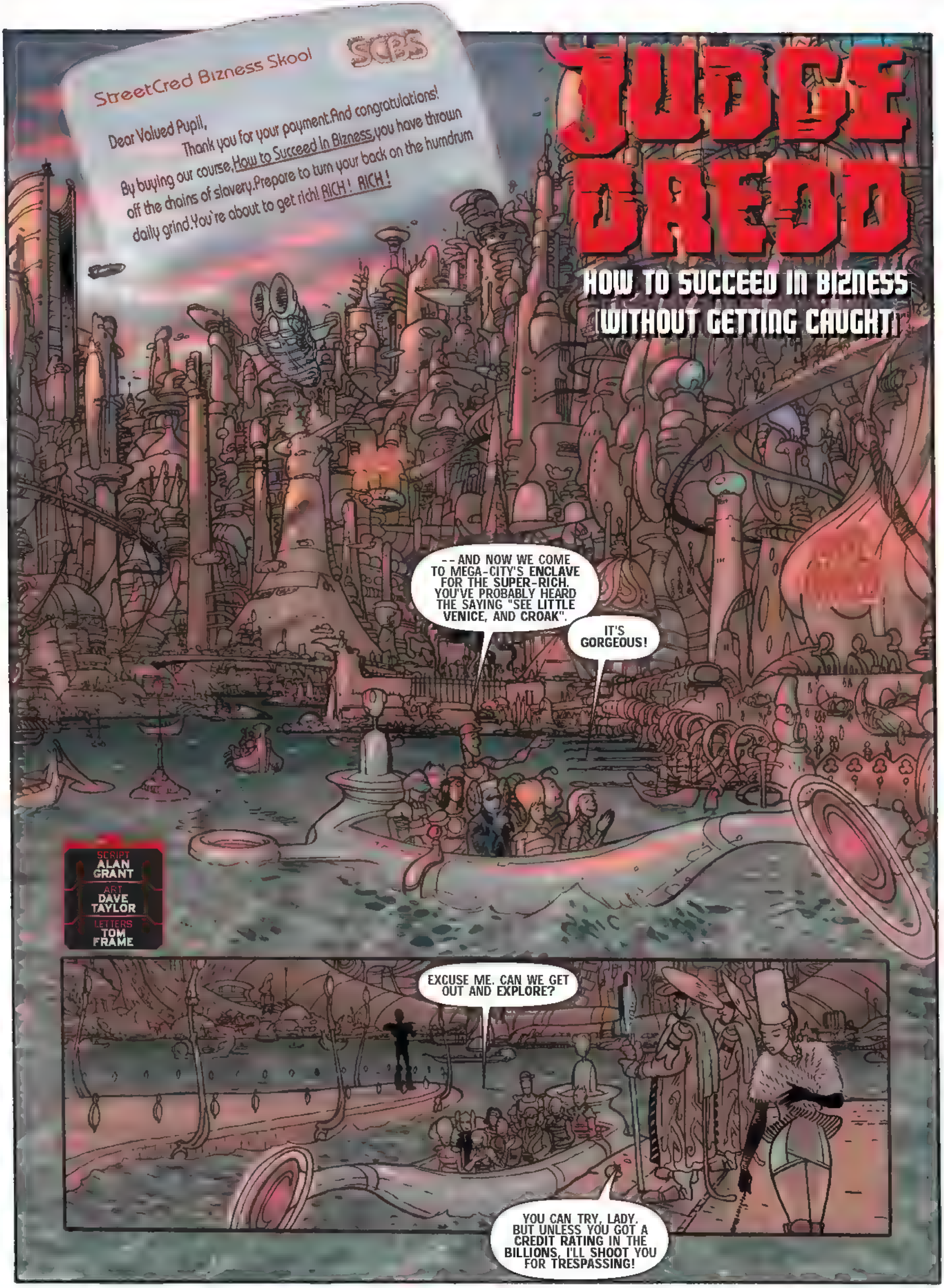

YOU SHOULD SEE IT SOON, OVER TO THE WEST.
YOU HAD NO TROUBLE GIVING IT TO HIM?
NO, DON PEDRO. THEY DO NOT EXPECT A FELLOW PILOT TO SLIP A POWERFUL HYPNOGENIC IN THEIR SYNTHI-CAF. AFTER THAT, HE WAS VERY OPEN TO SUGGESTION.
Cracked I may be, stupid Im not. Unsatisfactory though it was not to carry out the final killing in person, by now, I felt, they would be wise to my intensions. No doubt there would be judges crawling all over the block.
The more the merrier. It was only right and fitting. After all, I could hardly return to Mega-City One without leaving a proper calling card, could I?
DON'T PULL YOUR HAIR OUT THERE, CONTROL, JUST TAKING A LITTLE SHORTCUT THROUGH PAVAROTTI.
NEGATIVE! NEGATIVE! ABORT!
CONTROL, WE HAVE A HOVERTANKER FLYING LOW TOWARD PAVAROTTI! WHAT THE HELL'S HE DOING? WARN HIM OFF!
KA-KROOOOM!
DROKK!
AAAAAAAH
PAVAROTTI
MUNCE BAR
HOTEL

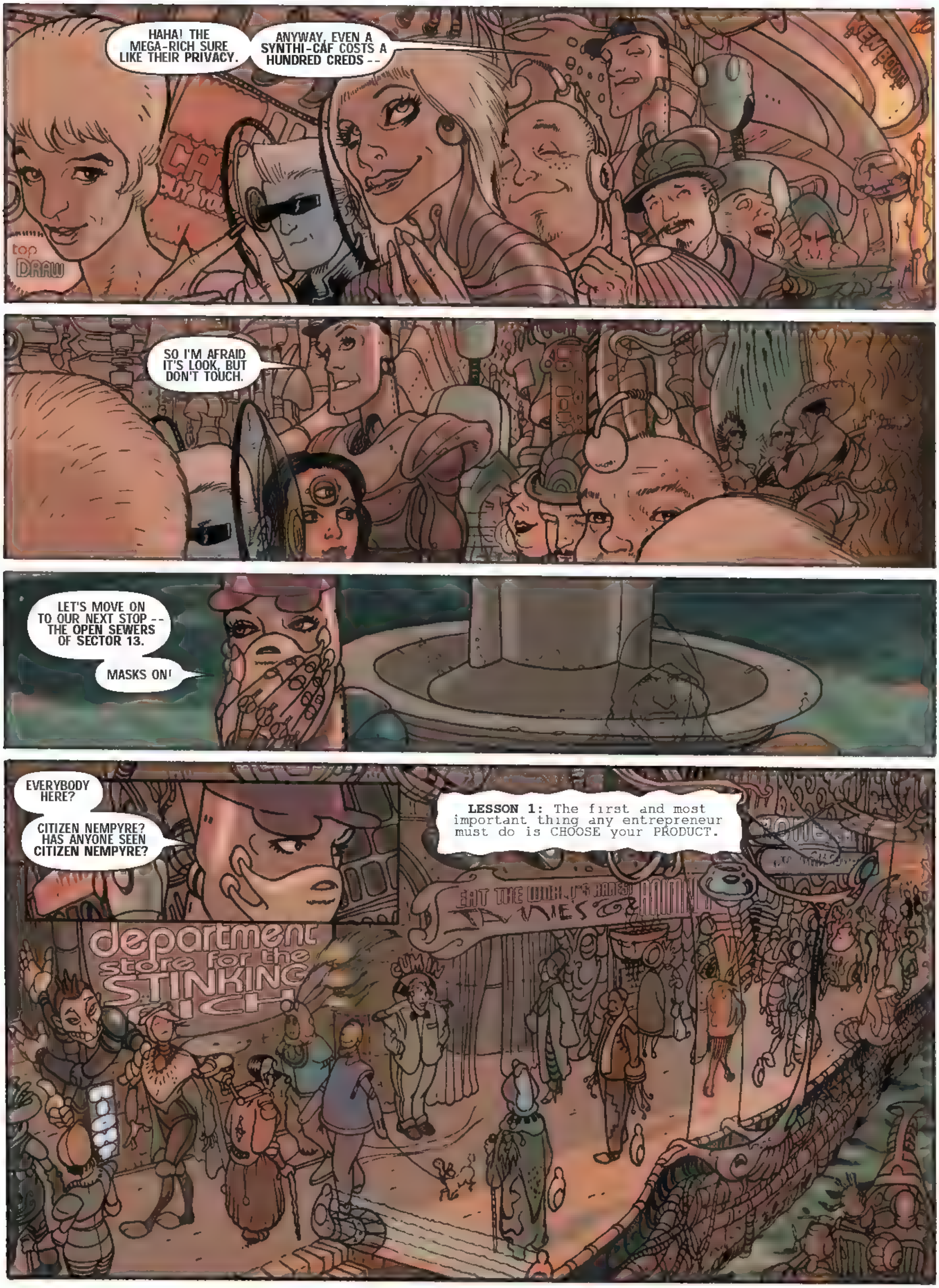

NOBODY COULD SURVIVE THAT!
I SHOULD'VE SEEN IT -- I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING!
A little over 20,000 died in the inferno, including Robert Boxx.
Poor Robert. Of course, he was right -- it was me who doctored their hover-wings. They'd just no right to say so, that's all.
FIREFLY, FIREFLY, LANTERN SO BRIGHT, LIGHT UP MY WAY, THROUGH THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT...
I would like to say that there rotten treatment of me was what made me go bad and turned me into a psycopath, but clearly I was pretty bad already.
Did it work? Did the executions help to lay my ghosts? Half and half, I'm afraid, for Im still plagued nightly by visions of their stupid faces, their idiot voices accusing me...
BAD!
WE HATE YOU, PJ!
SNEAKY AND HORRIBLE!
GO AWAY.
But it really doesnt bother me that much any more, because I know that every one of them has paid for there timerity. Now my ghosts really are just that -- ghosts.
WHEREVER YOU ARE, WHEREVER YOU HIDE, I'LL FIND YOU, PJ MAYBE!
FIRE
DREDD
195
THE END

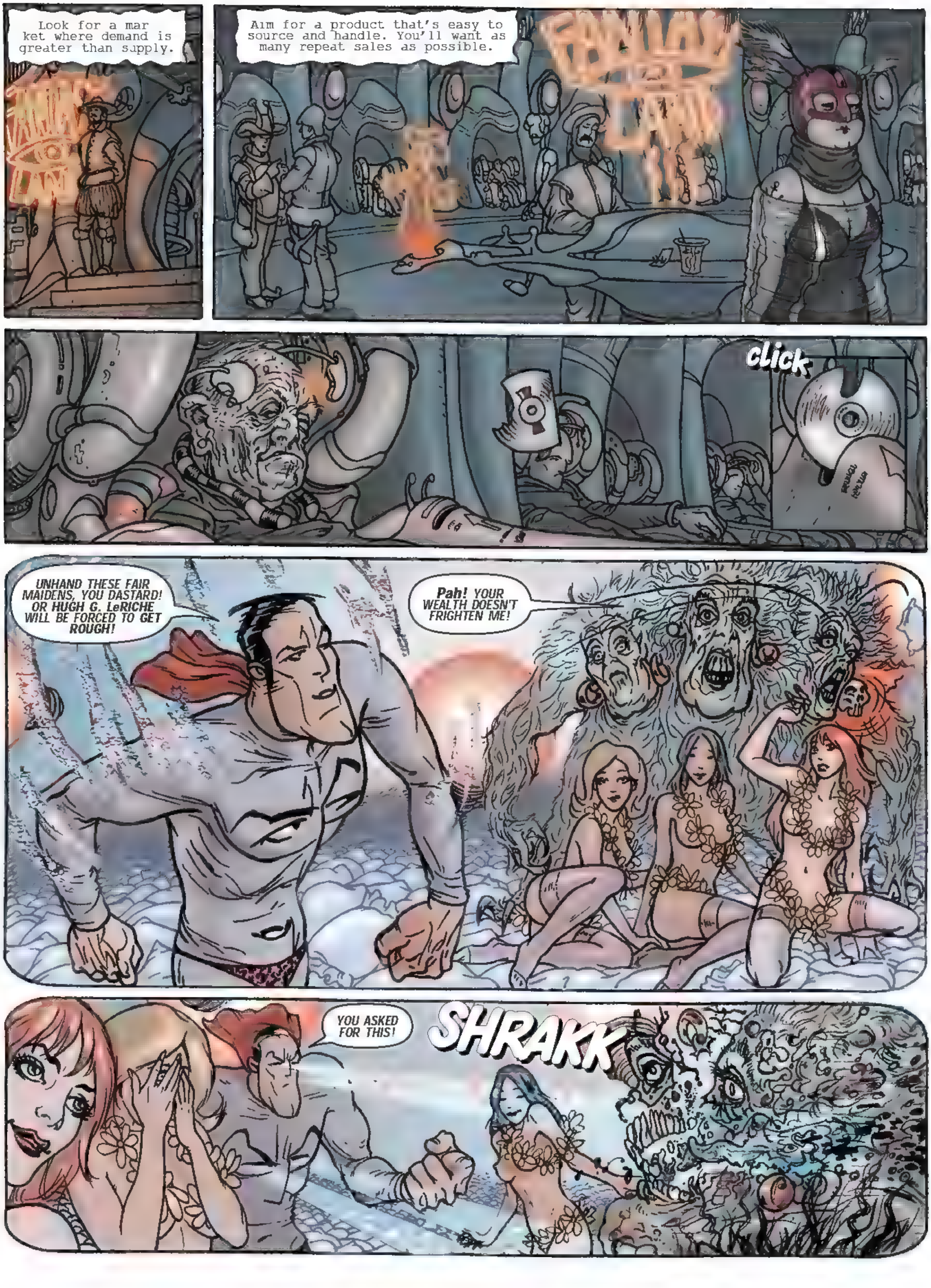
JUDGE DREDD

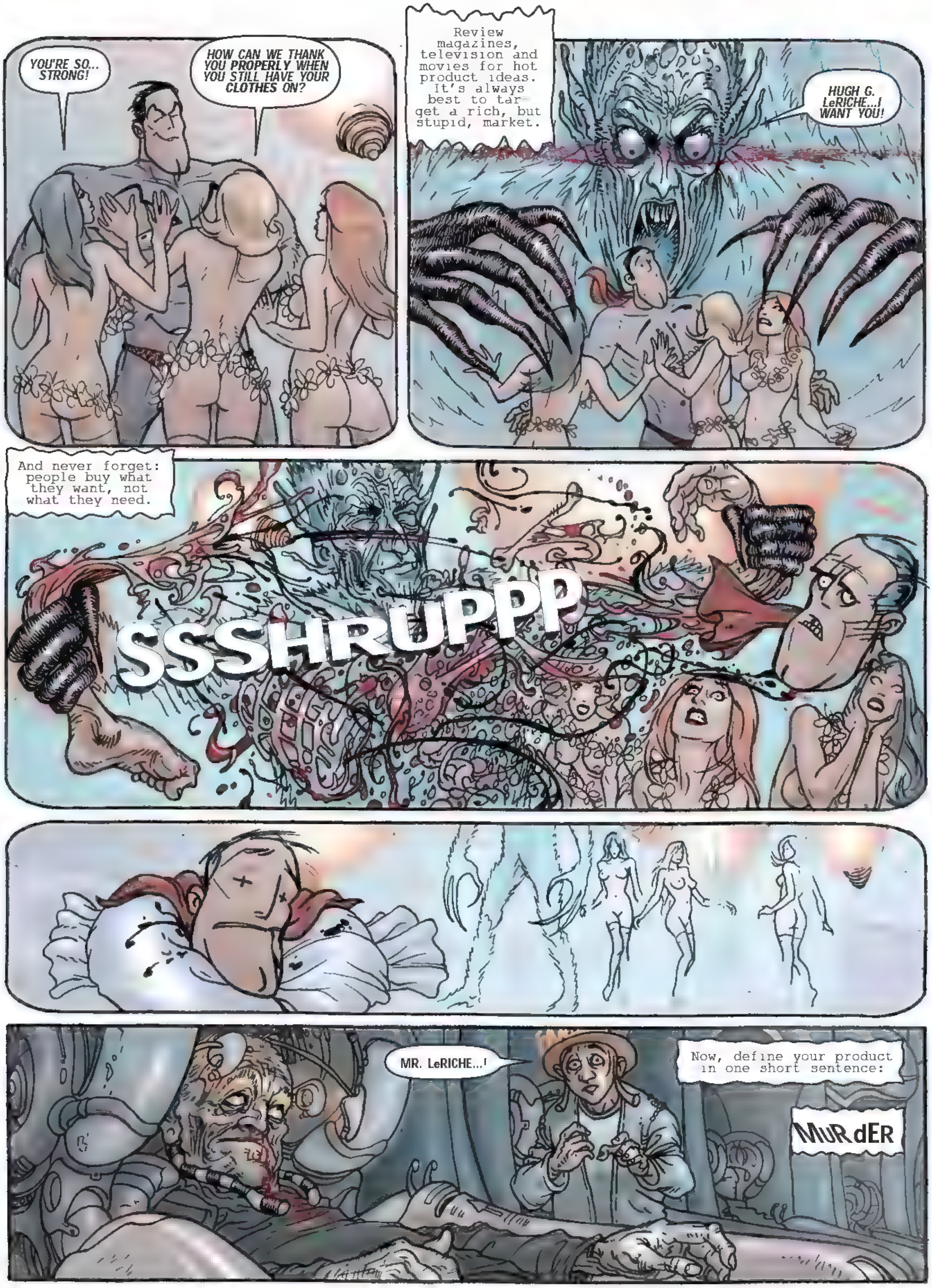
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BIZNESS (WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT)

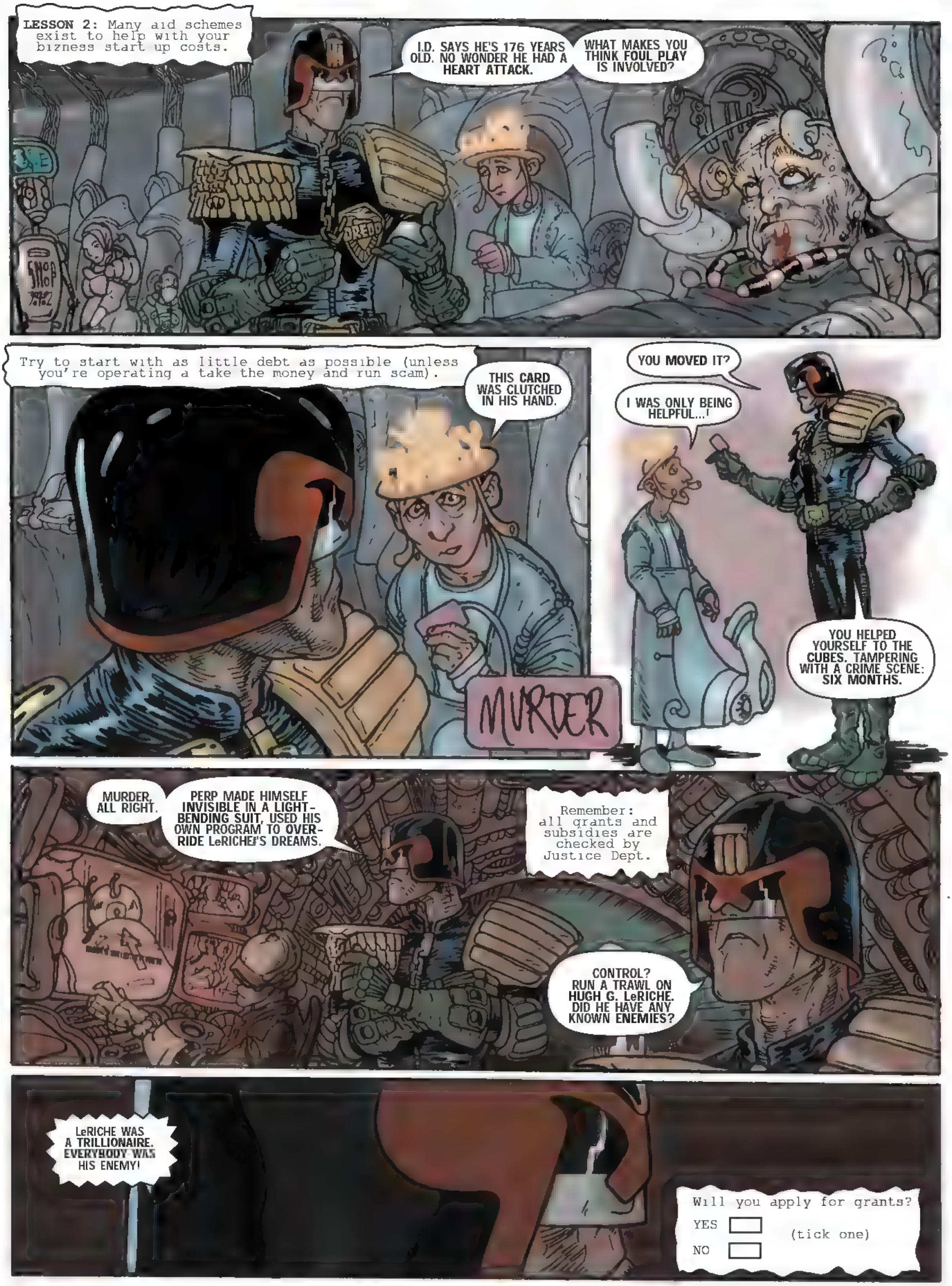
SCRIPT **ALAN GRANT**
ART **DAVE TAYLOR**
LETTERS **TOM FRAME**

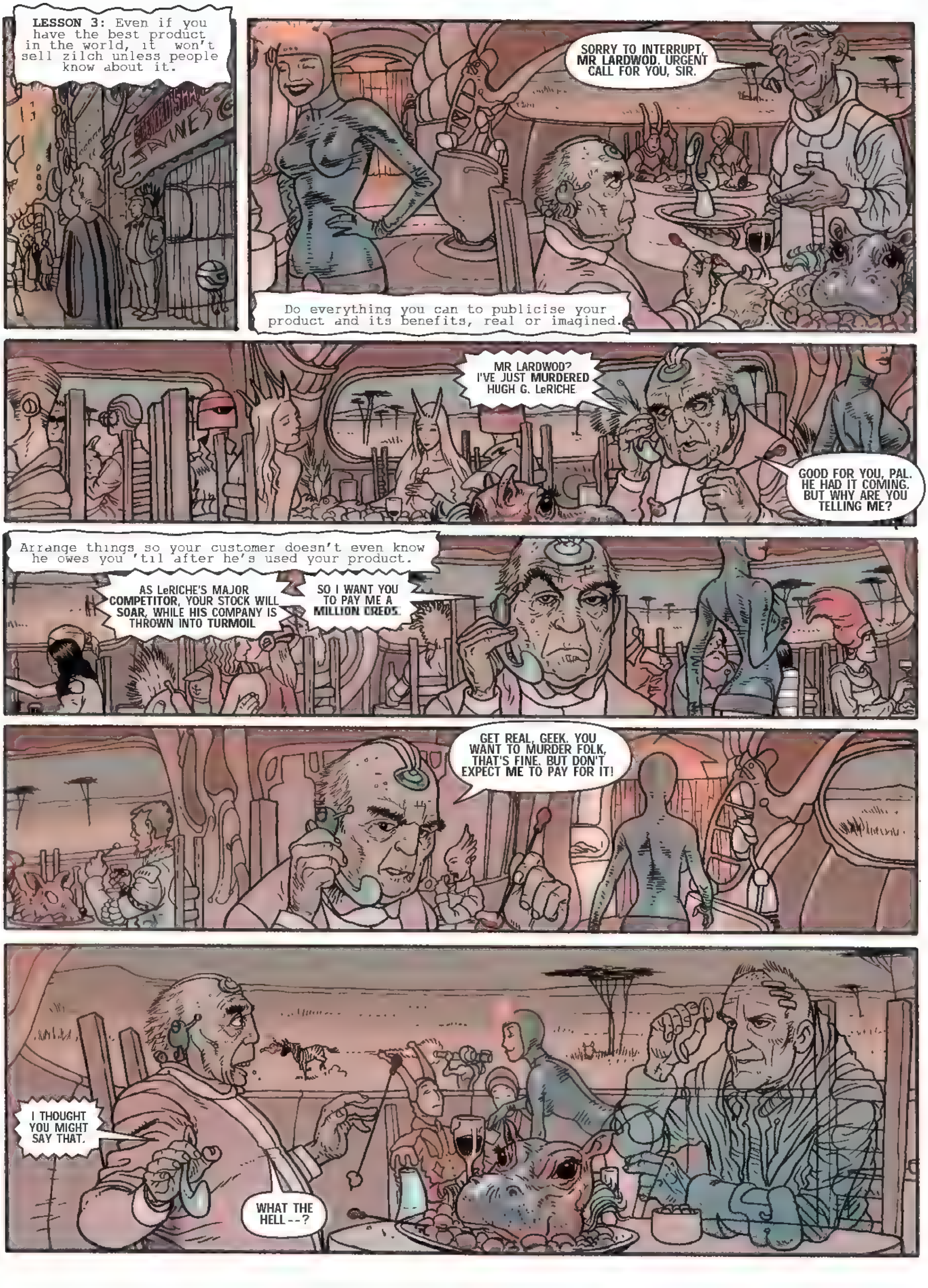

SCBS
StreetCred Bizness Skool
Dear Valued Pupil,
Thank you for your payment.And congratulations!
By buying our course,How to Succeed In Bizness,you have thrown off the chains of slavery.Prepare to turn your back on the humdrum daily grind.You're about to get rich! RICH! RICH!
--AND NOW WE COME TO MEGA-CITY'S ENCLAVE FOR THE SUPER-RICH. YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD THE SAYING "SEE LITTLE VENICE, AND CROAK".
IT'S GORGEOUS!
EXCUSE ME. CAN WE GET OUT AND EXPLORE?
YOU CAN TRY, LADY. BUT UNLESS YOU GOT A CREDIT RATING IN THE BILLIONS, I'LL SHOOT YOU FOR TRESPASSING!

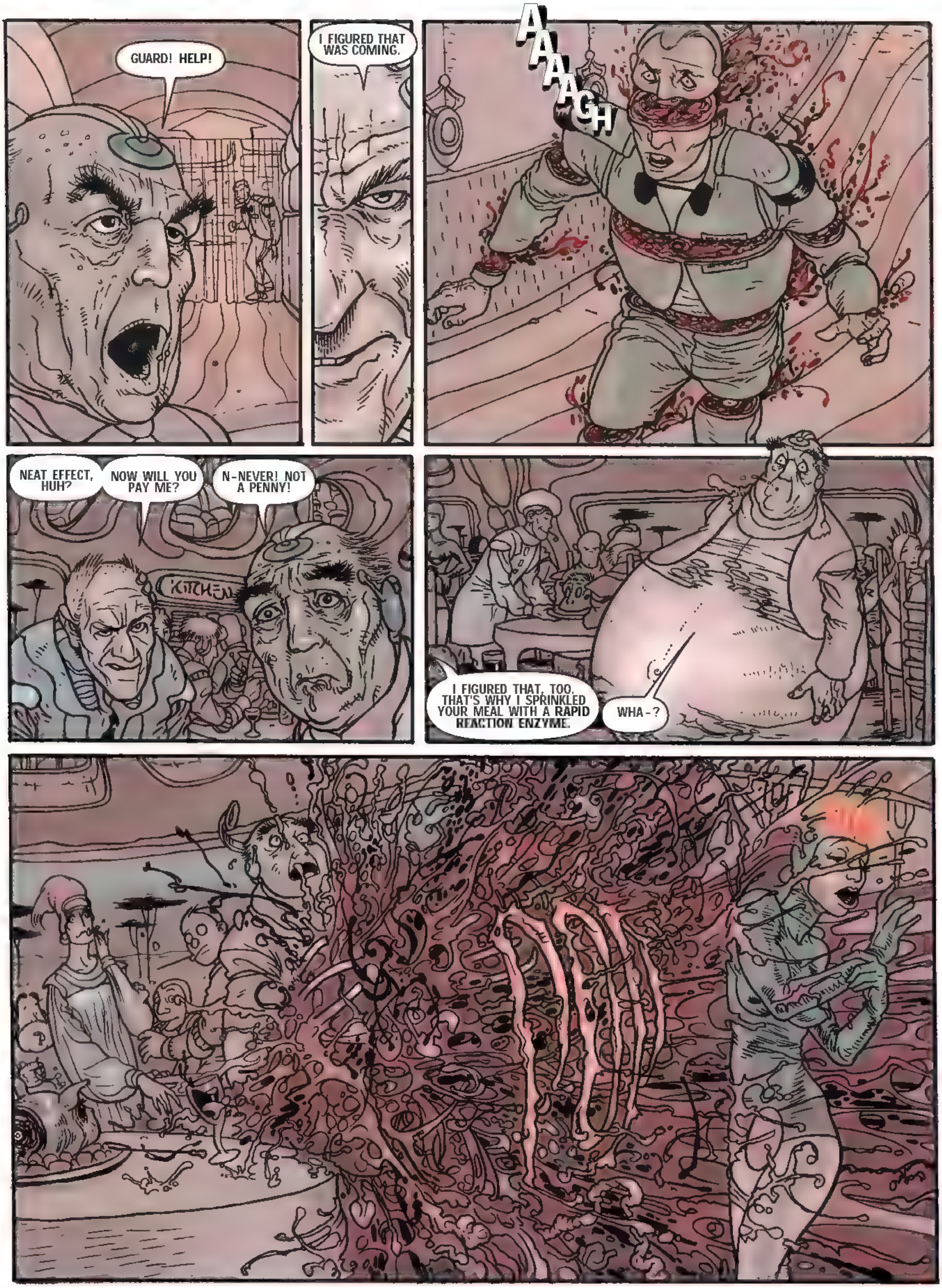

HAHA! THE MEGA-RICH SURE LIKE THEIR PRIVACY.
ANYWAY, EVEN A SYNTHI-CAF COSTS A HUNDRED CREDS --
top DRAW
SO I'M AFRAID IT'S LOOK, BUT DON'T TOUCH.
LET'S MOVE ON TO OUR NEXT STOP -- THE OPEN SEWERS OF SECTOR 13.
MASKS ON!
EVERYBODY HERE?
CITIZEN NEMPYRE? HAS ANYONE SEEN CITIZEN NEMPYRE?
LESSON 1: The first and most important thing any entrepreneur must do is CHOOSE your PRODUCT.
department store for the STINKING
CUM IN

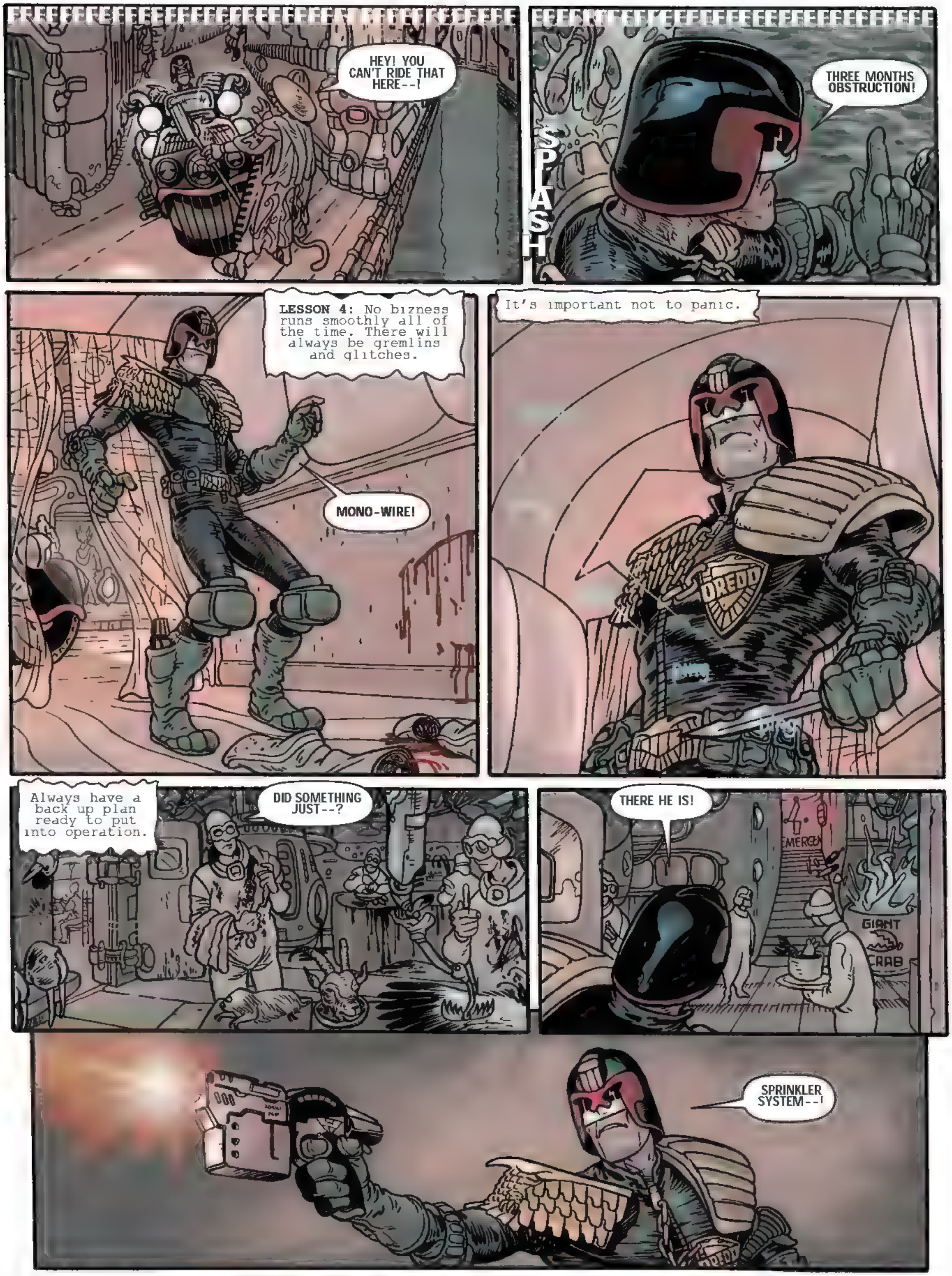

Look for a market where demand is greater than supply.
Aim for a product that's easy to source and handle. You'll want as many repeat sales as possible.
click
UNHAND THESE FAIR MAIDENS, YOU DASTARD! OR HUGH G. LeRICHE WILL BE FORCED TO GET ROUGH!
Pah! YOUR WEALTH DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME!
YOU ASKED FOR THIS!
SHRAKK

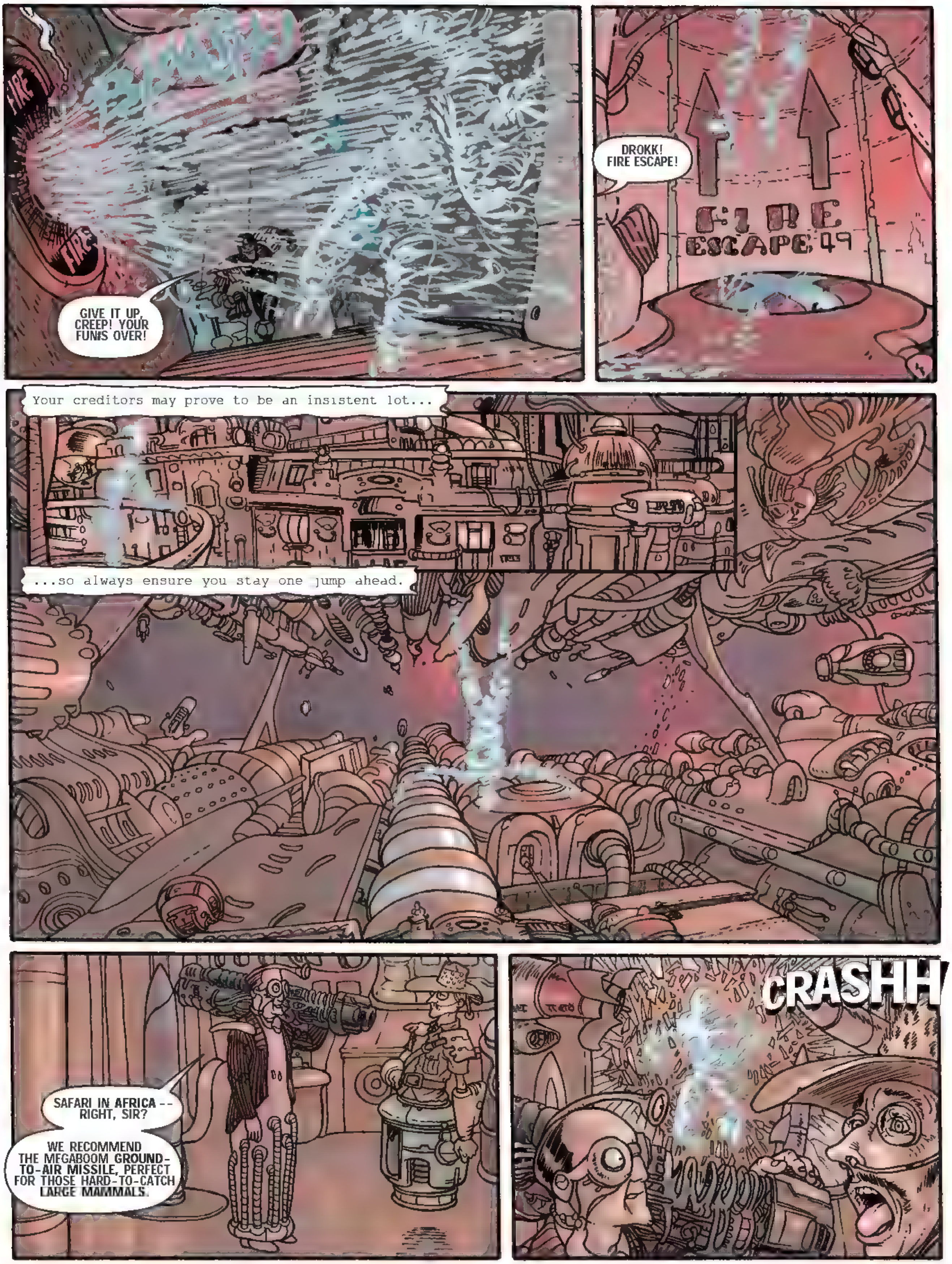

YOU'RE SO... STRONG!
HOW CAN WE THANK YOU PROPERLY WHEN YOU STILL HAVE YOUR CLOTHES ON?
Review magazines, television and movies for hot product ideas. It's always best to target a rich, but stupid, market.
HUGH G. LeRICHE...I WANT YOU!
And never forget: people buy what they want, not what they need.
SSSHRUPPP
MR. LeRICHE...!
Now, define your product in one short sentence:
MURdER

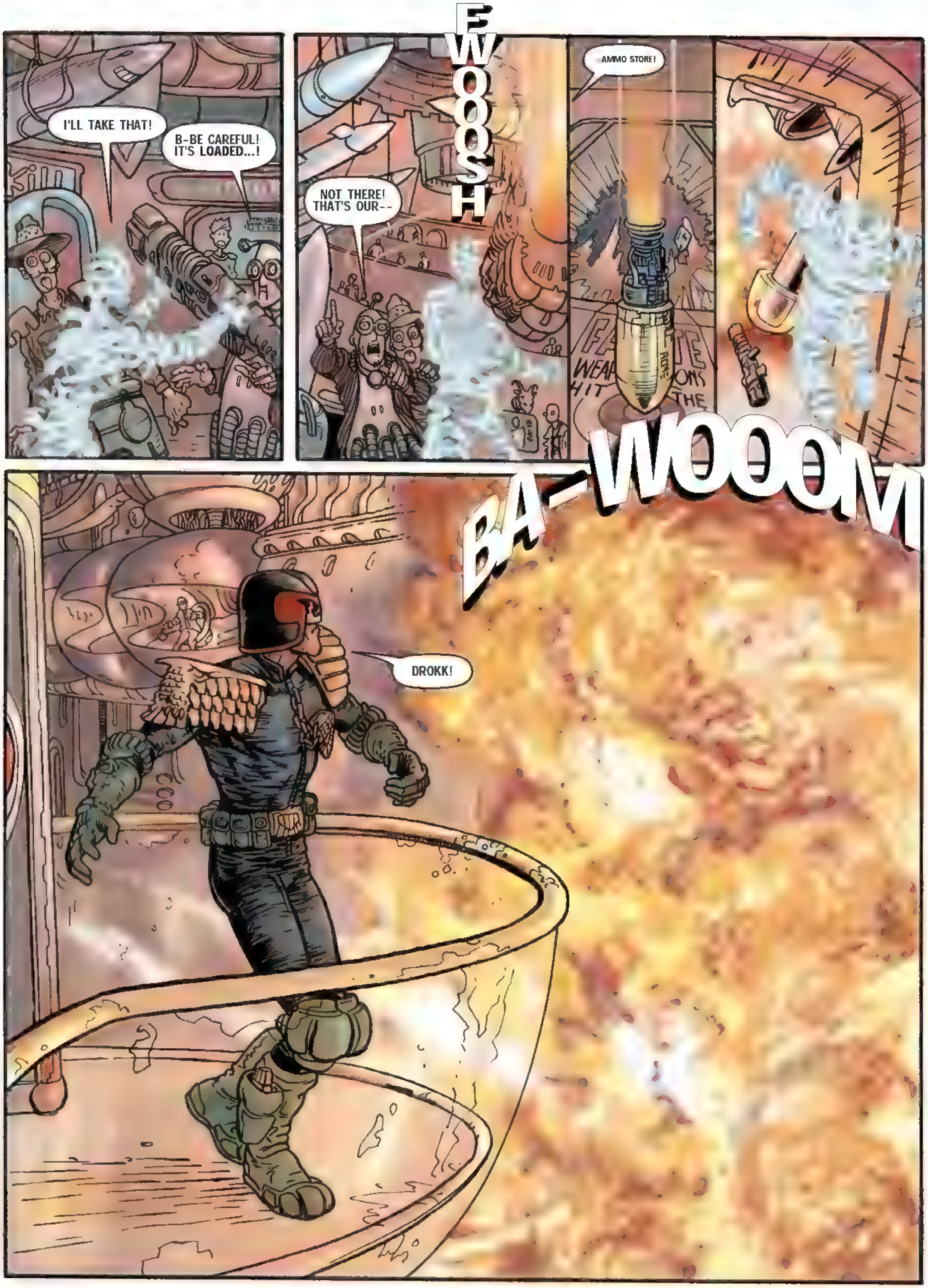

LESSON 2: Many aid schemes exist to help with your bizness start up costs.
I.D. SAYS HE'S 176 YEARS OLD. NO WONDER HE HAD A HEART ATTACK.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK FOUL PLAY IS INVOLVED?
Try to start with as little debt as possible (unless you're operating a take the money and run scam).
THIS CARD WAS CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND.
MURDER
YOU MOVED IT?
I WAS ONLY BEING HELPFUL...!
YOU HELPED YOURSELF TO THE CUBES. TAMPERING WITH A CRIME SCENE: SIX MONTHS.
MURDER, ALL RIGHT.
PERP MADE HIMSELF INVISIBLE IN A LIGHT-BENDING SUIT, USED HIS OWN PROGRAM TO OVERRIDE LeRICHE'S DREAMS.
Remember: all grants and subsidies are checked by Justice Dept.
CONTROL? RUN A TRAWL ON HUGH G. LeRICHE. DID HE HAVE ANY KNOWN ENEMIES?
LeRICHE WAS A TRILLIONAIRE. EVERYBODY WAS HIS ENEMY!
Will you apply for grants?
YES ☐
NO ☐
(tick one)

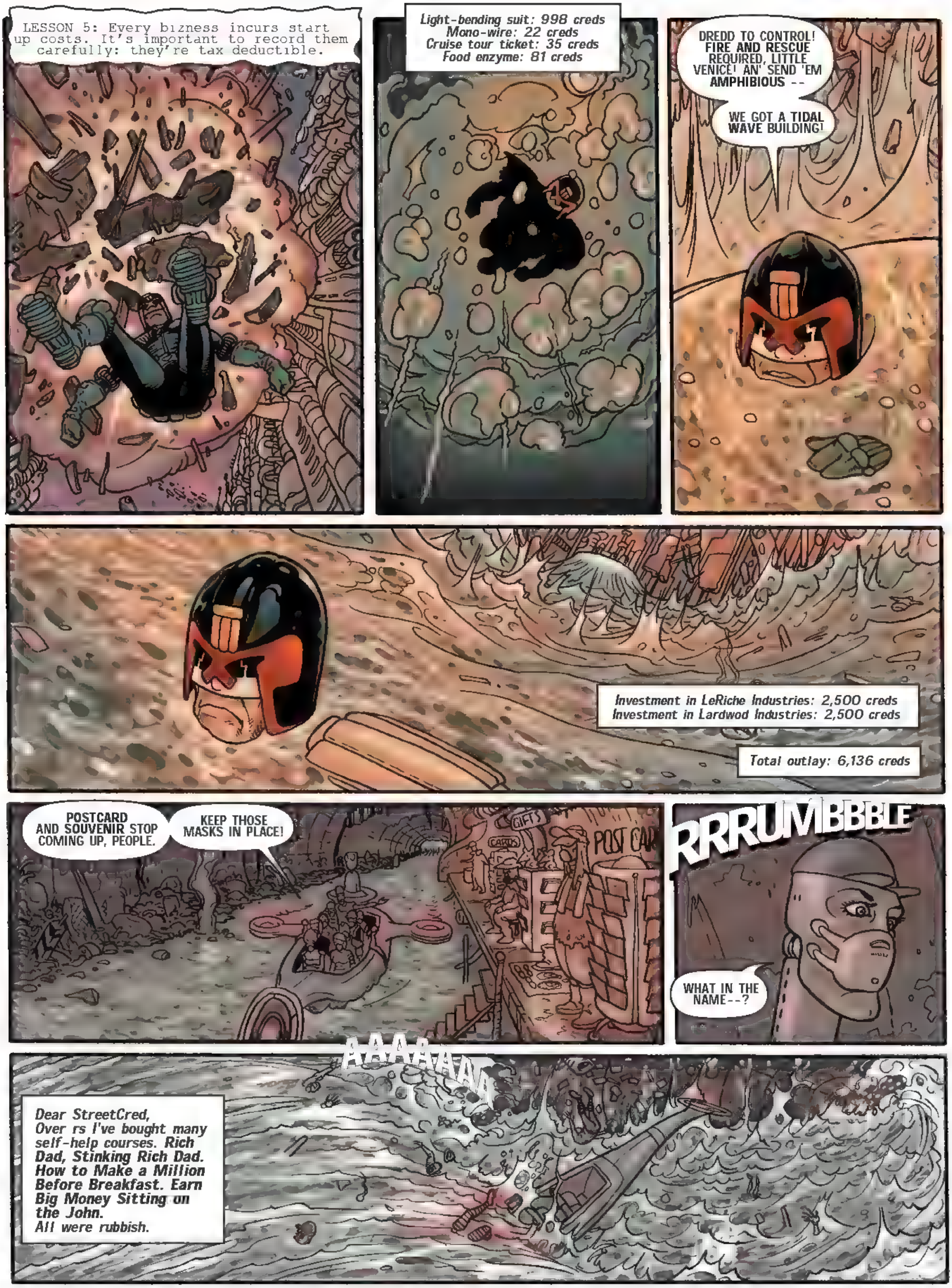

LESSON 3: Even if you have the best product in the world, it won't sell zilch unless people know about it.
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, MR LARDWOD. URGENT CALL FOR YOU, SIR.
Do everything you can to publicise your product and its benefits, real or imagined.
MR LARDWOD? I'VE JUST MURDERED HUGH G. LeRICHE.
GOOD FOR YOU, PAL. HE HAD IT COMING. BUT WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME?
Arrange things so your customer doesn't even know he owes you 'til after he's used your product.
AS LeRICHE'S MAJOR COMPETITOR, YOUR STOCK WILL SOAR, WHILE HIS COMPANY IS THROWN INTO TURMOIL
SO I WANT YOU TO PAY ME A MILLION CREDS.
GET REAL, GEEK. YOU WANT TO MURDER FOLK, THAT'S FINE. BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO PAY FOR IT!
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT SAY THAT.
WHAT THE HELL--?

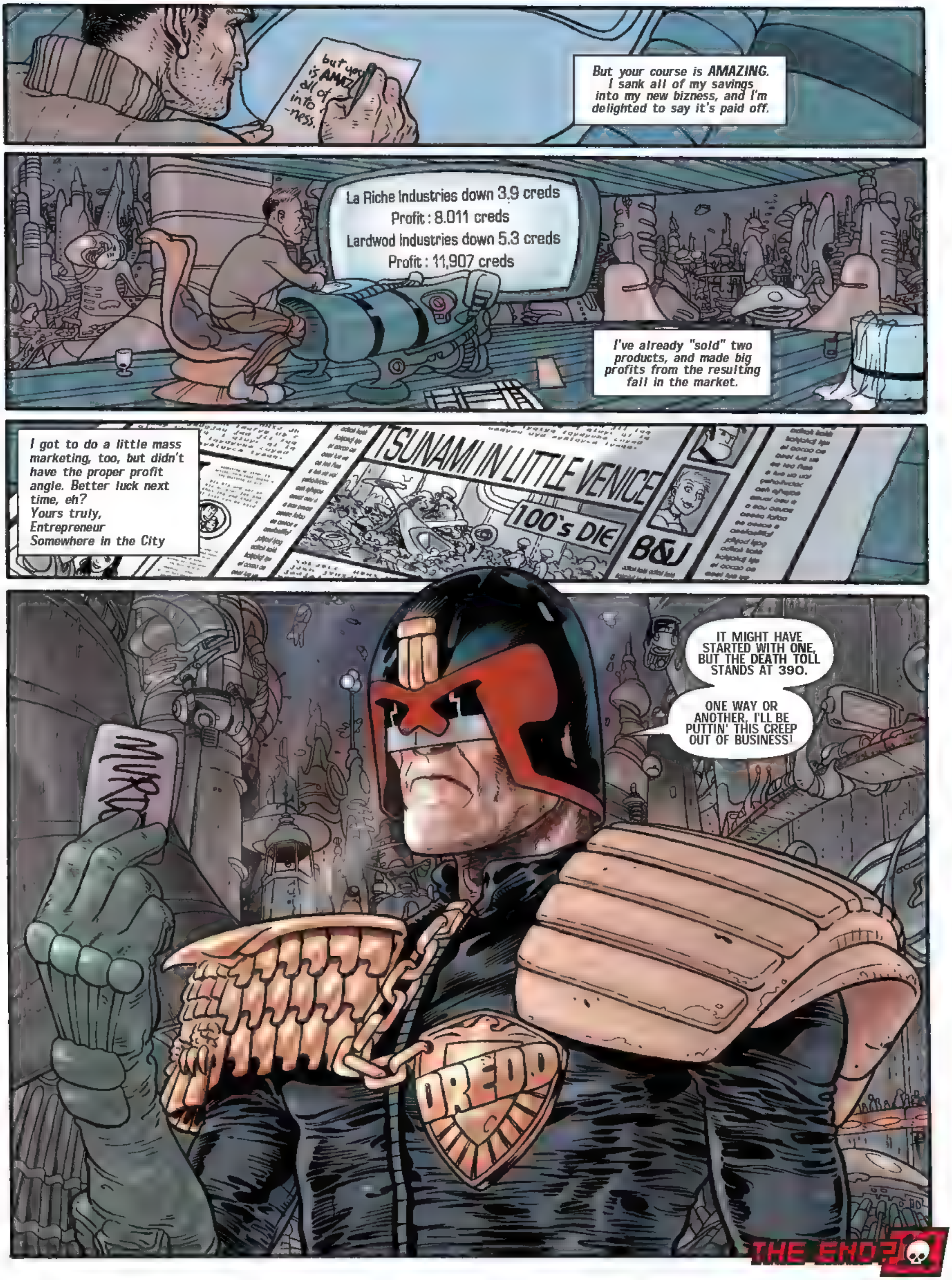

GUARD! HELP!
I FIGURED THAT WAS COMING.
AAAAGH
NEAT EFFECT, HUH?
NOW WILL YOU PAY ME?
N-NEVER! NOT A PENNY!
KITCHEN
I FIGURED THAT, TOO. THAT'S WHY I SPRINKLED YOUR MEAL WITH A RAPID REACTION ENZYME.
WHA-?

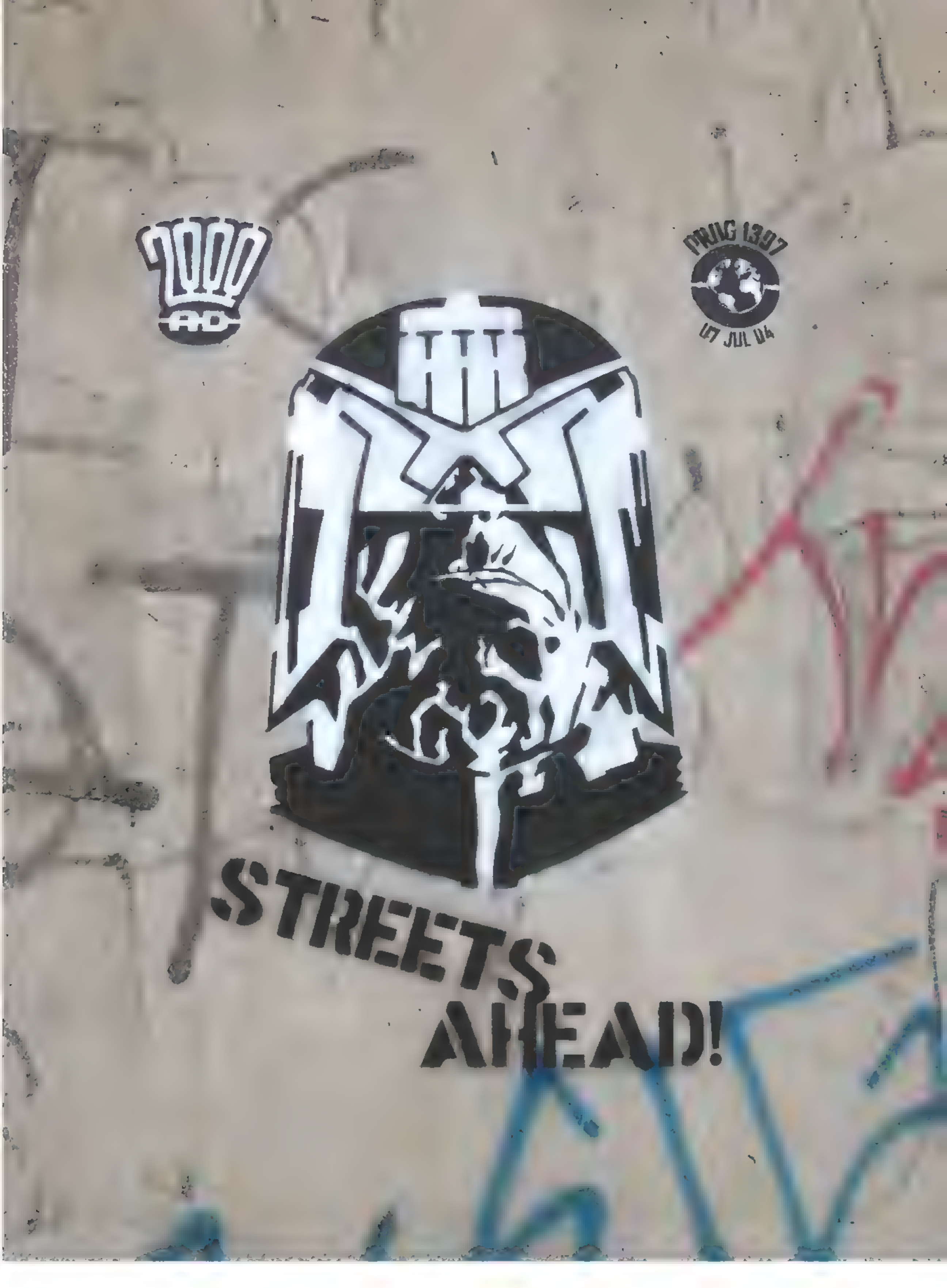

FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF
HEY! YOU CAN'T RIDE THAT HERE--!
FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF
SPLASH
THREE MONTHS OBSTRUCTION!
LESSON 4: No bizness runs smoothly all of the time. There will always be gremlins and glitches.
MONO-WIRE!
It's important not to panic.
DREDD
Always have a back up plan ready to put into operation.
DID SOMETHING JUST--?
THERE HE IS!
4
EMERGEN
GIANT CRAB
SPRINKLER SYSTEM--!


FIRE
FIRE
GIVE IT UP, CREEP! YOUR FUN'S OVER!
DROKK! FIRE ESCAPE!
FIRE ESCAPE 49
Your creditors may prove to be an insistent lot...
...so always ensure you stay one jump ahead.
SAFARI IN AFRICA -- RIGHT, SIR?
WE RECOMMEND THE MEGABOOM GROUND-TO-AIR MISSILE, PERFECT FOR THOSE HARD-TO-CATCH LARGE MAMMALS.
CRASHH


I'LL TAKE THAT!
B-BE CAREFUL! IT'S LOADED...!
NOT THERE! THAT'S OUR--
FWOOOSH
AMMO STORE!
BA-WOOOM
DROKK!


LESSON 5: Every bizness incurs start up costs. It's important to record them carefully: they're tax deductible.
Light-bending suit: 998 creds
Mono-wire: 22 creds
Cruise tour ticket: 35 creds
Food enzyme: 81 creds
DREDD TO CONTROL! FIRE AND RESCUE REQUIRED, LITTLE VENICE! AN' SEND 'EM AMPHIBIOUS --
WE GOT A TIDAL WAVE BUILDING!
Investment in LeRiche Industries: 2,500 creds
Investment in Lardwod Industries: 2,500 creds
Total outlay: 6,136 creds
POSTCARD AND SOUVENIR STOP COMING UP, PEOPLE.
KEEP THOSE MASKS IN PLACE!
GIFTS
CARDS
POST CAR
RRRUMBBBLE
WHAT IN THE NAME--?
AAAAAAA
Dear StreetCred,
Over rs I've bought many self-help courses. Rich Dad, Stinking Rich Dad. How to Make a Million Before Breakfast. Earn Big Money Sitting on the John.
All were rubbish.


but you
is AMAZ
all of
into
-ness.
But your course is AMAZING. I sank all of my savings into my new bizness, and I'm delighted to say it's paid off.
La Riche Industries down 3.9 creds
Profit : 8.011 creds
Lardwod Industries down 5.3 creds
Profit : 11,907 creds
I've already "sold" two products, and made big profits from the resulting fall in the market.
I got to do a little mass marketing, too, but didn't have the proper profit angle. Better luck next time, eh?
Yours truly,
Entrepreneur
Somewhere in the City
TSUNAMI IN LITTLE VENICE
100's DIE
B&J
IT MIGHT HAVE STARTED WITH ONE, BUT THE DEATH TOLL STANDS AT 390.
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I'LL BE PUTTIN' THIS CREEP OUT OF BUSINESS!
DREDD
THE END?


2000 AD
PROG 1397
07 JUL 04
STREETS AHEAD!

2000 AD Prog 1397: Cover by **The Phantom** (After **Jock**)

WRITERS

John Wagner has been scripting for **2000 AD** for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *Al's Baby*, *Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of **2000 AD** his credits include **Star Wars**, **Lobo**, **The Punisher** and the critically acclaimed **A History of Violence**.

Pat Mills is the creator and first editor of **2000 AD**. He developed Judge Dredd and is the writer-creator of many of **2000 AD**'s most popular stories such as *Sláine*, *Nemesis* and *ABC Warriors*. Amongst his credits are **Marshal Law**, (Marvel and DC Comics) co-created with Kevin O'Neill, the French graphic novel series **Requiem**, **Vampire Knight** with artist Olivier Ledroit, and **Be Pure! Be Vigilant! Behave! The Secret History of 2000 AD and Judge Dredd**. His current projects include *Joe Pineapples: Tin Man*, illustrated by Simon Bisley and Clint Langley, **Spacewarp**, and **Kiss My Axe! The Secret History of Sláine the Warped Warrior**.

With over 300 **2000 AD** stories to his name – not to mention over 250 Daily Star *Judge Dredd* strips – **Alan Grant's** prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to **Batman** fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title. More recently he has adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels **Kidnapped** and **Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde** in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy.

Gordon Rennie is one of **2000 AD** and the **Megazine**'s most prolific creators, with co-creative credits for *Caballistics, Inc.*, *Glimmer Rats*, *Missionary Man*, *Necronauts*, *Storming Heaven*, *Rain Dogs* and *Witchworld*. He has also written **Daily Star** *Dredd* strips, *Judge Dredd*, *Harke and Burr*, *Mean Machine*, *Past Imperfect*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Satanus*, *Terror Tales*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Vector 13*, *Absalom* and *Aquila*.

Ian Edginton is a New York Times bestselling author and multiple Eisner Award nominee. He is currently writing **Batman'66 meets Steed and Mrs Peel** for DC Comics as well as *Judge Dredd*, *Stickleback*, *Helium*, *Kingmaker* and *Brass Sun* for **2000 AD**. He lives and works in Birmingham, England.

Former Judge Dredd Megazine editor **Alan Barnes**' writings include the highly acclaimed **Sherlock Holmes On Screen** (Titan Books), and the script for CBBC's animated **Doctor Who** adventure, *The Infinite Quest*.

ARTISTS

David Roach stormed on to the **2000 AD** scene with Book 8 of *Nemesis the Warlock*, before going on to illustrate *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Killer*, *Past Imperfect*, *Synammon* as well as providing the inks for *Killer* and *Rogue Trooper*. Outside of **2000 AD** he has worked on various titles including **Batman**, **Star Wars**, **Star Trek** and **Aliens**. He has also provided hundreds of illustrations for Wizards of The Coast's classic RPG **Dungeons & Dragons**.

John McCrea's striking art has graced various **2000 AD** strips including *Judge Dredd*, *Sinister Dexter* and *Chopper*. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest he is well known for his work on **Hitman** with celebrated writer Garth Ennis.

Under the pen name **D'Israeli**, Matt Brooker has been a comic artist since 1988. He is perhaps best known for his collaborations with writer Ian Edginton, including *Leviathan*, *Kingdom of the Wicked*, *Leviathan and Batman*. Other career highlights include work on **Sandman**, collaborations with Warren Ellis, including **Lazarus Churchyard** and the cryptic **SVK**, and his colouring on the later **Miracleman** stories. Since 2003, he's been a regular contributor to **2000 AD**, mostly as series artist on *Stickleback* with Ian Edginton and *Low Life* with Rob Williams. His and Rob's creator owned series, *Ordinary*, was published in the **Megazine** and is now available as a graphic novel.

Cam Kennedy is another hugely popular **2000 AD** artist, having illustrated many *Judge Dredd* strips and co-created luckless wannabe creator *Kenny Who?* and the *Taxidermist*. A key early *Rogue Trooper* artist, he has also drawn **Batman/Judge Dredd: Vendetta in Gotham**, *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *The V.C.'s*. His extracurricular work includes **Axel Pressbutton**, **Batman**, **Lobo**, **Nick Fury: Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.**, and **Star Wars**.

Ben Willsher got his break in comics in the ground-breaking **Deadline** magazine (home of **Tank Girl**), before being stolen by the world of computer games, where he has worked as an Art Director for many years. However, the lure of Comics was too strong and he came back to **2000 AD** and has drawn *Future Shocks, Pulp Sci-Fi, Tharg's Terror Tales, Sinister Dexter, Damnation Station*, but he is probably best known for his work on *Judge Dredd*, as well as reviving the uber cool grafter *Lenny Zero*, with original creator Andy Diggle. Willsher also drew the first season of the new **Roy of the Rovers** relaunch.

Shaun Thomas has illustrated *Judge Dredd, Terror Tales* and *The Ten-Seconders* for **2000 AD**, but is better known for his **Judge Dredd Megazine** work, which includes *Middenface McNulty* and *Apocalypse Soon* – the strip he cocreated with Alan Grant.

Simon Si Spurrier has worked on award winning creator-owned books such as **Numbercruncher**, **Six-Gun Gorilla** and **The Spire** to projects in the U.S. mainstream like **X-Men**, **Silver Surfer** and **Crossed**. It all began with a series of twist-in-the-tail stories for the UK's beloved **2000 AD**, which ignited an enduring love for genre fiction. His latest book, **Cry Havoc**, is being published by Image Comics at present.

Duke Mighten has worked with Pat Mills on several comic strips prior to *Blood of Satanus II: Dark Matters*, including two *Shimura* storylines, *Brats Bizarre* and the second *Accident Man* story arc in **Crisis**, and **Batman: The Book of Shadows** for DC Comics. He recently has worked on strips for **Heavy Metal**.

After starting his career as an inker at Marvel UK, **Simon Coleby** made his debut at **2000 AD** in 1989, working on *Future Shocks, Universal Soldier* & *Rogue Trooper*. A favourite amongst **2000 AD** fans, he has gone on to illustrate *Judge Dredd, Low Life* and *Jaegir*. Simon has also produced work for Games Workshop, DC Comics and Vertigo, for whom he co-created **The Royals: Masters of War** with fellow **2000 AD** alumni, Rob Williams, and for Aftershock he has drawn **Dreaming Eagles** written by Garth Ennis.

John Ridgway's graceful linework has brought many **2000 AD** strips to life, not least his own co-creations *Darkness Visible, Journal of Luke Kirby* and *Junker*. His long career with the Galaxy's Greatest Comic has also included work on *Armitage, Judge Dredd, Missionary Man,* and *Vector 13*. Beyond **2000 AD**, Ridgway's work includes **Age of Heroes, Babylon 5, Espers, Hellblazer, The Invisibles, Miracleman** and **Swamp Thing.**

Chris Weston has drawn a vast array of **2000 AD** and **Megazine** stories, including *Indigo Prime, Downlode Tales, Future Shocks, Canon Fodder, Judge Dredd, Nemesis the Warlock, Nikolai Dante, Pulp Sci-Fi, Robo-Hunter, Rogue Trooper* and *Vector 13*. Beyond **2000 AD**, Weston's work includes **Fantastic Four: First Family, Enemy Ace: War in Heaven, The Filth, The Invisibles, Ministry of Space** and Garth Ennis's **War Story: Johann's Tiger**.

Dave Taylor began drawing comics professionally for Marvel UK after many failed attempts at being a rock star drummer. He was head hunted by DC to work on a **Batman** one-shot with **Grendel** writer/artist Matt Wagner, going on to work predominantly on **Batman** titles such as **Batman: Shadow of the Bat** (with Alan Grant), **Detective Comics**, **Batman: Black and White** and others. His collaboration with graphic designer extraordinaire Chip Kidd on **Batman: Death by Design** became a New York Times best seller (twice). Taylor's acclaimed adult only series **Tongue Lash** grew from his friendship with French comic Master Jean Moebius Giraud, who Taylor also worked with on an Arzach story, published in **Moebius Comics**. He has also produced work for TV, movies and the games industry and is presently employed by the United States Space Force as an extraterrestrial translator.

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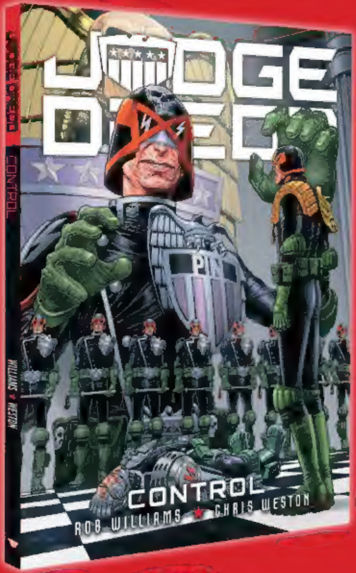
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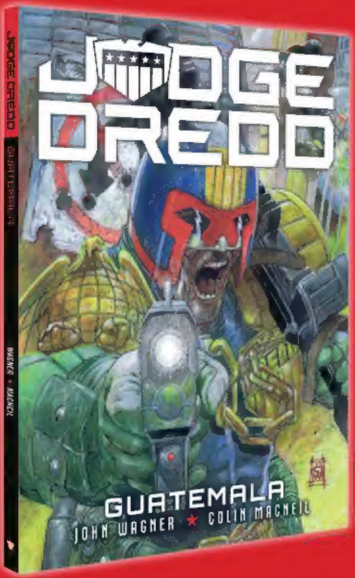
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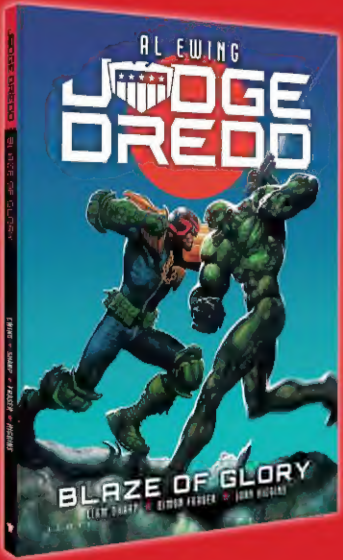
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